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A NATURALIST IN PARIS

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I

THE end of the fourth winter of war finds a front-line trench within eighty miles of the city of Paris. Forty minutes in a swift Spad brings one from the Tour Eiffel to temporary Boche-land. With the right wind a salvo of heavy German guns rattles the windows on the Bois de Boulogne. And yet Paris, to the seeker of truth about the war, is a veritable tower of Babel. Sources of information are as unstable as weather-cocks; the wires of truth are crossed and short-circuited. The probable length of the war; the present morale of the French, the English, the Germans; the relation between the French and American poilus — these can be estimated with equal clarity and greater accuracy from a newspaper in the Waldorf, or a Wall Street rumor, than from inquiries or researches in Paris.

The reason for this is an explanation also of the relative scarcity of first-rate literature concerning the war — namely, a lack of perspective; a proximity in time and space respectively, which beclouds larger generalizations and emphasizes the individual, magnifying moods, coloring enthusiasms, encouraging a vain attempt to interpret a palimpsest of emotions. In my little red French dictionary *futur* is the

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next word to *futilité*; and at present Paris is no place for a prophet. He may take his choice of two methods: to stay at home and study the present turn of the wheel in corresponding past cycles of human history and philosophy; or to lie on his stomach on half-frozen mud in helmet and gas-mask, beside a horizon-blue-clad poilu, and seek for his answer in the whine of the five-point-nine *arrivés*, or the muffled *chanson* of the troglodyte reserves crowded in their subterranean burrows.

In these days when the very life and existence of individuals and nations are at hair-trigger poise, it is well to have lived in Paris and at the Front. One longs to be in both places at once. Yet there is a veritable monotony of excitement in the first lines: we can kill in only a certain number of ways, and one has a fixed number of limbs and organs to be injured. But behind the lines, in Paris, the ways of living, of physical and mental healing, of readjustment, of temporary despair and sorrow, of eternal hope, of selfishness and altruism — these are myriad in number and wholly absorbing in interest.

Three things impress the American on the first day of his arrival in Paris: the deliciousness of the crusty war-bread, the world's congress of uniforms and insignia, and the apparent callous-

ness and disregard of the war on the part of the Parisians. The first-mentioned impression merely deepened with time; and in fact the abundance and excellent quality of the food in general was a constant source of surprise. In New York I had become accustomed to meatless and wheatless days, and had only just escaped the heatless ones; but here I learned that the Latin cannot deny his stomach as can the Anglo-Saxon. But in scores of other ways he puts to shame our economies and self-sacrifice.

This apparent abundance of food has another, sadder explanation, in the lack of money among the greater part of the population, who are thus unable to purchase as much as in more normal times. Hence food, although less in quantity, accumulates rapidly and is at the command of the minority. Candy and chocolate stores are closed two days of the week, while sugar and bread are scarce enough to be given special thought. The Baron de — would be delighted to have you take déjeuner with Madame la Baronne and himself; then follows a little postscript, '*Apportez un peu de pain si vous le voulez*' — and we trudge Baronwards with four inches of the most excellent war-bread in our pocket!

The uniforms and insignia were as confusing as water-marked postage-stamps or sub-specific variations of birds. The tunic of an Anzac who had been detailed from his company to ground work in aviation, and at present was serving in a tank, bore considerable resemblance to that of Joseph. I was glad to learn that the flaming scarlet trousers and caps of the French soldiers were worn on the boulevards only from motives of economy, and would be exchanged for uniforms of faded blue when they left for the front. One's love of symbolism was aroused by the spread wings of the airmen and

the rampant dragon of the men of the tanks; but why a scarlet patch with a hole, sewed on the back of overcoat and tunic, should indicate that the Canadian within was an erector of light railways was unfathomable.

Of still greater interest than the modern symbolism were the quaint atavistic decorations—generally as useless as most atavisms, and sometimes actually harmful. The horse in modern warfare is almost an anachronism, but evidence of his importance in past wars is widespread. *En voici deux.*

When a regiment as a whole is decorated, the flag receives the decoration, while all the individuals enlisted in the fortunate command are permitted to wear a *fourragère* — which is a braided cord extending from a front button of the tunic over and around the left shoulder and arm. In times long past this shoulder-cord was less decorative and more useful, and, true to its name, was a rope of any sort which the cavalryman kept wrapped around his shoulder to bind up a bundle of forage for his horse's dinner. A second, less remote equine reminder are spurs, which, upon a lieutenant of aviation, seem as appropriate as would sheepskin 'chaps' on a machine-gunner. Many of the officers who stride along the boulevards, booted and spurred, have never thrown leg across a horse's back, and I recall two instances of broken and sprained ankles from spurs catching in the rugs or doors of automobiles.

I have already mentioned the remarkable dorsal insignia of the light-railway men. Another nuchal spot is of real historic interest. A widening patch of black cloth, extending down behind, over and below the collar, and with a zigzag lower border, characterizes the Welsh Fusiliers, but does not indicate a vital interest in captive balloons or submarine engines. In days gone by, the men of all British regiments wore

powdered wigs with dangling pigtails, and to prevent the powder and grease from soiling the back of the coats, a bit of special cloth was always worn behind. To this day the Welsh Fusilier preceding you down the avenue de l'Opéra, although with hair close-cropped and in khaki undress, still exhibits this link with the wars of our forefathers. Wigs and matchlocks have gone — but the grease-patch is still there.

The subject is inexhaustible, and there are many sides to it. One phase of intense interest is the readoption of armor and missiles long since discarded, such as steel helmets and various weapons for infighting. In a little curiosity shop in Montparnasse, I was attracted by the excellent quality and low price of a steel battle-axe and mace, both of small size but most beautifully damascened, and handled with tanned snake-skin. Later an Anzac friend brought me two more, and told me of twenty-seven being captured in one raid on the Boche trenches. There was no doubt of their age and authenticity; but how they ever made their way from the Orient to the Boche front is a mystery. They are powerful weapons and well adapted for trench-warfare as it is waged in 1918, in competition with bayonets, daggers, and brass knuckles.

Walking along the boulevards of Paris one feels somehow as if one had slipped back into mediæval times, the emphasis of color and ornament is so reversed. Almost every man is clad in bright hues, or with some warm splash or stripe, and most are adorned with medals and citations. So many women are in dark colors, if not in crape, that one's thought of their costumes in general is of sombreness of hue.

How distinctly national traits and characteristics are emphasized by the self-consciousness of uniforming! Individuality is lessened, nationality is augmented almost to caricature. The

British Imperialist strides along, the least self-conscious of all; here soldiering is a fine art, so thoroughly mastered that he can spare time for every detail of dress. He is a fashion-plate of neatness, glossy leather, and shining metal, with cane of correct length and exact material. However carefully one has groomed one's self, one feels fairly out at heel when a British colonel passes.

The Anzac or the Canadian private gives us a thrill of the open air. We sense the great spaces, ozone-laden, which have given these men the vitality that seems to fill their frames. On leave they throw off all military stiffness, individuality creases their uniforms, tips their caps a bit awry. A British officer looks askance at the hand in the pocket, but he will not soon forget the fineness of profile of the New Zealand triumvirate who just passed.

The most conservative Briton admits that nothing can equal the Canadians in offensive work, but in defense they are hopeless. They go doggedly ahead and, in spite of any percentage of casualties, take whatever objective is pointed out. Then they dig in like fox-terriers — each man a hole to himself; and if left to their own devices, there they would take root, like lines of newly planted saplings, with no thought of consolidation, or aught but stalking above ground through machine-gun fire when a cigarette light is needed. An officer of artillery told of two instances not far from the 'Wipers' salient where a heavy barrage was maintained for the express purpose of confining a Canadian advance to the indicated objective, and not allowing them to keep on, headed for the Rhine and annihilation.

Italian officers, slender and dark, are swathed in close-fitting puttees and uniforms, while Serbian giants swing proudly along. We turn and watch the latter: they are seldom seen, their race

is scattered, their numbers pitifully few. Belgians are everywhere and of many types — one thinks of them *en masse* as sturdy soldiers in khaki, each with a tassel swaying from his cap. Even the composite American offers a more concrete type — reminding one most of the Colonials, but always more or less self-conscious. There was no doubt as to the resolution and enthusiasm with which they had plunged into military life in this fourth year; but the grip on rifle and sword was a bit unsteady as yet; palms were moulded more accurately to plough or axe, the habit of fingers was still too facile with pen or brush or lever. Raw as we seemed to the game, nothing but assurance of the ultimate worth and skill of these big, clean men ever came to one's ears from any of their allied brethren. One loved them all the more to see approaching groups searching nervously for any officer's insignia which they might miss. And for a lieutenant unconsciously to lift his cap to a fellow countrywoman, was a delight.

The Americans at the present time were the newest recruits to this world-game of war, but the past masters were not of the Continent of Europe. Down the Bois de Boulogne would come a quartet of great Sikhs; handsome as etchings, proud as only Sikhs can be, unconscious as camels, with turban ends swinging, patrician descendants of forbears who were warriors when Britons and Gauls roamed as nomad tribes.

As any vista of trees or sea or plain is always in contrast with the blue of the sky, so the ever-changing patterns and colors of the various Allied nations were always seen against one tint — the horizon blue of the omnipresent poilu. He combined many qualities; yet whether perfectly groomed officer or disheveled *arrivé* from the trenches, he was the embodiment of patience and ability, of consecrated devotion, of un-

alterable determination. There passed Athos, Porthos, and Aramis — not the revelers, the youthful seekers of combats, but the veterans of later years. D'Artagnan I have seen, too, — but not in Paris, — and his eyes will haunt me forever.

II

This great assemblage of soldiers was strange in many ways. During all my stay in Paris I heard never a note of martial music — no beat of drum or note of bugle. Scarcely a flag in the whole city, except dingy *drapeaux* on official buildings. Never a parade — only twice the muffled beat of feet, marching to their own rhythm: once of poilus off for the front, once of a company of Americans fresh from the *gare*.

And this thought brings me to the third vivid impression which Paris gives — the apparent abstracted life and thought of the Parisians. In New York I had been accustomed to miles of waving flags and banners, to frantic protestations of patriotism on every hand, to bands and glaring posters and headlines, to the public materialization of endless socks and sweaters between the Bronx and Bowling Green. I had, perhaps unconsciously, expected to find the same thing leavened with French art and enthusiasm. A day sufficed to reorient my thoughtlessness. France is naturally no longer inspired with the white-hot spirit of exaltation and enthusiasm which infused her during the first part of the war; nor, on the other hand, in this fourth year is there manifest the slightest desire to make any but a satisfactory end. But our entrance has caused a relaxation, a certain sub-conscious shifting of a part of the responsibility; and as at present we are in evidence more as casualties than as legions, there is an air of suspense, of waiting, which is omnipresent.

In Paris one realized at last the meaning of the 'business of war.' It had entered into every phase of life. As our men commute to business, so the poilus commute to the trenches, each trip of uncertain length; and in place of competition, financial or otherwise, they go to a business of life and death. Few men could show the same vigor and enthusiasm as do these poilus. For years they had faced high adventure that most men know, if at all, only in an annual vacation. To myself and to others whose life-work carries them into dangers from the elements and from savage men, war held no absolute novelty. But think of the gunner formerly a traveling salesman for women's hosiery, of the stretcher-bearer who was a floor-walker in a department store! Did the florist whom I met ever conceive that he would be removed from sausage-balloon duty because of unconquerable air-sickness?

Think of the children in Paris old enough to talk and walk, who have never known a world free from universal war, and it will be easier to realize the daily, monthly, yearly labor and worry which have worn for themselves ruts deep into the life-routine and emotions of this Latin people. As the medical student loses all sensitiveness concerning the handling of human fingers and feet and hands, so the participants in the war, without being really callous or insensitive, come to take danger, wounds, disability, as incidents, not finalities.

One's geography of Paris would read: the city is bounded on the north by supply dépôts, on the south by hospitals, and on the west by aerodromes. Its principal imports and exports are bandages, crape, wooden legs, and Colonials; its products are war-bread, war-literature, faith, and hope.

I had become familiar with the poilus at the front, the never-to-be-forgotten

sight of a regiment of blues coming from trench-duty — besmeared with blood and mud, grimy and unshaven, with faces heavy-eyed and deep-lined. Dress and men are all forgotten in those eyes, weary with a world of weariness, but terrible with the memory of things seen, and the vision of coming achievement. When we meet the *arrivés* in Paris, as they pile off the train at the Gare de l'Est, they are transformed, as much as soap, razor, fresh uniforms, and puttees will permit. But the eyes are unchanged. When I look back in future years to memories of this war, it will be the eyes of the soldiers which remain most vivid. It is not anything which lends itself to definite phrasing, but an impersonal peering into the distance. They look at you, yet their gaze is beyond, there is an abstraction wholly lacking in the glance of the civilian. Their eyes never smile. The whole face may break into a hearty appreciation of something witty, *spirituel*, but the eyes still search the distance. They are surcharged with some supersense thing, something apart from the direct contact with their surroundings and home.

The women at the station wait quietly. One wishes that they would weep, or show their anxiety and fear with more human emotion. Many are already in black; but as the mob of men in faded blue comes surging out, they simply stand at the sides and wait. Peasant women in strange, white-starched, outstanding head-dresses, women of caste, women painted and women of natural beauty — all wait. Now and then one turns and goes out with a soldier. Their hands are clasped together, and they chatter as only Parisians can, but they seldom look at each other. Now that the moment of moments is past, the outside world again rushes into their consciousness.

After watching forty or fifty couples

and groups meet and pass on, one wonders casually how so many of the men happened to marry such young wives. Another thought, and I look closer and know the truth. In the instant of meeting the wives have banished the hunted, gnawing fear and their faces have become young. But the men are young only behind their faces. Four years of this terrible work has trebled the ravages which time would have demanded of that period.

Now and then two gaunt trenchmen come out arm in arm, — they are always in twos, — unshaven, with mud but scraped from their clothes, reckless-looking, more deeply lined than the rest, and almost always with glittering *croix de guerre* pinned on their discolored tunics. Some have the caps of Zouaves, and they look about them only with curiosity. There is no one to meet them. Two such giants stopped near me — terrible men, who might have been welcomed as worthy additions to the crew of Henry Morgan himself. I wondered upon what wild revels they would launch, and listened.

'Que voulez-vous? Un cinema?'

'Mais oui, c'est très bien.'

And out they trudged.

I turned to go and then wished I had not, for I almost stumbled over a very tiny boy, clad in a dirty blue smock, who at this instant reached up to a big-bearded *poilu*, and said, in a half-understanding voice, as if he had been told to say it, *'Maman est morte.'* The *poilu* looked at me, or rather beyond me, took the tiny hand held out to him, and went out into the street with no word, no change of expression.

I was used to the sight of the women who slipped away alone, but this was a reversal of tragedy which was not in the routine of the ruck of war. I wondered whether hereafter the bearded *poilu* would return, heedless of his appearance, and would go to a cinema

with some lonely comrade. I have never been back to the Gare de l'Est and I do not wish to, but I should like to have every slacker, every pacifist, every doubter of the necessity of pushing the war through to a complete decision, look into the eyes of these soldiers. Their bodies are weary, their souls firmer than ever.

III

These are some of the direct objective reflections of the struggle waged from the two opposing lines of ditches, a few miles to the north. Between flights and my visits to the Front, I watched Paris obliquely, from a corner of my eye, and at times almost forgot the war in the great joy of little things.

One day I remember as being particularly rich in small adventures.

After an unusually high and futile flight I motored back to Paris one gray morning, and was seized with the desire to visit my old stamping grounds in the Jardin des Plantes. Six years ago, in happier times, I had trudged day after day between the Musée d'Histoire Naturelle and the Hôtel Lutetia, until I knew every rue and alley by heart. And now in the Parc Zoologique I found curiously accurate reflections of national conditions outside.

I was greeted by a most forlorn moulting stork, who sadly clattered his beak, appearing the very embodiment of hopelessness. Indeed, for most of his class he was a true prophet, for I found the birds to be in scant numbers and of very ordinary interest. A peacock in a high tree made repeated feints and false starts at flight. He was facing the east and may have had it in mind to depart this dreary France and seek his native Indian *terai*. A marabou stood listlessly and tore off bits of bark, champing them with closed eyes as if imagining a *poisson*

délicieusement ancien; its mate, however, making no effort to share in this power of will, shivered in hunched-up misery, as if fully convinced of the error of existence.

Passing cages and aviaries, rusty and untenanted, I found an abundance of gulls and birds of prey. These could exist on fish-heads and offal, and so had proved themselves the fit ones to survive in this new critical phase of life. Some of the African eagles were in excellent condition. An emaciated *leopard ocelle* and a small boa wandering about its cage were the only reptiles in sight. As in the case of birds, the meat-eating mammals were in the majority, although deer and antelopes were devouring carrot-parings and the wilted tops of greens. The vultures and hyenas appeared the best fed and most contented natives of France that I had seen. When there appeared a big haunch of horse-meat which no censor would have passed, the hyenas grinned horribly and the vultures hissed, with at least the incentive to think with satisfaction, '*C'est la guerre!*'

My last glance at the menagerie showed a big black curassow on a perch snuggled close up to an Australian crested pigeon — the sole inmates of a large inclosure; and this brought vividly to my mind an association of corresponding nationalities which I had observed the night before on the Boulevard des Italiens — an American and an Anzac trudging arm-in-arm and turning finally into one of those phonograph places in which the French delight. I watched them through the window, and soon saw them seated side by side, with tubes to ears in attitudes of rapt attention, one with a blissful smile, the other with a puzzled expression of impatience. I entered and saw that they were absorbing the auricular vibrations of Harry Lauder and the crashing overture to an Italian opera.

The Australian and the man from Maine — the curassow and the pigeon; again, *c'est la guerre* which makes strange companions!

I later attended a meeting of the Société Nationale d'Acclimatation, and was profoundly impressed by the spirit of these few elderly scientists. With all the young men dead or at the front, they were yet striving with all their might to keep up the spirit of scientific research, so that, in this as in other fields, *après la guerre*, France may have something of a flying start to maintain her place in the domain of science. Old men of the past generation had renewed their life-interests and argued politely and volubly about the possibilities of the introduction of certain new exotic plants and birds. It was a wholly futile discussion by a score of brave French gentlemen, and affected me as does a remnant of a Zouave regiment in a passing parade.

It was late afternoon when I came out upon the street, and the low winter sun was pale through the mist, while overhead was the strangely unfamiliar sight of blue sky. I stopped in an old book-shop on rue Hautefeuille, which had no sense of the war. It was an old, old publishing house, and on the shelves were sets of Buffon still tied up in ancient packets and for sale at the same prices which they brought so many years ago, when the type was fresh from the press. After considerable argument I succeeded in purchasing a classic work on spiders which I had long desired. This was indeed a most modern publication for this establishment, as it appeared only two decades ago. The kindly old man was persuaded that I was laboring under some delusion, and that an American aviator could have no use for any *Études des Araignées*. He seemed to fear that I had been injured in the head as well as the wrist, and his last

reassuring words were that, if I found the work to be not the one I wished, I was to return it without hesitation. Without doubt my transaction did not tend to clarify one Frenchman's idea of American participation in the war.

Turning homewards, I walked slowly, with thoughts of my spider volumes and their quaint memories still dominant. Then I caught sight of a little Frenchwoman whom I had seen in the Jardin des Plantes. She was very aged and very crooked, and she hobbled pitifully along in a huge pair of soldier's brogans. A long black veil trailed from her faded bonnet, and as she walked ahead of me I could see that it was a mosaic of three bits of crape. Her face was wreathed and wrinkled, but in her wizened cheeks was still a suspicion of color, and in her manner the quick femininity which often survives all other characteristics in the tragic women of France.

In the Jardin I had stood near and watched her throw a few crumbs from the bottom of her bag to a brown peahen. She was talking to the bird and I caught, '*Vous avez faim comme moi*'; and later, '*Mais vous avez votre mari*.' Not until now had I realized the extreme poverty, the thinness of the shoes, the scantiness of her clothing.

I reached her and spoke: '*Permettez moi, madame — pour plus de pains pour les oiseaux; j'aime les oiseaux; je suis un naturaliste!*'

For a moment I thought she would refuse my offering; but with a graceful courtesy she accepted the little deception. '*Vous êtes plus qu'un naturaliste*'; and I forgot the gracious language and murmured something harsh and bromidic in English and passed on swiftly. As I turned into another street I looked up and saw by the shining blue sign that I was leaving the rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie.

My next little adventure befell on

the Pont Neuf, and was delightful in its spontaneity. A push-cart, or rather pull-cart, heavily laden with apples, passed me, with a smocked peasant and a big shaggy dog in the traces. I was nibbling a piece of chocolate, — the greatest delicacy which Paris can afford in these days, — and I idly snapped my fingers at the dog and held out the cake. With hardly a moment's hesitation the great black beast backed out of his collar, and came leaping toward me, tail waving frantically as a friendly countersign. I was so surprised that I gave him the whole cake, which he took gently, bolted whole, and returning, half leaped upon the toiling man, with a lick or two at his hands. Then, dropping back, the dog nuzzled the dangling, partly closed collar until his nose worked its way inside, then with a forward rush slipped it over his head. The tail sank at once to half-mast, and straining steadily outward and forward, the dear beast voluntarily assumed his full share of the labor.

The whole incident hardly seemed real, so used are we Americans to dogs as friends and not as draft animals. The man gave me a smile and a low '*Merc'm's'u*,' and I knew that he must be a good man who could possess such a dog. I thought of the dog I had seen near the front with its leg in a sling; of the police dogs; of the adored canine mascot of Paderewski's Polish regiment, and of a score of others; then of the hundreds of horses pulling the guns to the front and suffering hunger and often death with their masters. And it became clearer than ever before who were man's best friends on the earth. Cows give their milk and hens lay eggs, but so does a sausage-machine produce for man uncountable links. In a time of stress like the present, those creatures, catwise, walk alone, and are rather organic machines than friends.

For the French horses and dogs alone, *c'est la guerre*.

The Seine was flooded, with the water lapping the walls and near the danger-mark, and in the dim light I sat in an embrasure and watched the last of the ancient fishers cast from the stone steps a last cast, and then unjoint their rods and start for home. Automatically searching for planes, my eye caught a great eagle, high in air, still in full sunlight, circling around and around over the great city, whose streets were merging into the same dismal half-lighting which must have characterized them in mediæval times. Thus ended one of my days of small adventure.

IV

Then came the time of the great adventure — the night raid by sixty Gothas. Like the low distant rumbling presaging an approaching storm, or the whine of an oncoming shell, I had been hearing on every front the persistent, muttered rumors of a night raid on Paris. For over a year there had been some kind of tacit understanding — that, if the French would leave the German towns alone, Paris would remain inviolate; and rumor had it that this would soon end. Then one day appeared a casual half-column in the papers, almost apologetic, from the Prefect of Police, recalling the more important regulations in case of the 'very unlikely occasion of a raid.' A few days later, on another front, two Boche airmen were taken, and I heard them boast of their three hundred planes which were to smother Paris with gas-bombs. This continual reiteration sharpened the channels of sense, and, night after night, between trips to the Front I was awakened by screeching taxi-horns, and sat up listening. Once, several screams aroused me to a realization that it was only a small

band of revelers. And night after night the kindly dense mist enfolded the great, darkened, saddened city in a blanket camouflage of safety.

One afternoon I visited a well-beloved general in the hospital where he was recovering from a wound. With characteristic altruism, he made no comment on his own miraculous escape, but grieved only for the terrible death of the splendid French officers and men, who were standing in front and whose bodies had saved the lives of our Americans. As I was leaving he said jokingly, 'Well, it will be my luck now to have the Boche raid Paris to-night.'

I went out and wandered across the Seine, up boulevard Saint-Germain and rue Monge to rue des Arènes. The name conveyed nothing unusual to me, until I turned a corner and saw for the first time the old Roman amphitheatre. Before one reaches the corner, there is nothing to be seen but a great front of very ordinary buildings — rather cheap flats, with dismal shops beneath. Skirting the end of these, I saw that they were but of cardboard thickness, a single room's width, like the prow of the flatiron building. Immediately behind was the little park enclosing the amphitheatre; and I walked across the old arena, sat on the rows of mossy stone seats, and watched the sparrows feeding on crumbs of war-bread which a poilu and his wife threw to them.

Suddenly these sparrows (dingy little feathered replicas of their brethren in our own parks) assumed a new importance and I looked at them with renewed interest. Fifteen hundred years ago, when these same seats were occupied by Romans and Gauls waiting for the coming of the beasts and the gladiators, the far-distant ancestors of these sparrows hopped about and chirped in this self-same arena, quite unchanged, quite as dingy, seeking the bits of food which might fall from patrician or ple-

beian. The little 1918 birds linked me closely with the past centuries, going about their daily business regardless of wars and the passing of peoples, stuffing the unkempt bundle of straw which they call home, with yearly regularity and perennial equanimity, in a crevice of the amphitheatre, beneath a Notre-Dame gargoyle, or in the rusting framework of a fallen aeroplane. My mind drifted easily to memory of the calmness of distant jungles, of the myriads of tropical blossoms just opening, and there came to my ear the humming of lazy, yellow-thighed bumble-bees. Then I glanced upward, to where a French biplane drew slowly across a bit of blue sky, and filled the air with its twanging hum.

After dinner I walked up the avenue de l'Opéra, in a light mist, with the moon striving to shine through, and, tired out from my week in the trenches, turned in at once in my comfortable room in the American University Union.

It was before midnight when the wailing moan of sirens brought me to my senses, and I heard two fire-engines race past, filling the air with this, the most fearsome of all noises of human manufacture. Then, from the street below, I heard an American voice call out, 'Put out that light in 103, damn quick!' Half-dressed, I went into the hall and joined a group of American officers, and by common consent we went to the front balcony of the room of a Cornell lieutenant, who assured us it was the best seat in the house. We crowded close together for sight and for warmth and waited for the performance to begin.

The reaction from warm beds demanded a forced gayety, and we cheered as the first star-rockets went up. Then the quick winking flash of shrapnel sobered us, and we listened to the bark of anti-aircraft guns from the Tour Eiffel and elsewhere. The lop-sided

moon looked down calmly on it all, as undisturbed as I had seen it silvering the jungle, or as it illumined the earth before the first man stood upright or fashioned speech.

The stars were out, and to those fixed constellations were added numerous green and white comets and steadily unwinking planets which throbbed across the heavens — French planes patrolling all heights. Then the gunfire grew louder, and occasionally a staccato mitrailleuse spoke out viciously. Then the bombs began — distant, deeper, still more ominous notes in this celestial overture; and at last came the unmistakable humming of a Boche plane. Nothing could be seen against the blue-black sky, but we knew it was close overhead. Instinctively we drew back. Personally I felt more conspicuous than I can remember; my half-draped figure seemed the focus of the whole sky.

Without further warning a great orange gleam shot up a few blocks away and the deep smothered boom of a bomb shook every window. This sent us back to our rooms, where we dressed as best we could and went downstairs. Two more bombs were heard; then a white-faced little Frenchman ran in and incoherently told of having trod on things which he found were legs, and not with their body. We started out, and a few minutes away came to an American ambulance in which two bodies had just been placed. The bomb had fallen inside a house, and a soldier and a civilian had been killed in the street. Broken glass was everywhere.

Again came the humming, and we all moved along restlessly. Two of us agreed that the open Tuileries Gardens sounded most healthy, and off we set. A great red glow showed where a fire had started somewhere in the suburbs.

Then I saw something which perhaps meant more to me than to the

others. A plane — apparently a French one, as it carried a green light — was fighting for equilibrium, out of control, and jockeying for a landing-place. Like a crippled bird struggling for balance, the pilot used every means to fight the deadly pull of gravity. Twice his engine started and he gained a little, only to lose it at once, and was compelled to volplane steeply lest he should slacken below the forty-mile danger speed and side-slip. I watched him, tense with sympathy, until he sank from view. Later, I found that he had cleverly sought the open Place de la Concorde, had managed to skirt the obelisk, but struck a pillar, wounding himself and killing his observer.

The streets were almost deserted, except for occasional American soldiers and some of the poorer classes. Every light was quenched and seldom a sound of any kind was heard. But it was not the silence of sleep, but of silent waiting. Peering into corridors or hallways, one could see families crouched together, while the hotels were crowded with half-dressed people muffled in cloaks, waiting. Ambulances were stationed near every large hotel and at many corners. Now and then a motorcyclist streaked past, causing more alarm with his muffler open than the arrival of another bomb. Sometimes a group of men and women rushed by, whimpering and dodging into doorways. One thought of Pompeii — only here there was no localization of the volcano. Any portion of the heavens might give forth death at any moment.

It was a curious feeling, to have no sense of security in houses, and we sympathized with the crowds which took shelter in the metro, deep underground. I was surprised to hear women laughing now and then, and so repeatedly that I wondered at it. It was not altogether hysterical laughter, and I believe the solution to be the actual relief

from silent worry and waiting for the ever-fateful news of the front. Here were vital, dynamic happenings, and it must have been a very real temporary relief. For of all the suffering and worthy bravery of war I place first that of the months and years of waiting at home, with inaction and worry eating into normal living; and second, the years of watchfulness of the British fleet, in the darkness and cold of the North Sea — the very lack of anything vital sapping the nerves more than any active trench-warfare.

I saw cases of funk among our own and other soldiers — sudden collapses of manliness, a clinging together, in the throes of an imagination which pictured the swift, immediate descent of the next bomb; and I knew that these very men would make brave soldiers when the real test came.

As we walked under the trees I saw groups of stock doves perched quietly, sleeping. At eleven-thirty the sirens had announced the attack; at two in the morning the fire-engines went the rounds again with bugles, signaling that the raid was over.

The whole feeling of the raid was a sinister one, and I doubt if any one was wholly without an uncomfortable sense of dread at the invisibility of the danger. It was a severe raid, there being about seventy bombs dropped in all, resulting in two hundred and fifty-odd casualties, of which eighteen were children and over a hundred women.

During the next week a few people left the city, apparently of the classes whose absence enriches any city. The object of the Boche was evidently to terrorize the people; instead of which, the effect during succeeding days was an all-pervading curiosity to see the damage done, and a tireless search for souvenir bits of bomb. One heard short, succinct remarks as to the martyred women and children. The French

memory is long and very patient. I do not think such things will be forgotten when the final reckoning comes. I saw two officer poilus following tiny coffins, and there was a look on their faces which it is not good to see on the faces of men — without good cause!

Paris is weary — Paris is sad — but Paris is absolutely confident; and that we, however laggardly, are at last permitted to take our place beside these poilus, should be the greatest cause for thanksgiving which we, as Americans, can conceive.

WHAT DID MARSE ROBERT THINK?

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

MARSE ROBERT, — better, but less affectionately, known elsewhere as General Robert E. Lee, — done by Mascier in colossal bronze, very dignified and heroic, very beautiful also against the tender blue of an early spring sky, sat upon Traveller at the meeting-place of four broad streets, and looked out over the city of his affection; while all the bright afternoon, to the crash of bands, the clapping of hands, and the steady throb of marching feet, the huge war parade, with its black festoons of watching people on the sidewalks, eddied and swirled around the great base of his statue. And what did Marse Robert think of it all?

There was very much for him to see — there was more, perhaps, for him to think.

Here below him an immense panorama of war unrolled itself, company after company, marching and marching up the wide street under faintly budding trees, past Marse Robert on the right, up and around the Davis Column beyond, and down past Marse Robert on the left again. In the foreground of every mind was the pageantry of war; in the background of every

heart was its sharp reality; for, just as the parade got itself at last into marching order and started from the Capitol, little newsboys ran suddenly out among the crowd crying extras: 'Great German Drive Unchecked!' — 'British Line Broken at St. Quentin!' — 'Shells Dropping on Paris from Gun Sixty Miles Away!'

Column after column of troops — soldiers, sailors, marines, white troops, colored troops, Home Defense, Aviation Corps, Red Cross, Blue Cross, tank, medical float, — doctors and nurses displaying a brave sign: 'Don't Worry, Mothers, We'll Take Care of Your Boys Over There,' — Governor of the State, Commander of Camp Lee, marching mothers, marching school-children, marching business men — what a medley! A little group of smart English officers — a merry Highlander with them; then a line of blue-clad Frenchmen. Mr. B——, the druggist around the corner, could tell Marse Robert a story about these last delightful and courteous gentlemen.

The little druggist — a quiet man of middle age — was afflicted by a German neighbor. At the time of the sink-

ing of the Lusitania, the latter came into Mr. B——'s establishment, and triumphed, winding up with, 'Well, the damned Yankees, why don't they stay at home then?' Suddenly and violently he found himself flat on the floor; then with equal violence he was jerked to his feet and rushed to the street, where the furious little druggist faced him exclaiming, 'Now, sir, in case you have any objection to fighting me in my own store, we are out in the street, so come ahead!'

The German, however, did not come ahead: he went home.

It was a great day for Mr. B——. Old friends came in to shake him by the hand, strangers from all over the country wrote and telegraphed their congratulations; but the best was yet to come. Two and a half years later, looking out of his window one day, he beheld the young French officers of whom every one was talking come swinging down the street, very stiff and martial, very brisk and businesslike. At his shop they paused, they entered, they lined up before him, they saluted, smiling. 'Monsieur,' they said, 'we haf come to view ze battleground of ze first American victory of ze war.' The druggist would like Marse Robert to know about that.

More and more marchers: Y.M.C.A. float, Knights of Columbus, Thrift Stamp, Liberty Loan; and everywhere waving United States flags. And what did Marse Robert think of it all?

There were many children and grandchildren of former kinsmen and old friends of his, marching there. Doubtless the features of many of them looked familiar to him; and he would be very familiar, too, with the pleasant friendliness of the crowd on doorsteps and porches, calling out greetings and encouragement to the marchers — to Uncle Sams, Columbias, or Red Cross nurses. 'How do,

Sallie! You look grand — but ain't you mighty cold?' — 'Well, will you *please* to look at Wilcox!' — 'There, that's Lucy! ain't she sweet?'

It is the Home Defense that comes in for the greatest amount of comment. They are perhaps the bravest body of men in the world. They know they are not glorious in appearance. They are used to securing their equipment from any cast-off lots that come their way; they know that their women-folk regard them askance, asking one another in anxious asides, 'Do you think Jim looks *very* funny in his uniform?' They are used also to having their small sons, home from the near-by Military Academy, drill them severely, singling out their own particular parents for especial abuse. 'There now, father, *you* messed that up! *You* were pivot man that time!' And yet they march bravely on, apparently oblivious to masculine hoots of 'Oh, look! just look at Bill! Oh! he, he, he!' and the softer feminine tones lamenting, 'Oh, *why* did n't somebody pull his coat down good for him 'fore he started!' Three cheers for the Home Defense!

Yes, all the gay exchange of greeting Marse Robert would have found familiar enough; but what about the tank, the aviators, and a gun that would shoot sixty miles? And what about all those waving United States flags? And what did he think also when a detachment of soldiers swung by to the tune of John Brown's Body, and the words, 'We'll hang the Kaiser to a sour-apple tree'? Perhaps he hoped they would choose another refrain before they reached the Davis monument.

But if any of this surprised and puzzled Marse Robert, there was at least a handful of men there in the crowd whom he completely and tenderly understood. These were old men with faded eyes and white hair; broken men they were, too, with here a leg missing,

and there an arm twisted out of shape; and they were clad in gray uniforms.

One of these old soldiers of the Lost Cause stood for a long time rooted to the same spot and stared speechless at the great parade. A kindly neighbor ran down the steps and invited the old man to sit on his porch; but, never taking his eyes from the sight before him, he shook his head in refusal. He could not see enough of that moving war-picture before him. He gazed and gazed, not with his eyes alone, but with his whole body as well. French officers, English officers, aviation, tank — here was war, indeed! And what did the silent old soldier think of it? Were the years wiped out for him, and did he remember his own fighting youth? Did he remember the Battle of the Crater, Manassas, and Seven Pines? And what did *he* think of all those United States flags waving there before him? Well, if any one knew, certainly the heroic figure sitting there above him on Traveller must have known; and surely Marse Robert's heart must have been very tender and understanding toward his old gray comrade there in the street, who seemed the very incarnation of the past flung sharply up against the background of this vivid present.

And if the years were wiped out for that old veteran, for others distance was destroyed. With those tall black headlines walking ominously across the front pages, and the 'Big Drive' on, France was no longer a far-away country. All at once it was poignantly close inside one's very heart, indeed. And people farther away than Dover or Kent heard the guns that day. There were mothers marching there, with bright rosettes on their bosoms, who heard them terribly loud, thundering all through their bodies every step they took. And fathers too. 'Look at Ellis Blair,' the crowd whispered, as a business man's section went past; 'he's got

a boy over there right now in this big drive — how do you reckon *he* feels?' He *looked* like a prosperous gentleman strolling quietly down the avenue to his office; but how *do* you reckon he felt?

And as the black headlines flared in their eyes, apprehension shivered wildly through the colored spectators. 'Now, if the Germans git through dis time, do it mean they has dominion over the United States?' they questioned.

So all the bright afternoon the great procession swept around the base of Marse Robert's statue, the head coming down on one side of the double street while the tail went slowly up on the other. The bands played, the hands clapped, the feet marched and marched; and then at last it was all over. The crowd broke up and swirled away; nurses and parents collected tired children; automobiles honked, and backed heavily out of vacant lots; friends parted with a hand-clasp, and, 'Well, I hope we have better news in the morning.'

The sun went down as a red ball of fire, and the moon came riding up in silver silence; and Marse Robert was all alone in the empty street —

And what had he thought of it all? Well, nobody knows; but one may surmise that he must have been deeply proud of his city and of his people.

And, perhaps, with his pride in his face, he turned to another watching American, and spoke. 'Have you noticed my people to-day?' he said; 'have you marked their high hearts, and the splendor of their spirit?'

And if he did, I know that the other American was very swift to respond. 'Yes, Bob,' I think he said, putting out a great hand, — the hand of a rail-splitter, — 'yes, I have watched our people to-day, and so I always knew they would be.'

THE GULF

BY WILLARD L. SPERRY

I

ON a certain day in the spring of 1917, a day of showers and sunshine, and of tears and laughter, the streets of one of our American cities were cleared of their drab traffic to make way for marching thousands who were escorting Maréchal Joffre on his entry into the freedom of the city and the hearts of the citizens. For many of the bystanders this brave pageant was their initiation into the perennial romance of war. The men whom they saw sweeping past were something more than a hastily assembled group of available military units. They seemed to the bystander to have become, for the moment, members of an indivisible and mystical society, some 'community of memory and hope.'

So, reflected the bystander, have men always marched with the Hero at their centre, and so will men march again and again while there is left in mankind the impulse to celebrate the spirit and deeds of those who have given battle and have overcome. That procession reawakened in the mind of the bystander the memory of the mythical and the historical victors of all the world's yesterdays. And it was prophetic of the day toward which the hopes of the free peoples of the earth are now set, when such marching men in their millions shall tell of the realization of those hopes which had at the Marne their first military pledge of final achievement.

But the memory which still lingers

most vividly from that brave day is not the memory of the genial marshal smiling his gracious way into our affections, or of the thousands of our fellow countrymen who formed his body-guard of honor. The most vivid memory is that of a little group of French, English, and Colonial soldiers midway in the procession, who had seen service in the trenches. The contrast between these men and the marshal was great. The Hero bowed continually to right and to left. His hand was at an almost unbroken salute to the riot of Allied flags waving on the waysides. But these other heroes, of humbler rank, and yet, perhaps, of sterner experience, 'marched straight forward.'

And the contrast between these men of the achieved armies of Europe and the boys of our own army in the making was still greater. The precision of our own boys was that of men with whom discipline was still a self-conscious effort; but with these other men it seemed to be the habit of a lifetime. The bystander had the uncertain impression that at any time one of the college boys with the battery might turn to glance hastily and furtively up at some window, on a hungry quest for an answering flutter of lace; but he knew that these other men would never turn and look. It was not merely that they were strangers in a strange land, where they need not look for answering faces. It was something deeper than that — the subtle suggestion that they had eyes for a scene far away and very different. Their faces were as the faces

of men wearing masks, the mask neither of care-free levity nor of disconsolate tragedy, but the stern mask of a deliberate and studied stoicism. As they passed, they seemed to reincarnate and rehabilitate a sombre discredited article of the traditional creed, 'He descended into hell.'

These marching men from the trenches left with the bystander the sense of the presence in the pageant of an alien, or at least an unassimilated, element. The bystander realized that here was something which lacked its true spiritual *milieu*, and he found himself wondering what primitive emotions of pity and desire and anger might be working on the human faces behind that Stoic mask. There was here the suggestion of judgment reserved, of something yet to be said — something which could not then be said, which perhaps never could be said so that the crowds along the highway should hear and understand.

The bystander remembered the incisive comment made upon the poet Gray by one of his contemporaries, 'He never spoke out.' Were there mute poets there in dusty blue uniforms and trench-helmets who could never 'speak out'? The bystander remembered again those lines with which long ago Bernard of Clairvaux prefaced one of his treatises: 'It is my strong opinion that no one can comprehend what it is, save he who has experienced it; it is as it were a hidden manna, and he who tastes of it still hungers for it again. It is a fountain sealed from which no stranger may draw; but he who drinks from it still thirsts to drink again.' Was it thus that these men were thinking of their lives?

The bystander's mind ran on, in obedience to these suggestions, to the thought of William James's catalogue of the hall-marks of men's mystical experiences: 'Ineffability — the handiest

of the marks by which I classify a state of mind as mystical is negative. The subject of it immediately says that it defies expression, that no adequate report of its contents can be given in words. It follows from this that its quality must be directly experienced; it cannot be imparted or transferred to others.'

Was this the deeper secret of the vast reserves suggested by the impassive faces of those men from the trenches? Had they been baptized by blood into some ineffable mystery which, even if they would, they could not tell?

And when they had passed, the bystander went his civilian way again, with the seeds of a new conviction in his mind, the conviction that there was already appearing in his world a gulf between the mind of the soldier and the mind of the civilian in war-time, which must widen and deepen unless by some fresh effort of sympathy and imagination he could bridge the rift.

The bystander then began to understand what previously he had been unable to understand — the reticences of his friends who had been and seen and who had come home again. They had gone off blithely and unselfishly, to drive ambulances, to nurse the wounded, to know the storm centre for themselves; and they had come back sobered, which was intelligible, and silent, which was unintelligible. That they should speak modestly of their deeds was natural, but that they should be so strangely reticent in speaking of the grim total fact and of their inner reactions was unnatural. They had been willing to communicate a few items from their adventure, but of their total experience they would not speak. The cleverest *raconteur* broke down. The most discerning philosopher found himself beyond his depth. A touch of the ineffable seemed to have entered into the lives of all such as had seen

and shared, however briefly and humbly, in the strain and stress of the storm centre. It was this mysterious and previously inexplicable quality in the character of his friends who had been and seen and come home again which the marching soldiers from the trenches incarnated and illuminated.

Then, for the first time, the bystander understood that halting passage in one of Mr. Wells's last books. No one had ever thought of Mr. Wells, as the victim of the ineffable. His universe has been one of romance, but never of mystery. Yet even Mr. Wells, with his gift for interpretation, seems to have suffered, on his trip to the Front, something of these inhibitions and impotences of the soldier mind.

It has been my natural disposition [he writes, with his fine candor] to see this war as something purposeful and epic. I do not think that I am alone in this inclination to a dramatic and logical interpretation. The caricatures in the French shops show civilization in conflict with a huge and hugely wicked Hindenburg Ogre. Well, I come back from this tour with something not quite so simple as that. If I were tied down to one word for my impression of this war, I should say that this war is *Queer*. It is not like anything in a really waking world, but like something in a dream. It has n't exactly that clearness of light against darkness or of good against ill. My memory of this tour is filled with puzzled-looking men. I have seen thousands of poilus sitting about in cafés, by the roadside, in tents, in trenches, thoughtful. I have seen Alpini sitting restfully and staring with speculative eyes across the mountain gulfs toward unseen and unaccountable enemies. I have seen trainloads of wounded staring out of the ambulance-train windows as we passed. I have seen these dim intimations of questioning reflection in the strangest juxtaposition: in Malagasy soldiers resting for a spell among the big shells they were hoisting into trucks for the front; in a couple of khaki-clad Maoris sitting on the step of a horse-van in Amiens station. It is

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always the same expression one catches, rather weary, rather sullen, inturned. The shoulders droop. The very outline is a note of interrogation. One meets a pair of eyes that seem to say, 'Perhaps *you* understand . . . in which case . . . ?'

In all these ways the civilian mind, over the last four years, has been made more and more conscious of some new spiritual fact coming into being, the mind of the Front, puzzled, thoughtful, speculative, 'inturned'; a mind as yet unable to grapple with the dominant ineffable fact. The secrets of the men of this fraternity have not yet been shared with us of the homelands. They have done their graphic best to make us understand the setting of their experience. They have visualized for us mud and rats and shrapnel and gas. But beyond that they have not gone. They can only intimate by their silence that life there has certain qualities which may not be told. The mood of the thoughtful man, as he reflects on war, is the mood of the thoughtful man as he faces toward war: —

And went discouraged home,
And brooded by the fire with heavy mind.

In some such way the soldier mind of the present day seems to be brooding over ancient chaos come again.

II

Every reader who has followed the more intimate and reflective soldier literature of the last three years has become familiar with a single adjective which seems to the fighting man to be the most accurate description of his own state of mind and that of his fellows. It is the adjective 'inarticulate.' It would seem as though, at the heart of the cyclone, there was some silent centre where either thoughts lie too deep for words, or where thought is not.

If Mr. Wells, bringing to the storm centre the most alert and articulate mind of the day, finds himself strangely inhibited in thought and speech, how much more the man of lesser intellectual prowess, who knows the storm, not as a spectator, but as a participant. In so far as he is able to philosophize at all about his world, the soldier tells us that it is too vast and complex to yield to the interpretation of any political or ethical monism.

If ever a man lived in a 'pluralistic universe,' it would seem to be the soldier in the modern army. His total impression, in so far as he is able to give us any account of that impression, is like a wild futurist sketch. He is in a moral chaos where the noblest virtues rub shoulders with the basest vices. If this strange wild world of his has any dominant hue, it is a neutral tone, which communicates itself to his own spirit. 'Without using either a white-wash brush or a tar brush, I will paint Tommy as I have seen him. I have looked for the good in men as earnestly as for the bad. Some think of Tommy as being clothed in sins of scarlet hue. Others think of him as robed in the spotless white of righteousness. But, as a matter of fact, Tommy's moral dress is neither scarlet nor white: it is khaki.'

This spiritual khaki of the soldier is not the expression of an inherent moral indifference as to the causes and issues of the war; it is the expression of the natural instinct for protective coloration. One who has known the soldiers well, says of them, 'They do not deny greatly, but neither do they joyfully assert.' Beyond the deep silent conviction that, the world being what it now is, he must 'carry on,' the soldier seems to be keeping his mind in a state of suspended judgment. We still wait for the man who shall dare to strike the first trial-balance between the good

and evil of this experience. Indeed, the civilian accountant may well ponder the conclusion of one who has looked into the confused ledgers of our time and said, 'It would be impossible for any single human mind to sum up the good and evil of war, and strike a balance between the two.' Some such oppressive sense of a universe too great and intricate to be easily analyzed and assessed is the seat of the inarticulateness of the soldier.

And the sharp contrast between the facile dogmatism of the civilian and his own inner inhibitions seems to be the fact which most heavily oppresses the thoughtful soldier. There appeared a year or more ago in one of the English weeklies a brief contribution from an anonymous soldier under the caption, 'When These Dumb Speak.' 'Over all the world,' says this nameless man of the trenches, 'there is a chaos of sound. But amid all this noise there is a notable silence. It is the silence of the fighters. They are dumb: dumb by law, dumb by instinct and reason. What will those lips say when their seal is removed?'

This is a question which has not seriously troubled the civilian mind as yet. But it is, probably, the most important question of the day. We have not had time in America to grasp the fact that we must ultimately make our reckoning with this reaction to the war. We have complacently taken it for granted that our civilian dogmatism and oratory are the first and last words upon our age. But it behooves us to begin to cultivate, in this present hour, a little of the inhibition and inarticulateness of the soldier, so that, when he does speak to us, we may not be wholly unprepared for the mood and substance of his words.

'What will those lips say when their seal is removed?'

Many of them will say what was

said to all the facile chatter of an English fireside a little while ago: 'Oh, how I wish they would all shut up!'

Others of them will take refuge in verse. Coming back from their hell to find the world of business and pleasure making cheap capital of their experiences, they will break out into savage resentment.

The house is crammed: tier beyond tier they grin
And cackle at the show, while prancing ranks
Of harlots shrill the chorus, drunk with din, —
'We're sure the Kaiser loves the dear old tanks.'

I'd like to see a tank come down the stalls,
Lurching to rag-time tunes and 'Home, sweet home' —

And there'd be no more jokes in music-halls,
To mock the riddled corpses round Bapaume.

Or if, in less bitter mood, he tries to give sober prose form to his inarticulateness and the sense of the great gulf which that inarticulateness puts between himself and the mind of the civilian world, this is what the homecoming soldier will say, as he has already said: —

You really have come back from another world; and you have the curious idea that you may be invisible in this old world. These people will never know what you know. There they gossip in the hall, and leisurely survey the book-stall; and they would never guess it, but you have just returned from hell. What could they say if you told them? They would be polite, forbearing, kindly and smiling, and they would mention the matter afterward as a queer adventure with a man who was evidently a little overwrought: shell shock, of course. Beastly thing, shell shock. Seems to affect the nerves. They would not understand, they never will understand. I know how Rip Van Winkle felt about it. But his was a minor trouble. All he lost was a few years. But the man who comes back from the line has lost more than years. He has lost his original self.

The home-folk do not know this and may not be told. The youngster who is home on leave knows that what he wants to say

cannot be said. What would happen if he uncovered in a sunny and innocent breakfast-room the horror he knows? If he spoke out? His people would not understand him. They would think he was mad. They would be sorry, dammit!

It is difficult for him to endure hearing the home-folk speak with confidence of the special revelation of the war they have not seen, when he who has been in it has contradictory minds about it. The greatest evil of war — that which staggers you when you come home feeling you know the worst of it — is the unconscious indifference to war's obscene blasphemy against life of the men and women who have the assurance they will never be called on to experience it.

What is the matter with London? The men on leave, when they meet each other, always ask that question. They feel perversely that they would sooner be amid the hated filth and smells of the battlefield than at home. Out there, though possibly mischance may suddenly extinguish the day for them, they will be with those who understand them, with comrades who rarely discuss the war except with quiet and bitter jesting. Seeing the world has gone wrong, how much better and easier to take the likelihood of extinction with men who have the same mental disgust as your own, and can endure it till they die, than to sit in sunny breakfast-rooms with the newspaper maps and positive arguments of the unsaved.

These are hard words for the civilian to hear. To realize that he cannot understand and never will understand, and that his dogmas are the easy creeds of the unsaved, is a perplexing and humiliating experience. And yet there is no need in our total world of to-day so great as the need of some such inhibition among all those who by choice or by necessity still live 'in the safe glad rear.'

The time was, in the past, when armies made and unmade history. Such a time may well come again, when some such fraternity of the saved

will assume control of the moral history of our own time, not by force of arms, but by the imperious and ultimately articulate authority of their own experience. 'All mystics,' said Saint-Martin, 'come from the same country and speak the same language.' Some such mystical order is coming into being to-day—the brotherhood of those who from many countries have gone to Northern France and who will ultimately return to the civilian world citizens, not of the states they left, but of that No Man's Land, that strange, common spiritual world that they found there.

We 'unsaved' of the civilian world are thrown again into the morally helpless lot of those who must be saved, if they are to be saved at all, by the efficacy of some vicarious atonement. For the outstanding moral fact of this age is the fact that again the simple and good and true are having to suffer for the careless and the evil. And the ultimate salvation of the unsaved rests still, as it has always rested, upon the ability of these unsaved to partake of a vicarious sacrifice in the spirit of humility and self-scrutinizing silence.

In classical Christian history the doctrine of the Atonement has had moral efficacy only for those men who have never been able to take the initial historical fact quite for granted. The record of the Crucifixion, when it fails to awaken in those who read it some mood of inarticulateness, becomes a meaningless and impotent platitude. As soon as the Disciple takes the death of the Master for granted, a moral gulf appears between them, and the agony of the one becomes unavailing for the experience of the other. 'The King's Way of the Holy Cross' has been efficacious only with those who have pondered it in the humble halting mood which Thomas à Kempis long ago breathed into his *Imitation*.

III

It is the easy-going civilian habit of taking the vast atonement of these years for granted which bodes so ill for its ultimate efficacy for our generation. The institution of conscription is not only a military and political necessity: it rests upon some deeper intuition of the fact that all life is a conscription, that there is an imperious element of necessity about being born, and living in the world, and dying. The draft law is the counterpart, in the world of statecraft, of determinism in the world of science, and the dogmas of Foreordination and Election and Irresistible Grace in the elder theology. All we can say is, Life is like that. Something of this element of necessity in all life conscripted Jesus on to his cross.

But the facile habit of taking this deeper conscription for granted, and of acquiescing in its operations carelessly, as it works for our security, is a habit of soul full of peril for those who slip into it easily and thoughtlessly. So long as women acquiesce romantically and comfortably in Nietzsche's dictum that it is the business of man to be a soldier and the business of woman to be the solace and relaxation of the soldier, whether that solace be licit or illicit, so long will there be a great moral gulf between the two. So long as men who are over age, and men who are exempted by virtue of their valuable civilian services, take it comfortably for granted that others shall descend into hell in their behalf, just so long will the vicarious sufferings of these others be morally inefficacious for them.

Here is the spiritual rift of the time, the great gulf between those who can no longer take anything for granted in their world, and those who take it all for granted. It is for some communication of the inarticulate mood of the

soldier to the spirit of the civilian that the present hour waits.

'I hate that which is not written with blood,' said Nietzsche. The war-time philosophy of the civilian world is still written with typewriters and pens, in editorial sanctums and in church studies. And all these easy creeds and dogmas must ultimately vanish before a faith which is being written now with blood.'

The mood which must, somehow, by some miracle of imagination and sympathy, creep into our unsaved civilian soul, if the gulf between our world and the world of the soldier is not to be a sinister and widening gulf, is the mood of the poet: —

In earth or heaven,
Bold sailor on the sea,
What have I given,
That you should die for me?

What can I give,
O soldier leal and brave,
Long as I live,
To pay the life you gave?

What tithe or part
Can I return to thee,
O stricken heart,
That thou shouldst break for me?

The wind of Death
For you has slain life's flowers,
It withereth
(God grant) all weeds in ours.

The sombre transcript out of all the war, which the bystander has found, is not any record of battlefields, or any story of horrors or atrocities, but rather 'Some Reflections of a Soldier' — reflections which for the moment were the articulate expression of all this inarticulateness at the heart of our time, the inarticulateness which marched in those men from the trenches that spring day of 1917:—

It is very nice to be home again. Yet am I at home? One sometimes doubts it. There are occasions when I feel like a visi-

tor among strangers whose intentions are kindly, but whose modes of thought I neither altogether understand nor altogether approve. You speak lightly, you assume that we shall speak lightly of things, emotions, states of mind, human relationships, and affairs which are to us solemn or terrible. You seem ashamed, as if they were a kind of weakness, of the ideas which sent us to France, and for which thousands of sons and lovers have died. You calculate the profits to be derived from 'War after the War,' as though the unspeakable agonies of the Somme were an item in a commercial transaction. You make us feel that the country to which we've returned is not the country for which we went out to fight.

I cannot dismiss as trivial the picture which you make to yourselves of war and the mood in which you contemplate that work of art. They are an index of the temper in which you will approach the problems of peace. You are anxious to have a truthful account of the life of a soldier at the front. You would wish to enter, as far as human beings can enter, into his internal life, to know how he regards the tasks imposed upon him, how he conceives his relation to the enemy and to yourselves, from what sources he derives encouragement and comfort. You would wish to know these things; we should wish you to know them. Yet between you and us there hangs a veil. It is mainly of your own unconscious creation. It is not a negative, but a positive thing. It is not intellectual, it is moral. It is not ignorance, it is falsehood. I read your papers and listen to your conversation, and I see clearly that you have chosen to make to yourselves an image of war, not as it is, but of a kind which, being picturesque, flatters your appetite for novelty, for excitement, for easy admiration without troubling you with masterful emotions. You have chosen, I say, to make an image, because you do not like, or cannot bear the truth; because you are afraid of what may happen to your souls if you expose them to the inconsistencies and contradictions, the doubts and bewilderments, which lie beneath the surface of things. You are not deceived as to the facts; for facts of this order are not worth official lying. You are deceived as to the Fact.

Perhaps I do you an injustice. But that intimation does seem to me to peep through some of your respectable paragraphs. As I read them, I reflect upon the friends who, after suffering various degrees of torture, died in the illusion that war was not the last word of Christian wisdom. And I have a sensation as of pointed ears and hairy paws and a hideous ape-face grinning into mine — sin upon sin, misery upon misery, to the end of the world.

O gentle public, — for you were once gentle and may be so again, — put all these delusions from your mind. The reality is horrible, but it is not so horrible as the grimacing phantom which you have imagined. Your soldiers are neither so foolish, nor so brave, nor so wicked, as the mechanical dolls who grin and kill and grin in the columns of your newspapers. The war . . .

is a burden they carry with aching bones, hating it, hoping dimly that, by shouldering it now, they will save others from it in the future. They carry their burden with little help from you. For an army does not live by munitions alone, but also by fellowship in a moral idea or purpose. And that you cannot give us.

No, the fact is we've drifted apart. We have slaved for Rachael, but it looks as if we'd got to live with Leah. We have drifted apart, partly because we have changed and you have not; partly, and that in the most important matters, because we have not changed and you have. . . . We are strengthened by reflections which you have abandoned. Our foreground may be different, but our background is the same. It is that of August to November, 1914. We are your ghosts.

THE MOTHER OF STASYA

BY CHRISTINA KRYSTO

It was during the campaign of Warsaw that we had the news. There appeared in an obscure pacifist sheet, which had somehow slipped in from Russia, a paragraph which told of the death of a young Polish lieutenant, Stanislav Ivanoff, who had been shot by his commander for refusing to lead his men into battle. The incident was worthy of note, the newspaper went on to say, because Ivanoff had refused, not so much through the fear of being killed, as through the fear of killing.

Mother's eyes narrowed as she read. 'Ivanoff —' she repeated thoughtfully; 'Stanislav Ivanoff — Stasya — Do you think it could be?'

'Not Stasya! Surely not our Stasya!' And, even as I denied it, my mind

went back over a score of years and countless miles, back to our early years on the edge of the forest which fringes the Black Sea, and I knew that there could be no doubt. It is an almost impossible combination of names — Stanislav Ivanoff. And, besides, it was logical, so brutally logical, this end, for him.

I

Stasya was the boy the tip of whose finger we sliced off one day with the corn-chopper which we had been forbidden to touch.

Up to that day there had been no joy for us in Stasya's visits. We found it hard to forgive him for being what he was instead of what we had expected

him to be; and we had had the right to expect much from the boy who lived on the most wonderful spot in all the world. Our own place was delightful enough, holding, as it did, the centre of a wooded crescent which sloped sharply down to the sea; but at each end of the curving slope a dizzy cliff jutted out over the sea itself, and one of these cliffs belonged to Stasya's father, the black-bearded and silent and appalling Ivanoff, who sometimes came to take his tea with us.

It must have been much like the deck of a giant's ship, that cliff, when Stasya turned his back upon the land; it must have rocked gloriously to the beat of the waves on stormy nights. Through its base went the railroad tunnel, so that, many times each day, Stasya stood straight over the rushing train, and, when it had passed, the smoke crept up to him from both sides at once. And, as if that were not enough, there was the cross which topped the summit of the rise behind the house.

Crosses were not unknown to us — we had one of our own, a thick and clumsy affair which marked the forest grave of our favorite dog Rudkó; it was our secret, shared only by Ashim, our oldest Turk, who had helped us at our task, dubiously enough, his Mohammedan soul rebelling against the injustice to the dog. But there was nothing dreadful about Rudkó's cross. We knew that, after a season of rain, it would rot at the base and fall over into the fern and be forgotten. It had not grown out of the top of the cliff, it did not stand — straight and slender and black — against the dawn, it did not reach desperately up into the sky. And it did not make us afraid at twilight.

We knew, of course, for chance reports had reached us — snatches of the cliff's history, vague bits which conjured vistas of an entrancing world.

We had heard that Ivanoff's parents had been killed on that cliff in the dim days before the Turkish War; that Ivanoff himself had renounced fame as an engineer and the promise of a fortune because — and we accepted it literally — he could not breathe the air which did not smell of our sea; that, for a time, his wife, the loveliest person of all the earth, had lived there with him. Of her we knew from Ashim, who once had worked for Ivanoff.

'Like a little kitten she was,' he would tell us when, in the solemn month of the Ramazan, we sat with him on the hilltop and helped him with his long vigil for the first star whose coming broke the daily fast of the faithful; 'like a little lamb, soft and helpless. All day she sang when first they came, and it was good at that time to work for the bearded one; he was like a happy sultan, with laughter enough for all who might come near. But she did not sing long, and after a time her eyes were always red, and the bearded one swore horribly at us as we worked. Very soon she died, and then he buried her body and his laugh together in one grave and built that cross over them both. So I went away in search of a glad master. Perhaps I should have stayed.'

'Ashim! A star!'

Heads thrown back, fingers pointing frantically, we waited until his slower eyes had picked the faint twinkle from the transparent sky — until, with a sigh, he closed his yellow teeth on his crust of corn-bread, then trotted away, eagerly building his last story into another wild and wholly satisfying tale. And in these tales, the reckless, the heroic, the impossible deeds were always performed by Stasya, the mysterious boy who had never known his mother and who lived beside the grave of his father's laugh.

And, with the image of that father

before us, it was not hard to create the image of the son. Not so tall he was as the elder Ivanoff, perhaps, but quite as fierce; denied the father's heavy beard, but richly blessed with his hard eyes and fixed frown, with the bitter mouth which never smiled, the voice which rumbled deep within his body, the thick hands which bent a horseshoe as if it were of tin. We knew that he, too, stooped from the shoulders when he walked, and dragged his huge feet as though forever following the plough; we knew that he, too, rushed in between fighting dogs and tore them apart by twisting their collars till they gasped for air. We used to talk without end of seeing him some time, of calling a greeting to him, of hearing his gruff voice answering. He was a rare and an alluring child, the Stasya of our dreams.

The real Stasya, when one day he came to us, proved a very slim, very blond little boy, incredibly fragile, incredibly gentle, incredibly shy. He held the hand of his Polish governess and smiled a beseeching smile.

'Go and play!' said Ivanoff.

But Stasya did not know how to play. We stared at him in helpless amazement, and through our outraged minds went the thought of the treasures we had stored against his coming; the two-edged Turkish knife, the pirates' swords, the bleached bone of a murdered child, — we could not show it to a grown-up lest it be ruthlessly linked with a sheep or dog, — the knotted club which the sea had given us and which, beyond the shadow of a doubt, had drifted from the hand of an Australian blackfellow, following the tortuous course which we had often traced for it upon our globe. We thought of these, and glared at Stasya, and Stasya smiled his pitiful smile and held more tightly to the hand of Mademoiselle.

He came very often after that, and

we might have been kinder had he come alone. We had no love for Mademoiselle; for, instead of surrendering her charge into our keeping when she came, and retreating behind a book, she made us all her temporary charges, and her unending admonitions, delivered in stiff, roundabout Russian, ring in my ears to this day.

'Let the biggest one descend from the tree,' she would shout, her bony finger following her words, — she never did learn our names, — 'lest he scratch his knees and tear his stockings! The one in the blue blouse has eaten enough wild strawberries! The small infants must not walk to the house unattended, the large dogs will harm them! Let the girl accompany them; it is not the affair of a girl anyway — the building of a fort!'

And, since scratched knees and torn stockings were not worth anybody's mentioning; since one could never eat enough wild strawberries; since the large dogs would have killed any one who tried to harm the 'small infants'; and since the girl resented her sex sufficiently without being reminded of its limitations, Stasya's Polish governess became — so brother Fedik put it — a person one must needs despise, but could not stoop to hate. And because Stasya obeyed her, and because we held him traitor to the cliff and the tunnel and the cross, we despised him also and dubbed him *kissél*, — which translates itself into custard, — and our games when he was with us narrowed down to the one of trying to kidnap him from Mademoiselle.

And on the day of the corn-chopper we had succeeded. From the steep meadow below the deserted house we watched Mademoiselle's pink dress darting wildly in and out among the shrubbery, and our triumph must have gone to our heads. For we fell upon the forbidden machine and sent its wheels

spinning, shouting to each other in Turkish which, we felt, offset Stasya's French and Polish combined. And because we were very gay, and because he felt sadly out of it, and because he wanted to play with us, Stasya put out a very bold finger and touched a revolving disk.

The next instant, the wheels of the corn-chopper still whirring behind us, we were racing back to the house and to father, calling to Stasya to keep his hand high in the air as he ran. Past the grinning Turks we went, past Mademoiselle, who shrieked, through the house, and to the 'stand-up' desk in the library. Father looked down coolly — he was often thus disturbed; so often that he had converted the desk-drawer into a first-aid box and was wont to give thanks to the far-seeing Providence which, in his youth, had led him to a doctor's diploma. Without a word he lifted Stasya to the couch, his big, deft hands went swiftly about the task, and we were entirely forgotten. But when the bandage had been brought down across the back of Stasya's hand and tied around the thin wrist, when Stasya's white mouth had relaxed a little, father turned a very stern face upon the rest of us.

'Corn-chopper?'

We shifted and swallowed and said nothing. And in the heavy silence Stasya's quavering voice sounded thin and uncertain and ridiculously inadequate: —

'It was not the corn-chopper! I was playing with Fedik's knife!'

We heard it with scorn, we who knew that it was useless to lie to father and knew little of the lie which winks at truth — so little that we did not understand why father turned quickly back to Stasya, why his stern eyes took on the smiling look we loved, why he bowed so gravely his acknowledgment of the clumsy fib. We did not under-

stand, quite, why we were not punished or why the corn-chopper was not locked away. But we knew that we could never touch it again, and we knew that Stasya was not a *kissél*. And, very earnestly now, we seized upon the task of teaching him to play with us.

It was easier after Ivanoff caught Mademoiselle lifting Stasya from a limb to which we had boosted him, for she never again came without a book; but now Ivanoff himself took her place, which bothered us — it is hard to slay giants before a grown-up who stands with his arms crossed on his breast, looks on with his hard eyes, and neither smiles nor says a word. Yet Stasya learned a little. He could skip fairly well, and he made a first-class merchant. Stick-in-a-hole fared worse; he confessed his fear of the stick's sharpened ends. In our pirate games he was always the priest who buried the dead and had no part in either the killing or the dying, which left us dreadfully short-handed for real work, when, as lawless Georgians, we held up a stage, and he came — a distant relative under a white flag — to bring ransom for the captives. And once, — and on that day Ivanoff left us abruptly, — he delighted me by taking my place in the wigwam where I had been sulkily awaiting the return of my scalp-hunting braves.

So it went for several months, until one afternoon, in the Straits of Gibraltar, we scuttled a ship laden with Spanish gold. On that day we had decided that we could no longer be bothered with burials, and Stasya, his chin quivering but his hand tight upon his wooden cutlass, went readily enough into attack. It was then that we heard a sound which startled us. High on the bank above us Ivanoff was laughing — and our battle grew more furious as we heard it. We were having a beautiful time of it when, suddenly and without

warning, in the middle of our merriest assault, Ivanoff jumped down on the pebbles of the beach, strode forward and said jerkily, —

‘Stasya, come home!’

Then, all in the space of a second, he had torn the cutlass from Stasya’s fingers, swung it furiously above his head, — even then we gasped with envy at the sweep of it, — let it fly far out into the sea, and dragged the bewildered Stasya up the bank and out of sight.

We pondered it at length, and quite in vain, as we sat barefoot in the hot sand waiting for our shoes and stockings to dry, our eyes on the misty horizon where the little white rabbits were leaping from the waves to warn the sailors of the coming storm. We had evidently done something to Stasya, — bumped him or knocked him over, — and, out of the blackness of his heart, Ivanoff had thrown away our best cutlass and had gone off to tell father. Very soberly we walked home through the dusk.

But no one was angry in the warm, candle-lighted house. Stasya and Mademoiselle had gone, and Ivanoff was staying to supper, though he did not pretend to eat. Outside, the wind was rising — the too-warm day was bringing its own swift doom. When it was really whistling under the eaves, the forest began its deep, unbroken humming, and, ever so faintly, the sea stirred in reply. By morning, far as eye could see, it would be a dark mass of tumbling waves, and we laughed at each other in joyous anticipation as we clambered — feet and all — upon the wide Turkish *tahta* and begged father to take down his ‘cello, while Ivanoff pushed his armchair close up to the fire and turned his back on us. Now and then, in a pause of the music, he rose and came to the samovar for another glass of tea, and presently he began to take wine in it.

All too soon mother’s eyebrows lifted in their bedtime sign. Yet bedtime had its compensation, for a fairy good to children had had a hand in the building of our house. Sister’s tiny room was far in the wing, the two babies slept with mother, but to us four ‘middlers’ had fallen the nursery, whose door into the living-room was close beside the fireplace. And, on company nights, this door, in the shadow of the mantel, could be left open a crack with no one the wiser for it.

Even then it did not seem strange that Ivanoff should talk as he talked; for when we said good-night to him, he had forgotten the tea and was taking his wine straight. There was the storm, there were the candles and the fire; father’s hands were as deft with the bow and strings as they were with bandages, and the ‘cello and Russian melodies were made one for the other.

I cannot say just now how much I heard and understood that night, and how much I learned from father when I questioned him in after years; but I like to think that I remember the very tone of Ivanoff’s voice as it came to us through the unlatched door and that he used the very words — sharp, carelessly chosen words, crowded together in curt sentences — which now I use. A moment only we were out of sight before his question rose above the first bar of a plaintive lullaby.

‘What do you think of my boy?’

The bow squeaked painfully on a high note and the lullaby broke off abruptly.

‘Stasya is ill, Ivan Ivanovich’ — it was as if father had long held the answer ready. ‘This country demands a rugged body to begin with and the climate is not good for your boy. The malaria —’

Ivanoff snorted.

‘With you it is always malaria! Do you know that, in Batum, they call

you the malarian; that they say — and they laugh at you for it — that you give quinine to your cows!’

‘Also they beg me to open a dairy when they do not beg me to resume my practice,’ father rejoined mildly. ‘But as for Stasya, he grows more thin and white from week to week. If it is not the climate, what is it?’

‘I think I shall tell you,’ said Ivan-off; ‘and when I have told it, you will remember that my mother was a peasant; you will shrug your shoulders over the superstitions of the illiterate, and you will laugh. And I shall be more alone than before, for I have enjoyed it, coming here to tea with you. Nevertheless, I think I shall tell you.’

But he did not at once begin. There came to us the sound of a bottle uncorked, and the unsteady pouring of a drink, with its tinkle of thin glass against thick.

II

‘It goes so far back, to the day on which, from the sea, my father saw my cliff. He was in government service, running down smugglers, and had ventured out of his territory, and that one glimpse of that cliff ordered all his later life and mine. For he dropped his work, dropped the woman he was to have married, and married a peasant girl who would not be afraid of the future he was choosing. You, who know this life as it is to-day, can imagine what it was in those days, when all this was still Turkish soil and when — so histories tell us — there was not a Russian here. Yet my father held that cliff for many years. Mad? So they said, they who had never seen our sea at evening turning from blue to gray.

‘My first memory is of the sunset path across the water. I swam before I was quite steady on my feet. I tracked

boars across the snow, and rode a vicious little horse up and down these mountains, and sailed my own boat when I was little older than Stasya. I could spend happy days playing with my dogs and the tamed gulls on the beach. I used to lie awake on nights of storm, and feel the waves against the cliff with a terror that was three fourths joy. I knew no other life. I wanted no other life. And they took me away from it all, from my gulls and my forest and my mountains, from the sea without which I had never lived a day, and sent me into the chill and the loneliness of the north, to a boarding-school in St. Petersburg.

‘Perhaps they were right. I was an only child, the son of a nobleman, and I had turned out like my mother, rough and thick-set and uncouth. I had to be polished up somehow, and the grief would pass, they said; all children sob like that.

‘Have you ever awakened from hearing the forest humming as it hums to-night; from hearing the rising waves rustling upon the pebbles, to find yourself in a half-lighted dormitory? If you have, you will believe me when I say that I should have died, taken poison or thrown myself from a window, were it not for the thought that, if I lived, if I waited long enough, I could come back. I did not even go home for my summers — traveling was too difficult here. So I spent those summers in planning the life which some day would be mine, on this cliff, with a son who would have all that I had missed. I was only a boy myself. But I knew that my own youth was lost, and knew that I could find it again only if I saw my son living the life which should have been mine from the start. A poor sort of pastime for a growing child, these fancies, but they were all that I had.

‘Then chaos came, just as I was finishing my course. Both my parents

were killed by Turks — which was to have been expected, I suppose. I should have grieved for them. But my sorrow was all for the cliff to which they had held no claim. And my chance for happiness now hung on the chance of another Turkish war. On that chance I chose my profession, — for I had little money, — and I worked in the classroom with a fierceness which worried even those who instructed me. When, years later, the war did come, I was a rising young engineer; and very soon after it had given this coast to Russia, I came here for a day and bought the cliff which had always been mine.

‘I stood, that day, on the outermost point of it, over the breakers of the beach. A storm had just passed — to-morrow will be another such day. The wind still blew and, all about me, the gulls rose and fell on outstretched wings. I was penniless, and I knew that my real life still lay at the end of a long wait. But the deed to the place was crushed in my fist, and I shouted my triumph to the waves and heard them shouting back.

‘There is nothing phenomenal in my success after that. I had had good training, big things were being built all over Russia, and my desire for money was little short of insane. From Yalta to Archangel I worked, from Riga to Vladivostok, year upon year, and every new ruble which went into the bank was to me another day, which, some time, I should spend above my sea. I hated my work, hated it inexpressibly, but I was buying my future with it, and I was ready to pay a big price. And at last, — I was no longer young, — there came the day on which I started on the journey which would bring me here for all time. You know in part, — for I have seen your face when you watch the twilight come from out our ravines and go creeping up to the crimson

peaks, — you know, in part, what that returning was to me.’

And suddenly Ivanoff fell silent, for so long that I thought he would speak no more. And his next words came unwillingly, as if he were wishing that his story had ended there.

‘I stopped in Warsaw, — there was a conference of engineers — my last. You know the Polish. Cold they are and reserved and calculating, as correct as the English, more over-mannered than the French. They laugh at us and they hate us; lazy they call us, and crude. And I was the crudest of them all — my schooling had not rubbed away my mother’s heritage. But my word was worth something then, also my good-will, so one of the engineers took me to his house to dinner and I met his youngest daughter there.

‘They call love blind. But I saw. I saw that I was on the verge of my life’s greatest folly, and the knowledge made that folly the sweeter at the time. Perhaps I gloried in the fight I fought to claim her. Perhaps I had visions of taking her from the glittering life about her, from the impeccable puppets with whom she danced and chatted, and letting this country make a simple and normal woman of her. I don’t know. I saw that her boots were of the thickness of gloves, and I did not forget the paths which led up to the cliff. I knew that hands which could feel as hers felt against my lips would drop helplessly before the lightest task. I knew that I ought to be marrying a woman of my own sort, strong of body and not over-fine, a woman who would love me because she knew no other kind of man, and not because I was a novelty among the men she knew. The cups which I broke should have warned me, were I heeding warnings — bits of translucent china they were, crumpling up like eggshells in my hands, for my hands were used to a thick glass at tea-time.

She, too, should have taken heed. But she only rang for a servant to take away the broken fragments, called me her awkward Bruin, kissed my scalded fingers and laughed — there never has been anything on earth like that laugh of hers.

‘So I brought her here, just another bit of fragile china where iron and steel should have been. In the middle of the night sometimes, after a very sad evening, I can still see her smiling as she smiled that day, her teeth on her lower lip, when we walked for the first time together up the path to our cliff and streamers of wild blackberry tore at her arms and hair.

‘Of course we were gay for a time — picnicking she called it. It was fun to build the new house, to plan the garden; fun to read together through the long summer afternoons. I was in a heaven of happiness. And then, — it was when the first storm of autumn was gathering, — one evening she came to me and asked, simply, like a child, “When are we going home?”

‘Do you see it all there, in that question, all the horror of the next year? She did not leave me — the Roman Catholics are even more unbending than we; she did not quarrel, she did not even complain, much. She simply grew afraid. Afraid of the howl of jackals and the screech of owls, yet more afraid still of the silence, afraid of the Turks and Kurds who worked on the place and worshiped her for an angel, afraid of the forest, afraid of the wind, terrified by the sea.

‘I tried to reason with her; I too was afraid, I told her, and I spoke the truth. When I am alone in the forest after a snowstorm, with everything white and still, I am so afraid that I would let a boar charge me rather than dare break the silence with my gun. When the sky on the horizon grows murky as it did to-day, with the little white

rabbits cresting the far waves, and the air gone suddenly motionless and stifling, I am so afraid that my mouth goes dry.

‘I told her all this, but I only frightened her the more. There were the gulls — I saw her, time after time, sitting in the big window to watch them sweeping up on the wind over the edge of the cliff. She seemed to like them. So I told her more about them, told her what they really were, — which every one knows who has ever seen them following a ship, — the souls of sailors drowned at sea. I thought to please her. But she only shuddered. And she never again sat in that window to watch them sailing past. And on restless nights, when the sea roared under the lash of the wind — oh, my God!

‘At the end of that winter I begged her to go back to her people. She would have gone, I think, did she not know that a child was coming. Which made everything more hopeless still. For she could not bear the thought of bringing a daughter into this wild life; and I should have chosen to remain childless rather than have a son of mine grow soft-bodied and soft-souled in the city which she loved. For we had shared too many secrets, that son and I, and we had very splendid years to live together.

‘It was then that we gave to each other the solemn pledges which were to bind us once and for all time. If a daughter came to us, I was to give up all this and go back, back to my profession and the life I hated. But if it was a boy, — and how I hoped for it! — then it would be Caucasus forever. It seemed fair enough to me — I should have lived up to my part had Stasya been a girl. But she failed me utterly. She stayed. But she would not live. I don’t think I was hard; I let her send for Mademoiselle, and I said nothing when she gave to my son that

heathenish name of the Poles. Ivan he should have been, like myself, like my father and my father's father. She should have been content. But she was unreasonable, — women are, you know, — and she died. And that was not all!

Again came the sound of thin glass touched shakily to thick. Father stirred uneasily, his chair creaked in the silence.

'She pleaded with me when she was dying, to send Stasya to Warsaw, to give him to her sister. I promised it — one does not deny a death-bed plea. But I had no thought of keeping that promise. They talk of mother-love! But I wonder if a woman ever knows, quite, what a son can mean to a man who remembers his own lonely boyhood. Stasya stayed with me. And then, from her grave she reached out and laid a curse upon him.'

In my bed, suddenly, I regretted the door we had not closed. Something awful was going on in the next room, something which could not be stayed, like the storm which was making me shiver for all the blankets over me.

'I know that, to yourself, you are laughing. Laughing and thinking of the folk tales which fill a peasant child's life. But Stasya was a perfect baby. I can still feel the first grip of his fist on my finger. There was no hint in him of these wrists no bigger than my thumbs, of the neck which I can encompass with one hand — until she died. She had wanted a girl who would free her from this. So she took all manliness from Stasya, gave him a begging smile, and made him, too, afraid. Hour after hour he sits silently, with his books and his pictures and his crayons, in some corner of the house which has no window opening on either forest or sea, and every day he is a little more listless than on the day before. Sometimes he plays with dolls. Dolls don't hurt him, he says. His toys are neatly piled, his

hands are clean. All this I could stand. But, in the fullness of her revenge, she put into my boy's heart a fear of me. Stasya cringes when I touch him. Surely she sees it now — the beauty of the place as I see it; surely she understands now why I could not go away. I buried her here that, with her new vision, she might see. Yet she will not lift the curse. No Russian soul could do a thing such as this!

'For a time I thought that Stasya would change. When I came to know your young cut-throats, I brought him here. If he could be made into a boy, could be taught to romp, to laugh, to fight, your vandals alone could do it. I ordered Mademoiselle to keep away. I wanted him to be scratched and bumped and battered. I wanted him to cry until he learned to fight instead. I watched them playing day after day. And all the sorrow which had been mine was as nothing to the torture of these playtimes. Yet on some days I was hopeful. There was the evening on which he talked to me of bandits! To have him always shrink at sight of me, to have him tremble when I spoke to him, and then, one evening, to have him come and stand between my knees, his hand on my arm, and talk, with shining eyes, of bandits! That night I sobbed myself to sleep like a hysterical schoolgirl. I bought him a dagger next day — walked to Batum because I could not wait for the train. It was a real one, silver-hilted. Your Fedik would go through fire to claim it. And Stasya cried out with terror at sight of it, and ran and hid from me! The coward!'

'Not a coward! Anything but a coward!' Father's words were sharp, and I knew of what he was thinking. 'Ivan Ivanovich,' he went on, hurriedly, lest he be interrupted, 'why don't you drop your fairy tales? Why don't you get a first-class nurse for Stasya,

why don't you take him into a higher altitude, away from our swamps? If you give him mountain air, if you watch his diet —'

'Diet?' and Ivanoff cursed. 'I am telling you of the thing which burns me night and day, and only the doctor in you is listening! If you had seen what I saw this afternoon —'

'They were looting a sinking ship. Your Fedik was in command; I'd cast away my soul for such a son! My own fists went tight, I was so afraid that they could not get all the treasure before the waves took the hull away. There was the waterlogged old rowboat and the pebbles which filled the bags, but I swear I saw the sinking galleon and heard the clinking of the gold doubloons. And Stasya! Never had I seen him so. Hair tousled, shoes drenched, the cutlass swinging in his hand — once he swore and, at the word, I forgave his mother everything. Already I saw him, square-shouldered and reckless, playing wild games and climbing trees; heard him laughing and shouting through my house, slamming doors as he went. Already I was teaching him to shoot, to swim, to row, to sail. And then, just then, he bumped into Fedik, head on and Fedik's fault. He should have knocked him down, — or tried to, — he was a pirate fighting for his loot. But he stopped still, dead still, his cutlass hanging, the begging smile back on his lips. "*Pardon,*" he said, "*pardon.*" And, man, he clicked his heels! Her cousins used to click their heels just so, — and how I loathed them for it! — when they bowed among the gilt-legged chairs of her father's house. But no one had taught Stasya. I questioned Mademoiselle. She was pleased: it's in the blood, she said. But man-made things such as that do not get into the blood. It is the dead mother over him. And I am helpless, helpless.'

He was pacing the floor now. I could hear his feet when he came to the space between the rugs. And his voice was very tired.

'So, I have made my decision. It came to me — the thought which I had driven from me a thousand times — as he stood bowing there, ankle-deep in water, the heels of his soaked shoes close together. One cannot win a fight against the dead. I shall take them to Odessa, him and Mademoiselle, and put them on a Warsaw train. It is queer, after the longings for this country, that the only wish which is left me is the wish that I too could go with them. I should hate it as of old for myself, and, for Stasya, I should die a new death each day. But I could see him. And even that I cannot do. She will be kinder if he is away from me. For, when he is gone, I shall begin my prayer to her, an endless prayer, for the lifting of the curse. And his aunt will give him everything — everything that goes with gilt chairs and pretty speeches and cups which break in the hands of a man! You have more wine?'

'But how,' said father after a time, 'how will you live without him?'

Ivanoff laughed unhappily.

'It is better than building another cross on my cliff.'

He went away soon after that; or it may be that I fell asleep. The last words which I heard that night seemed, just then, of no especial moment.

'One condition shall I impose upon her, the aunt. Stasya shall go into the army. We shall see whether even the curse of a dead mother can keep him from fighting there.'

III

We awoke, next morning, to a brand-new world, a world of dazzling sunshine, of shreds of white clouds tearing across the sky, of a glistening forest

still dripping with rain, of a gray-green sea gone mad. The dogs whined impatiently under our windows; in the kitchen Ali the Kurd was imploring the good *hakim* to find some means whereby that sea could be held from cutting into the field which he had planted to corn.

Shaking with the thrill of all that lay before us, our fingers fumbled over buttons and straps. To swing on the branches of uprooted chestnut trees, to count the tiles blown from the house and barn, to race to where the pebbly beach was wide enough for quick retreat and snatch at the delightful wreckage before the breakers caught it back, to stand and shake our heads with Ali at the foam-tipped tongues which reached over the bank and far into the soft earth, mercilessly crumbling row after row of young green shoots — that morning held no minute for either the future or the past. It was only when, with the sun high overhead, we were going home, walking backward lest we lose sight of the tumbling sea, that we looked at the cross, — black and very still against the flying clouds, — and, all in a flash, remembered Ivanoff's story.

We talked it over excitedly, — we had dropped asleep at different points of it, — but even then there remained much that was neither clear nor convincing, and we went to sister with it: she was thirteen and knew everything. But, as usual, sister was very busy deciding whether to devote her life to the uplifting of the poor or to the breaking of a prince's heart, and, as usual, we got nothing at all from her. And soon another problem was added to our ever-lengthening list.

Father had taken us to Batum next day, and we were returning in the same car with Ivanoff. I should not have

dared address him, so formidable did his profile show against the window, but — bold with the boldness of the favorite — Fedik ran gayly after him when we had jumped down at our half-station.

'*Zdravstvuyte!*' he called.

Ivanoff turned and saw him, saw father, turned again, and walked away with great uneven strides.

'Father!' Fedik whispered, aghast; 'what is it? Is he angry with you?'

'Very angry' — father's voice was strangely quiet. 'You see, my son, he has told his secret to me. Some day, perhaps, I shall tell you.'

So Stasya came no more to play with us, and, because he had miraculously regained all the prestige which our dreams once gave to him, we missed him unbelievably. Yet on the morning on which he was to leave us, Ivanoff's Turk came to ask us to run down to the railroad in time for the early train.

With Stasya glad and excited, with the radiant Mademoiselle calling to the one in the torn trousers to come and kiss her, with Ivanoff's face turned away from us, it should not have been a sad occasion, to us who still measured sorrow by the attending tears. Yet sad it was, and final, and very much like death — the departure of the little boy who was going away because we could not make a vandal of him. We were glad when the train crept from out the tunnel and we had done with shaking Stasya's limp hand, glad when the three had climbed aboard the rear platform and the train puffed heavily away.

Stasya and Mademoiselle disappeared in the car, but Ivanoff stood at the railing, his eyes raised to his cliff, and, as he looked, he slowly bared his head. And we knew that he had begun his endless prayer.

‘IT WILL BE A HARD WINTER’

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

THEY say the blue king jays have flown
From woods of Westchester:
So I am off for Luthany,
But I shall make no stir;
For who fair Luthany would see,
Must set him forth alone.

In screwing winds last night the snow
Creaked like an angry jinn;
And two old men from up the State
Said, ‘Bears went early in,’ —
Half pausing by my ice-locked gate, —
‘March will be late to blow.’

So I for Luthany am bound,
And I shall take no pack;
You cannot find the way, you know,
With feet that make a track,
But light as blowing leaf must go,
And you must hear a sound

That’s like a singing strange and high
Of birds you’ve never seen;
Then two ghosts come; as doves they move,
While you must walk between;
And one is Youth and one is Love,
Who say, ‘We did not die.’

IT WILL BE A HARD WINTER

The harp-built walls of Luthany
Are builded high and strong,
To shelter singer, fool, and seer;
And glad they live, and long.
All others die who enter there,
But they are safe, these three.

The seer can warm his body through
By some far fire he sees;
The fool can naked dance in snow;
The singer — as he please!
And which I be of these, oho,
That is a guess for you!

Once in a thousand years, they say,
The walls are beaten down;
And then they find a singer dead;
But swift they set a crown
Upon his lowly, careless head,
And sing his song for aye!

So I to Luthany will flee,
While here the winter raves.
God send I go not as one blind
A-dancing upon graves!
God save a madman if I find
War's heel on Luthany!

THE WILD OSTRICH

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IN Mr. Scully's interesting article on the life of the African ostrich, he states that, as regards 'the habits of the wild birds, nearly every extant account bristles with inaccuracies.'

In the next paragraph, he states that 'to an unprotected man in the open an infuriated ostrich is as dangerous as a lion.' This sentence is itself a 'bristling inaccuracy.' If, when assailed by the ostrich, the man stands erect, he is in great danger. But by the simple expedient of lying down, he escapes all danger. In such case, the bird may step on him, or sit on him; his clothes will be rumpled and his feelings injured; but he will suffer no bodily harm. I know various men — including Mr. William Beebe — who have had this experience. Does Mr. Scully imagine that an infuriated lion will merely sit on a man who lies down?

Mr. Scully says that the ostrich is the only animal man has domesticated because of 'sheer loveliness, as distinguished from utility.' Surely Mr. Scully has forgotten that the peacock has been domesticated for a far longer time than the ostrich. His statement that the ostrich plumes are 'probably the most perfect decorative items in Nature's storehouse,' ought, like any such statement, to be put in the form of an expression of personal taste; various storks, cranes, and herons, not to speak of birds of paradise and argus pheasants, carry plumes which to a multitude of persons with equally good taste seem even more beautiful.

Mr. Scully's description of the rav-

ages of the jackal among the ostrich eggs is of moment. In the course of the description he says that 'the white-necked raven coöperates with the jackal. He will carry a small heavy stone up into the air and drop it into the nest. Jackal and raven then share amicably the contents of the smashed egg.'

This is most interesting, and it is so important, that Mr. Scully ought to have described in detail the particular observations which warrant the various features of the statement — the co-operation, the use of the stone as a tool, the amity in sharing the result. Similar statements are frequently made, usually about vultures. But I wish that we could get the testimony of trained eye-witnesses. It is not in the least impossible; in the same regions in Africa the alliance between the big honey-badger and the queer honey-bird, is much more remarkable. Moreover, many birds drop shells on rocks or pebbly beaches, to break them; last week I saw gulls doing this. But the wielding of a stone as a tool marks an effort of intelligence akin to that of the higher primates, and of man himself at about the opening of the Pleistocene; so that it would be interesting to have real evidence of it. The incident of a raven and a jackal sharing the egg is also of special interest — entirely possible, of course, but as unexpected as a similar friendly alliance between a fox and a crow; so that it ought to be a subject for first-hand testimony.

In one paragraph Mr. Scully says

that the wild ostrich is polygamous. Yet in the next paragraph but one he states that both cock and hen sit on the eggs, and that the cock sits on the nest 'from about four o'clock in the afternoon until about eight o'clock next morning, approximately sixteen hours.' This must mean that the cock broods all the eggs of all the hens at the same time; for, of course, if the cock has more than one hen, he cannot spend two thirds of each twenty-four hours on each hen's separate nest. I came across only six or eight cases of nesting ostriches and ostriches with broods while I was in Africa. In each case there was only a pair of birds, a cock and a hen; it was only a pair and always a pair that did the brooding of the eggs, and only a pair and always a pair that led the chicks when hatched. Of course, this does not mean that polygamy may not occur; but inasmuch as both the cock and the hen sit on the eggs, and as the sitting cock can hardly cover all the eggs of both or all the hens, polygamy must radically interfere with the normal habits in this respect — and accurate and extended observations on wild birds ought to be a preliminary to generalizations on the subject.

Mr. Scully says that the nesting habits offer 'an undoubted instance of protective coloration. The cock, being jet-black, cannot be seen at night; the hen, which sits throughout the greater part of the day, is more or less the color of the desert sand. She thus attains a maximum of invisibility while on the nest.' This is certainly a misreading of the facts, — even if the facts are observed correctly, — and is probably a failure to observe them correctly. In Africa I came across wild-ostrich nests five times, always toward noon — that is, between nine in the morning and three in the afternoon. In three cases the hen was on the eggs, in two cases,

the cock. The cock which I shot and which is in the National Museum at Washington was one of these birds which I, by accident, put up from sitting on its eggs toward midday. Of course, five instances are not sufficient to generalize from, but they do warrant further examination of the subject before making dogmatic assertions as to the cock always sitting at night and the hen always in the daytime. My own observations were that the two sexes sat alternately, and indifferently, during both night and day. Nor are my own observations the only ones to bear out this view. In Selous's *Travel and Adventure*, page 463, he speaks of a hen ostrich being shot 'as she was returning to her nest just at sunset.' In Stewart Edward White's *Rediscovered Country*, page 123, he describes a return to camp after a morning's hunt, and says, 'Near camp caught sight of a queer-looking black hump, sticking out of the tall grass. When near, it suddenly unfolded into a cock ostrich and departed. We found twenty-eight eggs.'

Moreover, even if the rule laid down by Mr. Scully on this subject proves to apply generally, his interpretation of the rule is certainly erroneous. Protective coloration is a relative matter. Under the conditions which Mr. Scully describes, the cock ostrich is practically always revealingly colored, as compared to the hen, and his coloration is of a highly advertising type. Mr. Scully says that the hen is colored like the desert sand, and therefore attains the maximum of invisibility (compared to the cock) when on the nest. This is true; and it is almost as true at night as in the daytime. Under most conditions, and normally, the cock is more easily seen at night than the hen. Cloudy nights are very rare in the desert: half the time it is moonlight; and then the cock is almost as reveal-

ingly colored as in daylight. The rest of the time it is brilliant starlight, and against the desert sand the cock is even then more visible than the hen.

Nor is this all. Mr. Scully says the cock sits on the nest during four hours of daylight, the two hours after sunrise and the two hours before sunset. These are precisely the four hours during which carnivores are most active if they are abroad during daylight at all. African carnivorous beasts are for the most part nocturnal; but they are often active for a couple of hours before sunset or after sunrise; whereas during the heat of the day, say from nine o'clock until four, it is exceptional for them to move round. Therefore, if Mr. Scully is correct, the cock ostrich sits on the nest during the very hours of daylight when its revealing coloration is most dangerous and disadvantageous, while the hen sits on the nest during the hours when her concealing coloration is of little or no consequence.

Mr. Scully's theory — the accepted theory of many closet naturalists — has no warrant in fact. All the evidence goes to show that neither the revealing coloration of the cock ostrich, nor the concealing coloration of the hen, is a survival factor. The birds' habits and surroundings, their keen sight, wariness, speed, and fecundity, and the desert conditions, not their coloration patterns, are the survival factors.

Mr. Scully speaks of the curious waltzing or gyrating of the ostriches as not occurring among wild birds. I saw it twice among parties of wild birds in the Sotik country, beyond the Guaro Nyero of the south. Mr. Scully says that, as ostriches live under 'constant menace' from carnivorous foes, 'the general practice of gyration or of

any exercise calculated to attract the attention of enemies is unthinkable.' The facts directly contradict this assertion. In the first place, by the time the young birds are old enough to gyrate or waltz, they are so conspicuous that any foe is sure to see them, whether they are walking about or gyrating; and after their early youth ostriches do not seek to escape observation — they live under such conditions that they trust exclusively to seeing their foes themselves, and not to eluding the sight of their foes. In the second place, 'exercises calculated to attract attention' not merely are not 'unthinkable,' but are actual in the cases of many birds with far more numerous foes than the ostrich has. In East Africa, in parts of the ostrich country, I found the whydah finches numerous. The very conspicuous males performed continuously in their dancing rings, and their exercise *was* 'calculated to attract the attention of' every beast or bird that possessed eyesight. Relatively to the size of the bird, it was far more conspicuous, far more advertising to all possible enemies, than the waltzing of the ostrich. Certain antelopes, especially when young, indulge in play almost as conspicuous.

Mr. Scully's explanation (of a condition which does not exist) is to the effect that 'probably' the ostrich had its origin in some 'vast Australian tract where carnivora were scarce.' This is mere wild guesswork; all the information that we have indicates that it is the reverse of the truth.

Mr. Scully writes with genuine charm about much of his subject. This would be in no way interfered with if he were more careful, both in his observations and in his generalizations.

OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN

BY MAURICE BARRÈS

I. THE LAST DAYS OF COLONEL DRIANT DEPUTY FOR NANCY

COLONEL DRIANT was killed before Verdun, at the head of his superb battalion of *chasseurs-à-pied*, in February, 1916, on the first day of the terrible German offensive.

Driant was my friend and my colleague in the Chamber of Deputies. He represented Nancy — the same district for which I sat before I was chosen Deputy for Paris.

He wrote some excellent books. His work as an author was an extension of his military and national activity. During twenty-five years, in some thirty volumes, he strove to prepare our young men to face the new German invasion which some of us could see approaching.

When he fell, I went to Verdun. I talked much about him with his comrades in arms. Their words, like the numerous letters from his men, are stones in the monument of his glory. I began at once to collect this useful material; it was the fitting way to be of service to a hero. Thus in my narrative I shall include so far as possible the very words that have remained graven in my memory. In the glowing tales of his comrades, they were magnificent; and if, scattered through my text, they may sound awkward, what does it matter? they preserve something of the last impressions which he made upon his soldiers and his friends.

We know that the two battalions

of *chasseurs-à-pied* which Driant commanded formed one of the links in the chain which covered Verdun to the north; one of the links in the — Corps under General — .

For a long time Driant was free from anxiety. I have been rereading his letters. On November 2, 1914, he wrote me from Samogneux: 'We are holding them here, twenty kilometres from Verdun, so that they can't possibly place their heavy batteries within range, and they will never take Verdun.' But for more than a year he witnessed the constant augmentation of the enemy's stock of munitions, and called constantly for works of consolidation on our side.

During the last weeks he was firmly convinced of the imminence of an assault. 'We have numerous and unquestionable indications,' he said; 'the statements of prisoners agree with our information, but there are those who still doubt.' On February 16, he wrote to Paul Sordollet at Nancy, 'The Boches are working like ants all about us. The hour of the assault cannot be far away. Never did the phrase, "By God's grace," seem to me less commonplace.'

One evening about this time, when Driant was returning from Verdun to Mormont farm, he said to one of his men, who was with him, —

'Thus far the fates have been kind

to us, but the time draws near when we are going to get a severe blow. My poor chasseurs! Most of all I grieve for the battalion that happens to be in the front line on the day they break loose.'

He expected the battalion to be destroyed on the spot, without even a sight of the enemy.

That same evening, he said again, 'For my part, I shall never be taken prisoner. I will not! At twenty-five metres I'll put a bullet between the eyes of the first German who comes near. As you know, when I was in the first battalion at Troyes, I was the champion revolver-shot of France.'

In the night of the 20th and 21st he wrote to a former commanding officer of his, —

'The attack on Verdun is near at hand, and the Crown Prince has declared, so a deserter informs us, that he is going to take the city and so end the war. He is going to find out what it costs *not* to take it. If destiny should be adverse to me, I want to give you once more the assurance of an affection which you cannot doubt. From the bottom of my heart I send remembrances to all my friends at Nancy to whom I cannot write. Above all things, do not imagine that I am beset by gloomy thoughts. On the contrary, I am quite calm, and convinced that my usual luck will follow me.'

In the morning he mounted his horse much earlier than usual, — a little before six, — and, as he wanted to see Major Renouard, rode to Caures Wood. It was Monday the 21st of February. He arrived just at the beginning of the bombardment — a very intense general bombardment against all our positions. It was understood instantly that this was the beginning of the attack.

Driant's station would properly have been in the second line, at Mormont farm, which he had just left. He

did not for an instant think of going back. 'If there is an attack,' he had always said, 'I shall not stay at Mormont, I shall go with the supporting battalion. What business should I have there when both my battalions were engaged?'

He went to the dug-out of the commander of the advanced posts, Major Renouard. The tempest of bullets was frightful, so witnesses tell me, on Caures Wood and the positions near by. All the communications were cut, and the chasseurs were isolated by an incredibly intense barrage. The 210s, 305s, and 380s devastated the woods, overthrew great oaks at every instant, crushed and even fired the dug-outs.

About 11 o'clock, the second in command, Lieutenant Petitcollet, a mining engineer of Lorraine, who was always talking about '*la revanche*,' was killed. The colonel was deeply affected. Shortly after, the post which had resisted most obstinately was blown up, burying fourteen men and an officer in the ruins. At two in the afternoon, not a single dug-out remained.

At four o'clock the Germans began to fire at longer range; then there was a very slight slackening, and at the same moment several men came running in from the outposts, crying, 'Here come the Boches!'

'To arms!' shouted the colonel, seizing a rifle. As he had not troops enough to face the unknown number of the enemy, he sent to Mormont farm for reinforcements, that is, for the 56th, while he himself, fully exposed to the bombardment, ran through the ruined trenches where the chasseurs were.

'Well, boys, how goes it? Your heart's in the work, eh? Here we are; this is our place, we won't budge!' And pointing to the bodies of those whom the bombardment had struck down, he added, 'What, is it so very hard to do as they did? All together

now, and like them we will go on to the end!’

He at once ordered Lieutenant Rolin to recapture by counter-attack the outposts where the enemy had gained a foothold, in the northwest fringe of Caures Wood.

Lieutenant Rolin succeeded in bombing the enemy out of two trenches, and failed at the third; but about six o'clock reinforcements began to come up, in open order (to avoid heavy casualties), and dribbled into the ranks despite the barrage. Driant sent his men to support Lieutenant Rolin, and there was ground for hope that, notwithstanding the furious artillery assault, the whole wood would be ours at dawn.

The night came on. The colonel passed it walking about the forest. Whenever he met one of his men, he spoke words of cheer to him. To some of the 56th he said, ‘Ah! the 56th: the boys from the North — “grouzers” all of you! but when there’s a blow to be struck, you’re on the spot! — You can be certain that I shan’t forget you, my boys,’ he added; and calling to Sub-lieutenant Debeugny of the 59th, he bade him take the names of the gallant fellows.

Several times he declared that they must wait and prepare for the great blow of the next day. Under cover of the darkness a wagonload of bombs and munitions arrived. He wrote to General — a note, of which these are almost the exact words: ‘We shall resist the Boches whether their bombardment is irresistible or not.’

In the morning Lieutenant Rolin and his chasseurs attacked the only one of the trenches lost the day before which the Germans still held; but the enemy had had time to install machine-guns there. The rush of the chasseurs was checked, but at all events they held what they had recovered the day before. They were not dislodged, but

all their communications were cut. Fifteen men, whom Lieutenant Rolin sent to Driant and the rear, were killed one after another on the way.

At one in the afternoon the Germans began a formidable artillery fire. There was a solid mass of shells which crushed everything. Behind that tornado came the infantry — so close behind that many must have been struck by their own missiles. This manœuvre enabled them to debouch suddenly. They hurled themselves upon what remained of our trenches. Driant ordered Lieutenant Udenstock to lead a counter-attack with the bayonet. That officer, on receiving the order, put his bleeding hand behind his back; he had just had a finger shot off, and was fearful that his commander, seeing that he was wounded, would deprive him of that duty. Wrapping the stump in his handkerchief, he rushed to the attack amid the shouts of his men: ‘Forward! down with the Boches!’ A bullet brought him to earth. Lieutenant Belgny took his place and fell, shot through the throat.

All this heroism had its effect. The enemy was brought to a standstill. He was checked in front, but continued his turning movement. He got one claw behind Caures Wood, and even into the wood, by way of Haumont and Ville. ‘The bullets whistled through the branches,’ says a witness; ‘the machine-guns crackled and squalls of shot swept the thickets. Our skirmishers had no cover except ball-proofs made of stones hastily piled up, and shell-holes.

At three o'clock the colonel discovered that his men were being shot in the back. Caures Wood was partially taken in flank. Furthermore, the ammunition was giving out.

He calls his officers together — those splendid men: Major Renouard, Captain Vincent, Captain Hamel. ‘The gravity of his determined face im-

pressed me deeply,' said Captain Hamel later. In a few words Colonel Driant declares that every one has done his duty honorably to the end, and that nothing can stop the enemy now. 'My dear friends,' he says, 'a few moments more and we must either die or be made prisoners.'

'But,' says Captain Hamel, 'why not try to lead some of these brave fellows out of the wood? That will mean just so many more fighting men to-morrow.'

Colonel Driant consults with a glance his two battalion commanders.

'It is hard; I would rather die,' says Captain Vincent.

Tears were rolling down his cheeks, and everybody present was crying.

Major Renouard approved Captain Hamel's suggestion. All agreed. Major Renouard made sure that there was nothing left of which the enemy could make use, and the order was given to withdraw to the village of Beaumont.

What remained of the battalions was formed in four columns. Colonel Driant, Major Renouard, Captains Vincent and Hamel, each took his place at the head of one of them. Only that commanded by the last-named was to succeed in escaping almost intact.

Driant proposed trying to cross the crest behind the wood of Ville. On the edge of the wood, he was checked. He ordered his whole column to pass him, to make sure that there were no laggards, after the manner of a captain who is the last to leave his ship. He had his cloak over his arm and his cane in his hand. The instant that the chasseurs debouched into the open they were shot down by machine-guns.

The shots came from Joli-Cœur, from cover afforded by the hollow which Driant himself had dug on the plateau as a shelter for his reserves, and which the Germans had seized.

The column, which was advancing in

groups, struggled on and grew still thinner; it was no longer a unit on the march, but small fragments trying to force a way through, leaving dead on the ground at every step. The course was from shell-hole to shell-hole. To convey some idea of the terrain, we may say that, during his retreat, at a near-by point, Captain Berweiler and seventy of his men occupied a single shell-crater.

'The colonel ought not to have tried it,' a chasseur told me. 'He was no good at hiding.'

Just as he was jumping into a shell-hole, Driant was hit in the temple, turned half around, exclaiming, 'Oh, my God!' and fell face to the foe. This is the testimony of Paul Coisne, sergeant in the 56th; it is confirmed, word for word, by Sergeant Jules Haquin, of the 59th, who says, 'I put out my head to see what was going on, and I saw Colonel Driant just as he fell, facing the enemy, on the edge of the hole.'

In this extremity Colonel Driant was not abandoned by his men. Coisne jumped down beside Haquin, and together they cleared the approach to the hole so that they could draw the colonel in where they were, hoping that he was merely wounded; but they could hear the death-rattle, and saw blood flowing from his mouth. Two or three minutes later, the Germans came up and seized the two sergeants. The colonel gave no sign of life, but the two prisoners wanted to take him on their shoulders. The Germans objected.

It was between four and five in the afternoon. Lieutenant-Colonel Driant, Deputy for Nancy, lay stretched upon Lorraine soil, bathed in his own blood.

Meanwhile some men of his column joined a group of the 59th about 30 metres ahead of them, and called out that the colonel had been hit. They kept on their way. A moment later Major Renouard was killed and Cap-

tain Vincent wounded. Our men were followed so closely by the enemy that they could see Lieutenant Crampel, when, as he was made prisoner, he waved his hand to them in a despairing gesture of farewell.

Captain Hamel, a young man of twenty-eight, the sole survivor of this group of noble officers, was now in command of the two battalions. He made his way back to Beaumont with his column, the last remnant of those heroes.

To the last moment we persisted in hoping. It is the instinct of friendship and patriotism to keep hope anchored in one's heart; and, after all, we knew nothing to make it certain that Colonel Driant had not revived; but here follows the German letter which closed the life of a great Frenchman:—

'TO MADAME DRIANT, née BOULANGER

'Chasseurs-à-pied 57/59 — France

'WIESBADEN, 16 March, 1916.

'MADAME, — My son, a lieutenant of artillery, who fought face to face with your husband, asks me to write and assure you that Monsieur Driant was buried with every mark of care and respect and that his enemy comrades dug and decorated a fitting grave for him. I hasten to add the assurance of my profound sympathy to that of my son. He bids me say to you that there was found on Monsieur Driant's body a medallion with three small hearts, which he wore around his neck. We hold it at your disposal. If you desire, I can send it to you through the Baroness von Glütz-Ruchte at Soleure, who will be kind enough to send you these lines. On one part of the chain there are these words on a gold background (the medallion is gold), "Souvenir of the first communion of Marie Thérèse, June 14, 1902."

'Monsieur Driant was buried beside Major Étienne Renouard, of the same

battalion, 57/59 *Chasseurs-à-pied*, on the edge of Caures Wood, between Beaumont and Flabas.

'The grave is to be cared for, so that you will be able to find it when peace returns.

'Accept, madame, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

'BARONESS SCHROTTER.'

And soon there arrived from the King of Spain confirmation of this intelligence and even more precise detail.

MADRID, April 3, 15h. 10m.

'MARTIN, *chef protocole*, Paris, —

'We learn from Berlin that the grave of Colonel Driant has been found, near Beaumont and Caures, beside that of the major of the 59th Chasseurs, and those of seven of his men. Regards.

'ALFONSO R.

Let us not even yet take our leave of this glorious mound of earth. Beside this grave words have been spoken so fittingly, with such an accent of truth words so expressive of their subject, that I must set them down; they are the best portraits of the dead. And if they *seem* only to concern a Colonel Driant who fell in the midst of his gallant chasseurs, face to the enemy, to save France in the great battle of Verdun, let us not hesitate to tarry and to gather for our remembrance radiant deeds and words.

Should I myself demur; should I be afraid lest individuals seem too trivial amid the preoccupations in which we are involved by the vast drama, and the nameless sacrifices which flow like a river of blood? In painting the best type of soldier, I paint to the best of my ability the army of 1914-1916 — the whole moral force of the country; I assist in collecting the treasure to which future ages will come to kindle the imagination and warm the

heart. Is Driant dead? He breathes, he acts, he creates; he lives as an example!

Look at him as he survives in the hearts of his men. One of them tells me, —

‘He looked out for the welfare of his men; he never met one of us without stopping him. “Well, chasseur, is everything all right?” If you had asked the chasseurs what they thought of their colonel, “He’s the father of the battalion,” one would have answered; and another, “He’s the best there is!” The words would have varied, but the idea was always the same.’

Another writes me, —

‘I believe that under the circumstances his “children” showed themselves worthy of their “father”; for to us the colonel was always “Father Driant.” He was so fatherlike, and so full of kindly consideration! . . . There was nobody who feared to go to him and ask for what he needed; he knew that his children were boys from Northern Lorraine and the Aisne, from those invaded districts which are groaning under the heel of the oppressor; and he had put them at their ease by saying, “Ask and you shall receive.” There was never need of an intermediary; you knocked at the door of his modest dug-out, and received from him with affection what you asked him for: boots, drawers, shirts, pipes, tobacco. What would n’t he have done for his chasseurs!

‘And now he has died, died like a brave man, face to the foe! Is not this the fulfillment of his dream, and, as it were, the apotheosis of his “works”?’ (Letter from a wounded private of the 56th: Br —.)

And still another: —

‘He went very often to the outposts, at all hours, and had haversacks full of tobacco and chocolate brought behind him. He would say a few words to the sentries, and then, turning to the man

who was with him, “Give him some tobacco.”’

And in addition to his kindness of heart there was his fearlessness: —

‘I was with him on the 17th of the month,’ a soldier told me. ‘When a bullet passes close to you, you instinctively duck your head. But the colonel knew no such motion.’

Again, on the same subject: —

‘His indifference went to the point of rashness,’ said a chasseur. His indifference: do you not like that proud and transparent word to describe courage? And he adds, ‘No one can contradict this: Colonel Driant was never afraid. He sought out corners just a little bit dangerous, where the bullets came from time to time. “Colonel,” some one would say to him, “don’t stand on that spot; the Boches have been firing at it since morning.” That would pique his pride: he would go there and say, “You know well enough that they’ll never fire at me.”’

Here is another anecdote that I have heard from his men: —

‘At Gercourt, on September 1, 1914, after he had entered the village, riding, crop in hand, at the head of the 56th, he was ordered to fall back. Many men, among them Lieutenant Delcassé, who was wounded, had fallen. The bullets spat out by the machine-guns at the top of the church-tower were whistling round our ears, and the colonel (then major), rode backward, with no sign of haste. Observing the amazed look of a corporal, he said, “You wonder what I am doing, do you, my boy? Well, I am keeping my face to the foe, for I don’t propose to have any one say that Driant died with his back to the Boches.”’

Driant found a death in harmony with his whole existence, and his last sacrifice would have contented his soul. It takes its place so naturally at the

end of his days that he seems to have foreseen it, to have dreamed it. Do but read this page, which I have copied from his *Robinsons Sous-marins*, and compare it with the narrative I have given you.

'I am on a battlefield. The bullets sing their death-dealing song through the ranks, which grow thinner and thinner; the melinite shells burst, sending forth their characteristic puffs of black smoke shot with gleams of red.

'The air is poisoned with their acrid vapor; I breathe with difficulty.

'I have no idea where and why I am fighting.

'Is this the war of revenge so long dreamed of? What is this forest-crowned ravine of which my feverish glances search out the details? Are we in France, or in Germany?

'By my side *chasseurs-à-pied* are firing, firing without pause, lying in the furrows. . . . Behind them subalterns run hither and thither, stooping low, to point out the objectives, and rectify the elevation.

'I recognize faces of friends; I try to call out to them.

'A word of command: "Forward!"

'An inspiring air, if ever there was one, — the *Charge*, intermingled with strains from *Sidi-Brahim* and the *Marseillaise*, — and the whole line moves toward the wood.

'I raise my arm, waving a sword which feels heavy, heavy as an axe or as a sledge-hammer.

'I try to shout, "Forward!" suddenly a sharp pain passes through me: I have heard distinctly a nearer hissing sound amid the intense humming of the projectiles which pass in frenzied swarms, and I fall to the ground, seated pointing to the hill with my arm which seems to grow ever more numb and lifeless.

'A bullet has entered my side, fulfilling its muttered destiny in the dull sound of pierced flesh and crushed bones: then another strikes me in the centre of the forehead, and it seems to me that my brain bursts like a ripe pomegranate. An icy hand stretches me at full length in a furrow, amid poppies and bluebells.

'Silence: the artillery-fire slackens, the fusillade dies away; darkness overspreads the heavens.

'I am close beside a little beardless soldier, with a blue cloak, and on the collar I read, "No. 1," the number of the battalion which I love above all else. The little *chasseur's* eyes are closed; he seems to sleep; but he has, as I have, a hole in the centre of his forehead.'

Driant dreamed a true dream. He sleeps beside 'his little *chasseurs*.'

II. PAUL DROUOT

In an earlier paper ¹ I have put before the readers of the *Atlantic* the eloquent and moving letter in which the young poet, Paul Drouot, described to me the last hours of his beloved and honored chief, Major Madelin, who died for France early in the war.

There is more to be said of Paul Drouot. I have shown how exalted are the sentiments which attach our sol-

¹ See the *Atlantic* for January, 1918.

diers to their officers. Another document, no less authentic, will allow us to probe still deeper into the generous nature of that poet dead on the field of honor, and so to see how a young man typical of France consummates his sacrifice and enters the ranks of heroes. To this end I shall make use of a very beautiful letter written by a friend and comrade in arms, Henri Massis, a young writer already wounded

and decorated with the *croix de guerre*.

'When the mobilization began,' writes Massis, 'I met Paul Drouot at the dépôt near Langres. It was a great satisfaction to our families to know that we were together. I was already well aware of the loftiness of his character and its fine quality; I knew how his imagination turned instinctively toward every form of grandeur, and how he loved only the most vigorous, the most heroic, the most religious of the works of the human intellect. Our friend had his eyes fixed on all the things which are eternal, on all that can make the divine manifest upon the earth. Led by aspiring masters, he had garnered the greatest poems of mankind. He revered the Greeks, the Hindus, the great Englishmen, Hugo, whom he idolized. But is this the time to speak of literature? Nevertheless it was in the field of literature that he toiled to compose that heroic, glowing vision of life and of man which was inspired by the Catholicism which he had lost and found again, and which affords a perfect proof of his sincerity.'

'Meanwhile, when war was a fact, he straightway emptied his soul of all that there was within it of youthful enthusiasm, all that tendency to levity due to the turbulence of young blood, to make room for something more serious and more virile—something which those who knew him best had already discerned in his passionate ardor. Drouot had recovered the faith which a Christian mother—how splendid she was!—had implanted in his heart. I shall not forget the prayers we said at night, in that garret where for three months we slept on the straw; nor, above all, that Mass which we said at Hûmes for Péguy and Psichari, when we partook of communion together.'

'Then, after those uncertain and distressing months, we started north with the Third Chasseurs. On December 20

we arrived together at our destination—on a terrible night of cold and dread, which gave way to dawn only to reveal to us a ghastly charnel-house of mud. It was our first experience with the realities of war. That march down to Houlette, when we stumbled over dead bodies and rubbed against the unknown shapes of the men we were going to relieve, will live forever in my memory; it was our descent into hell. And yet, in the morning, we were light of heart, and glad to have reached at last that spot to which we had looked forward for three long months in the dreary idleness of a dépôt.

'Despite his feeble health, Drouot, jealous for the honor of the name he bore, had insisted upon serving. I know all that he suffered physically, in order to do his duty, to prove himself worthy of his grandfather, the general in the Grande Armée, and worthy, too, of the noble plans he himself had conceived. He was of those on whom we could rely for the work which will have to be undertaken immediately after the war, in order that all the virtues which the war has revived, and which are destined to regenerate France, may flourish in their full vigor. In the discharge of his duties he came to regard himself as the historian of our glorious battalion. May we some day be privileged to read the sheets which he wrote in feverish haste, in the evening after so many fierce engagements: they must not be left anonymous, although written with no thought of having his name appear. They will console us in a measure for the loss of the work which he had scarcely begun, and they will have for a fitting conclusion his own beautiful death.'

'In the evening of May 9, after the victorious assault in which the battalion had captured the enemy's position, Major Madelin selected him to go with him to inspect the captured

ground. "I will take Drouot," he said. "It was a very great honor, madame," wrote our friend, in the letter informing his commander's widow of his heroic death. Drouot was most deserving of such an honor.

'He had been proposed for the military medal, and as the suggestion was not adopted, he wrote me a few days ago: "As for the medal, you alone, knowing me so well, can understand me when I say that I am glad that the suggestion did not get beyond the army corps, and was changed to a 'citation' in the order of the day. It was much wiser, much more suitable for me, and much fairer. Think of all that one must needs have done to earn the medal! I thank God from the bottom of my heart for permitting me to do what I did for our wonderful and dear Major Madelin." And he added, "May He continue to bestow his favor on me; I ask it every instant for my mother's sake!"

'Alas! he has followed his chief, and has rejoined him among the pure in heart, among the noblest whose sacrifice is of still greater worth than their merits.

'It was with absolute resignation, I am sure, that he consummated his sacrifice. Although he loved life with a delightful enthusiasm, he took a serious, almost tragic, view of it — a view which was in full accord with his Christian belief. The experience of pain — that is what especially impressed him in the lives of his fellow mortals, and only the great mystery of Providence seemed to him capable of accounting for it. Did he not request me, when I returned to the battalion, to bring back with me Blanc de

Saint-Bonnet's admirable book on Suffering?

'Dear master, I am done, having expressed so poorly what I feel so profoundly. I am in haste to do but one thing — to avenge him in his turn; and it will not be long.'

What a letter! What sublime young men! to what regions are we transported!

You remarked, did you not, that touching scene in the letter I have put before you? Two young soldiers kneel on the straw of their garret to pray according to the precepts of the Church, and to associate themselves in spirit with the young engineers, Psichari and Péguy, who died piously for their country! This carries us beyond the reaches of our vision. These young men, leaving Foustel de Coulanges and us who struggle far behind them, have in religion a living force, a sure support — life itself. Here, you will notice, we are witnessing something very different from those men — excellent men, no doubt — who, on coming out of the trenches, seek absolution. To the Psicharis, the Péguyes, the Paul Drouots, death is nothing; they pray because it is a joy to them to pray, because their profoundly sensitive souls expand in that communion with the invisible.

These are matters of which we have hardly the right to speak, yet which we ought to say. Is it not well for us to call attention to whatever there may be of sweetness and beauty mingled with all the ghastliness of this war? We press aside the overhanging branches and reveal the spring of pure water beneath.

THE BLACK PEARL

A GOSSAMER TALE

BY KATHARINE BUTLER

A YOUNG girl of seventeen ran downstairs at four o'clock on a summer morning. The house was noiseless, for her mother was lying asleep in bed, and her father was ten weeks out at sea. Jane had suddenly lifted her head from her pillow in the dark of daybreak, disturbed by the sound of footsteps in the street and men's thick voices. A lantern flashed its light across her ceiling. She leaned out of her bed, and heard one voice say, 'The Black Pearl.'

The familiar excitement of knowing that a ship had arrived, caused her to shake off sleep, and the beauty of daybreak lifted her up like music. As she descended the stairs half an hour later, the sun was beginning to color the sky, and Jane was wide awake, her skin as cool and fresh as the petals that were then unfolding in the garden.

She went through the airless, rigid little rooms below and opened the windows wide. She opened the door toward the west, and saw the garden as it lay in lovely morning shadow. On either side of the doorway was a large pink shell, brought from some tropical island, each wet with frosty dew.

The sleepy cat, Cleopatra, came out of the parlor, rubbing against Jane's legs, and went arching past, lifting her feet high among the wet grass-blades. Cleopatra had gone to sea in days past as the ship's cat. Seven times she had sailed round the Horn with Jane's father in the Queen of the Seas. Now she was large and old, and was spending

her last years ashore in comfort and safety.

Over the fence at the back of the garden, Jane could see the masts of ships at anchor, and she could hear men shouting on the wharves, and the rumble of barrels rolling over the gangplank. She followed Cleopatra down the little brick path that was laid in the grass. The smell of the box hedge was sharp and strong, distilled by the moist night. The pear trees had dropped their blossoms on the grass. The lilac bush had opened heavy purple plumes, giving out their heavy aroma. And more pervasive and richer still than the smell of box or lilac or pear blossoms, was the smell of the sea that filled the garden.

The narrow brick path turned at an angle and led to the wicket-gate that opened on the street. Beside the path grew a hawthorn tree. And hanging from one of the branches of the hawthorn tree was a large wooden bird-cage. Jane, standing beside the cage, could look up and down the street, and be hidden by the tree. She looked into the cage, and saw her bird still half asleep, its feathers ruffled.

'Good morning, Scheherazade!' Jane said coaxingly. 'Wake up! Wake up, you sleepy beauty!'

Jane's father had got the bird from a peddler in Singapore who said he had brought it from Arabia. And Scheherazade had never sung, as the peddler had promised. She had never uttered

a sound. For two years her melancholy had been unbroken. She brooded heavily for hours on end, eating nothing, and responding to no endearments. Or, for hours, she swept tirelessly up and down the cage, stopping only to peck bitterly at her prison bars. Jane had tried in vain to pet and win her, and now she wished with all her heart that she might be sent back to Arabia. One could scarcely be happy in one's garden, in the presence of an unhappy stranger. The bird was a blight in the peaceful garden, a constant reproach.

Two young men came down the street toward the wharves. Jane went to the gate.

'Is there a ship in, Martin?' she asked one of them.

'Yes, the Black Pearl — William Gregory is her third mate.'

This was said with friendly significance, and Jane annoyed herself by blushing.

They disappeared round the corner and Jane gazed after them, wondering what treasures were being rolled out of the depths of the Black Pearl. Also she gave a moment's consideration to William Gregory, who would doubtless soon appear. She glowed serenely with the prospect of his coming, although she was not quite sure whether she was pleased, or only a little interested.

She stared musingly down the empty street, watching the early sunlight on the cobblestones, and with William Gregory's image in her mind. Suddenly her musing gaze was caught and sharpened by a figure coming from the wharves. Round the corner came, or rather flashed, a solitary figure, yielded up by the Black Pearl. His feet were brown and sandaled. His body was covered with a tunic of lemon-yellow cloth, and he wore a turban of faded red. Names familiar, yet exotic, ran through Jane's mind — Tunis, Algiers, Arabia. Familiar as these names were

to her, and the wares of the East, never before had she set her eyes on a native of the Eastern world.

She watched him as he slowly advanced, sombre and proud. Every now and then he stopped and looked about him with deep, solemn curiosity, slowly observing the shuttered houses and garden fences. Then he looked toward the top of the street where it wound into the town. He came nearer, and Jane stood stock-still, hidden behind the hawthorn tree.

Her eyes followed every inch of his progress as he crossed her narrow horizon. She saw the fine stitches of colored embroidery on the flowing edge of his tunic. She saw his long brown hands, and the golden bracelets on his wrists. She saw his aristocratic chin, his finely curved Egyptian nose, his thin nostrils, his heavy straight black brows, and the eyes beneath, glowing black. His beauty thrilled and startled her.

She thought that, as he passed so near, he would hear her breathing. If she stirred a hair's breadth, he must surely turn and see her through the leaves. Her blood leaped at the thought of his turning and catching sight of her. In that dark, burning face, that lithe step, there was romance for Jane, romance which made her tingle, romance which her instinct seized immediately for its own.

An unconsidered impulsive word was rising to her lips, and she had taken a step forward, when from the cage above her came a sharp cry. She turned her head, and saw Scheherazade stirring uneasily. She turned again, and started toward the gate, and found to her amazement that she was unable to lift her feet from the ground. She stood, rooted like a flower, and watched the stately, sombre head pass by, and the last flutter of the lemon-yellow tunic disappear in the direction of the Square.

When he was gone, her power of moving returned. She went back into the garden, full of surprise. She gazed for a long time at Scheherazade. The exotic bird swept up and down the cage. For what purpose had her dumbness been broken? What was the meaning of her cry? Jane wished more than ever that Scheherazade were back with the peddler in Singapore. She wandered round the garden, musing. A potent face was stamped on her mind. She was so deeply absorbed that she did not even hear a voice that spoke to her from the gate.

'Good morning, Jane!' the gentle voice repeated.

She started quickly, and saw a tall yellow-haired youth standing at the gate, his sailor's cap in one hand, and a small wooden box in the other. His blue eyes were looking at her happily.

'William!' she exclaimed.

She went toward him, and he pushed open the gate. His eyes held her with gentle eagerness. Long absences gave boldness to this shy soul, and he took her hand and held it fervently. Then he looked down at the wooden box he held, and her eyes rested on it also.

'Here is something that I got for you in Hong Kong,' he said in his soft voice.

She took the box. It was inlaid along the edge with ivory, and it had a silver lock and key.

'Let's sit down on the steps while you open it,' he said.

She sat down passively, and leaned forward, her fingers lightly holding the box that lay on her knees. He sat watching her face, and smiling with simple triumph. He could not see how far away she was. Her entire being was wrapped in an enchantment. The image of the exotic stranger filled her brain, and as she opened the box her fingers trembled, because her mind's eye was dwelling upon that dark face.

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The opened box revealed many small feminine implements, carved out of ivory: needle-cases, bobbins, stiletos, spools — the work-box of a Chinese princess. William kept looking from the box to Jane's face, as she picked up and admired each piece of carving in turn, and he blushed with pleasure in the long-anticipated moment.

The more eagerly he watched her, and waited to be repaid by her glowing delight, the more difficult it was for her to find any words. Over and over she fingered the ivory rose-petals, the deeply wrought flowers. She tried to bring her attention to them, and respond. But there was no glow in her for William, only a sharp rush of blood to her heart as she returned again and again to the thought of the stranger.

'It took me a long time to pick it out. I went back to the bazaar three times before I chose this one. There are more pieces in it than there were in the others. I don't know what all these funny little things are for, but I suppose you know. Ever since we left Hong Kong I've been wondering if you would have liked something else better, — there were silk slippers.'

She scarcely heard him.

'I knew you had come,' she said. 'I heard the men on the wharf, and Martin Rowe told me it was the Black Pearl. Then I saw the strangest man. He must have come with you.'

'Oh, did you see him?' William said amusedly, his eyes still drinking her in.

'Who is he?'

'We picked him up at Singapore; or rather, he picked us up. Why he wanted to come so badly, nobody could make out. He told the captain he was looking for somebody in this port.'

'Who could it be?' Jane breathed.

'We told him none of his kind had ever come here. We tried to discourage him, but we could n't turn him off his track.'

William paused. The stranger interested him but faintly. He stood up, and turning toward her, he took her hand, undenied. He drew her up from the doorstep.

'O Jane!' he said with emotion. His face changed suddenly, became gravely pleading. 'It's fine to be at home. Be sweet to me.'

She drew away, but he would not drop her hand. He was the sailor, demanding his share of happiness after long, vigilant exile.

'I've got to go South as soon as we're unloaded here, and then round the world again. I've only got two or three days here if we get a wind. I say, may we have a dead calm! I'll come and see you this evening. Every moment I have is for you, Jane.'

He gave her hand a sharp press, and went out of the yard.

By noon every doorway in the Square and along Front Street had exchanged gossip about the astonishing Eastern gentleman with bare ankles. Jane's mother came home from the market, saying, —

'He's a religious man, a kind of priest, some say. The second mate, Jim Teazle, told Mr. Peabody in the grocer's that he got down on his face whenever the sun was rising or setting, and got up with a very strange look in his eyes. There's something he's praying for, — something he's after, — and nobody can find out what it is. And he would sit for hours and hours on the deck, on top of his own bundles, and never move or speak.'

'Yes, I've heard.'

'You did n't hear much, I fancy, from William Gregory. He had plenty to talk to you about, without telling you about the Eastern gentleman. I met William in the Square, and I've asked him to have supper with us to-night. He seemed very much pleased.'

Jane tossed her head.

'I'm not in any hurry to eat with William,' she said.

Her mother's large, wise face was not given to sudden flashes of change like Jane's. Her mother's blue eyes followed her exit, and smiled a comprehending smile at surface passions.

In the late midsummer twilight, mother, daughter, and lover sat eating together. William was wonderfully happy in his promotion to a family meal. Jane's crisp white ruffles, her sweet odor, her ingenuous, graceful head — these in the beauty and intimacy of candle-light were heaven enough to the sailor. He leaned constantly toward her, while she, erect, gave him looks that were lovely but remote. Her mother was placidly observant.

When supper was nearly over, Jane paused for a second, in the midst of chatting, as if listening to a far-off sound. A quick blush mounted to her forehead.

'I forgot to bring in the fresh cake, mother.'

She jumped up and disappeared from the room.

'She's gone out to the dairy. She'll be back in a second,' said Jane's mother to William, suddenly bereft.

Jane flew past the dairy into the garden. She had heard children shouting in the street, and had guessed at the object of their shouting. The approach of the stranger had drawn her forth, headlong and careless.

He was there! He came down the street, and he appeared unconscious of his mercurial train of children. On his face had deepened the look of passionate search. The evening breezes ruffled his tunic, as he walked erect and slow.

Jane's young heart set up a clamor.

'I understand him!' it cried within her. 'I must speak to him. Oh, look this way! Look at me! I will greet you!'

She ran forward. Her hand was on

the gate. But her fingers lay paralyzed on the latch, without power to lift it. She was unable to go forward. Scheherazade had uttered again her annihilating cry, and Jane was powerless to move or to speak. Not until the stranger had disappeared in the direction of the wharves, did the curious paralysis go out of her. She turned away from the gate, exhausted by the veil of impotence that had been flung upon her and then snatched away. She looked at Scheherazade and a fire of resentment went swirling through her.

'O Scheherazade, what is your secret?' she thought, 'and why do I feel so ill and so strange?'

When Jane returned to the dining-room, without the slightest thought in her mind of fresh cake, William jumped up at the sight of her, and held his own glass of wine to her lips.

'You're very white! What has happened?' he said.

She could not explain, and she could not reject his solicitude. She sank into her chair, and William hung over her for the rest of the evening.

On the following morning the compelling spirit within her roused Jane from sleep, and made her dress and go down into the garden. She heard the infinitesimal and steady trill of crickets in the grass. There was a gentle, cold breeze from the west. She took a half-knit stocking from the kitchen shelf, and wandered round the garden, clicking her needles. Dawn gave her scarcely light enough to see her stitches, and she went to the gate to watch the eastern sky.

The air touched her eyelids and her throat with autumnal freshness. Darkness was lifting from the horizon, and day was burning just below. Masts moved gently in the harbor, rocked on the tide. There was no sound from the wharves. The hold of the Black Pearl had been emptied, and she rode high at

anchor. Her log and her bills had been taken to her owner, in the counting-house, where his clerk made long satisfactory columns of pounds, shillings, and pence.

Against the increasing brightness of the water at the bottom of the street, Jane's eyes suddenly beheld the thrilling color, yellow and faded red, emerging, soft and brilliant, in the crystal atmosphere. The stranger was coming up at daybreak from the empty ship, where he was still a privileged guest.

When he reached Jane's fence, he stopped and turned about, facing the harbor. She saw him go down on his knees. He dipped forward, his tunic falling round him, and his head and hands touched the stones. There he remained, motionless in his morning prayer, while the sun came over the harbor and bathed his figure, and the cool leaves rustled overhead.

Jane felt as if he were her captive, kneeling there. She thought, 'I will go and stand at the gate. And when he gets up, he will be looking at me. Nothing shall hinder me.'

She felt that a great moment had come at last. Romance was at her feet. She made one step toward the gate. Scheherazade was slowly turning in her cage. Her long, shimmering feathers swept slowly round, and in her throat was the beginning of the fateful cry.

Jane came forward in a flash of hope and fear, and in passing, she gave the cage a flying blow with her strong, willful hand. The cage broke and fell to the ground. The stranger got up from his prayer and stood beside the gate.

He looked into the garden, attracted by the shattering of the cage and by Jane's sudden advance. She met his mature, powerful eyes for a moment only, for they instantly left her face to gaze beyond her with burning intentness.

She felt the stir of another human

presence near her. She turned to look. The splintered bird-cage lay on the grass, and beside it a young woman was standing. Her dark, slender feet pressed the grass beside the broken wood. Round her smooth ankles were golden anklets. In her ears were silver hoops, and over her breast hung countless silver chains and enamels. A spangled veil was thrown back from her face and hung down her back.

The young woman stood for a moment perfectly still. She was fresh and stainless as if she had emerged from the crystal air, or as if, like the goddess of antiquity, she had risen out of the foam. A curious shimmer like the shimmer of heat enfolded her for an instant, and then left her, alive in mortal beauty. She moved a step. The thrill of daybreak was in her motion. Her face was a dark jewel, clear-cut and flawless. Yet in her face, in spite of its new-created look, there was emotion long remembered — the strength of an inviolable love.

The man burst open the gate as if he were breaking into paradise. The mute despair which had sunk so deep into his face was all gone, changed into a lifting adoration. He spoke to her in a strange tongue, only a few words, which gushed from his throat in pain and joy.

Jane saw how their hands touched, and how their eyes held each other in a magnet look. Long moments went by. He pressed her head between his hands. Her ear-rings shook, and she gave him a smile which restored in one moment the years that had been lost.

At last Jane saw them move instinctively away from the alien enclosure. She watched the man lay his hand on the gate, and open it, while he and

his love went slowly out. With them went romance.

They vanished toward the wharf, where now the sun had risen warm. The day's activity began. The Isis was to sail at noon for the East Indies, and the usual clatter and shouting, the hurry and excitement of a departing vessel were heard through the streets.

All day long Jane's mother battered against the inscrutable mystery of the broken cage and the bird that had flown.

Jane went through the day entranced. Occasionally she left her work, and stood for a few moments beneath the hawthorn tree, gazing with reminiscent eyes at the empty air.

At dusk, when William Gregory opened the garden gate, he found Jane sitting in the doorway, over the Chinese work-box. She looked at him with an enigmatic, yet warm smile.

Although he saw nothing enigmatic in his chosen one, her smile gave him a glow of confidence such as he had not felt since he had disembarked from the Black Pearl.

After his single-minded greeting, the news of the day occurred to him.

'You know, Jane, the foreigner who came on the Black Pearl? He found his prize. A lady, as brown as he is, is sailing home with him on the Isis. A strange foreign lady no man, woman, or child ever laid eyes on before. He conjured her right up out of the ground. Honestly, it is an unfathomable thing. She was hidden away somewhere or other. He's contented now at last. But he's not the only man who feels happy — Jane.'

She gave him a warm look, and it came over her suddenly that William was an irresistibly sweet person.

A CLEARING-HOUSE FOR LABOR

BY DON D. LESCOHIER

I

WE lack labor. The railroads are crippled for want of it. The farmers hesitate to plant seed for fear they cannot get labor for the harvest. Factories, public utilities, ammunition factories, shipyards, send up a cry for men. Strangely enough, tens of thousands of men walk the streets of our cities in idleness in the midst of the labor shortage. Appeals to patriotism apparently go unheeded. High wages, instead of attracting them into steady employment, lead only to more frequent periods of idleness. They profiteer in the nation's day of stress as willingly as many of their employers. Neither impairment of our military efficiency nor the sufferings of millions who lack the necessities of life move them. What is the explanation? Why this anomaly? Why a labor surplus in the face of a labor shortage?

An explanation which at least points to one important cause of the phenomenon is this: labor is standing idle during a labor shortage because an unorganized labor market has impaired the efficiency and morale of hundreds of thousands of workers. Men have become accustomed to idleness, unaccustomed to sustained efforts. Irregularity of employment, migration from industry to industry, the cheap lodging-house, the saloon, pawnshop, brothel, municipal police court, and lack of continuing responsibilities have done their deadly work. Men who started out with ambition and promise have

degenerated into inefficient, irresponsible, migratory laborers — tens of thousands of them into almost unemployable 'bums.'

Labor is not scarce in America, so far as quantity is concerned. I question the probability of any quantitative shortage of labor during the war. If such shortages should occur, potential supplies of female and minor labor will fill up the gap. But labor of *quality* is scarce in every manual occupation — in agriculture, mining, forestry, manufactures, transportation; and there is no reservoir from which that quality shortage can be relieved. Our hope for relief rests solely in such mobilization as will place the existing skilled labor where it will do the most good, in subdivision and specialization of tasks so that partly skilled persons may be able to perform them, and in intensive training of promising young workers for such work as they can be prepared for during the emergency.

One of the most striking phases of the labor shortage is the scarcity of good common labor. Any one knows that an employer who needs a machinist cannot use a casual laborer. It is not difficult to realize that a farmer who needs a dairyman cannot use a harvest-hand. But many people do not yet appreciate the fact that there are different classes or types of common laborers, just as there are different classes of mechanics. Degrees of reliability, intelligence, steadiness, and physical efficiency are of just as great importance among common laborers as

degrees of skill among mechanics; and the presence or absence of these qualities means the presence or absence of ability to *earn* wages.

The shortage of competent American labor is not simply a war shortage. A considerable portion of our skilled labor-supply has always come from Europe, and a relative decline in the emigration of skilled laborers to America has been the mainspring of our interest in industrial education in recent years. Every one familiar with the labor market has known likewise that the Italian and Slavic immigrants from southeastern Europe have furnished us with our principal supply of common laborers during the past two generations, and that American common laborers have been, on the whole, of declining value.

The shortage is no new one. But Europe has heretofore protected us against the pressure of our lack. The war, with its stoppage of immigration, contemporaneous with a sharp increase in the demand for American products, raw and manufactured, suddenly made the shortage acute. It twisted the tourniquet. We suddenly became conscious that we were no more independent of Europe's birth-rate than we were of her dyes. We need labor now. After the war, when millions of Europeans will have died in arms or been crippled in action, will immigration relieve our shortage again? If it would, is it sane public policy to permit conditions to continue which destroy the efficiency of hundreds of thousands of men, simply because we can find others to take their places? Will a nation that is willing, if necessary, to lay down the lives of millions of men and billions of treasure to 'make the world safe for democracy' allow social arrangements to continue which condemn whole armies of men to economic inefficiency and moral deterioration?

One of the principal reasons why uncounted thousands of American laborers are of such low quality that employers do not 'want to give them standing-room,' and prefer the immigrants, is a disorganized labor market. Erroneous labor policies stimulate labor turnover and labor migration, and result in a progressive deterioration of the laborer. We educate them for inefficiency instead of efficiency, and train them in shifting instead of in sticking; we discourage self-respect, encourage thriftlessness, and compel continuous movement. If we had set ourselves to devise ways and means of destroying the efficiency of American labor, we could not have chosen methods better suited to our purpose than the conditions characterizing our present labor market. Constant labor turnover and constant labor migration will demoralize a working force as rapidly as it can be accomplished.

I am not ignorant of the fact that many personal causes contribute heavily to labor inefficiency. No man can watch the flow of migratory labor through any distributing point, like Minneapolis, without witnessing tragedies of drink, of drugs, of feeble-mindedness, of bad home training, of defective education, and of moral failure, that wring his heart. But contact with tens of thousands of laborers of every type and description has forced the conclusion upon me that the moral failure of a very large percentage of these men is the result of the industrial and social conditions that surround them rather than of initial viciousness on their part. Initial personal fault accounts for some of them. But economic conditions beyond their control or understanding account for more. They are victims of drink, vice, drugs, and women, largely because the nature of their work prevents a normal home life, normal community life, normal citizenship.

You are familiar with common laborers. You see them daily, standing on street corners, riding in street cars, sweating in excavations, loafing at saloon or pool-room doors. You have probably hired them at one time or another. You may have shared their life. But have you ever really become acquainted with them? Do you know where the common laborer comes from, what his experiences are, what becomes of him, what his types are? Or is he one of those commonplace experiences that you are so familiar with that you do not really know anything about him? You know that there are more than a dozen different kinds of machinists, and that different kinds of carpenters have different types of skill which bring varying rates of pay. Do you realize also that there are at least five distinct classes of common laborers, varying in skill, in the kinds of work they follow, in productive capacity, in earning power, in social significance?

II

I was in a gas-retort house one night in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. It was the hour for drawing the coke and recharging the retorts. Three stokers opened the little retort doors and drew the red-hot coke out on the floor. Then, standing twelve or fifteen feet away from the red-hot open retorts they threw from four to six hundred pounds of coal, with scoop shovels, into openings twenty-one inches wide and fourteen inches high, and filled nine retorts without letting a single piece of coal fall on the floor. They were common laborers. They worked twelve hours a day and seven days a week. Their job consisted simply in drawing coke, cleaning retorts, and shoveling coal into the retorts. But they had the skill of men who had thoroughly learned a job, who had developed an expert skill in that

job, who remained steadily on the job. They were a part of that plant. But more than that, they were heads of families, citizens of Oshkosh, integral parts of the economic, political, and social life of the nation.

Here is the first and highest type of the common laborer: the man who is a part of an industry, who has an occupation, who is a citizen in a community, is the father of a family, perhaps a member of a lodge, a club, or a church. You find this man by the million in our industrial and social life. He runs the bulk of our simpler machinery, operates our street cars, furnishes our watchmen, janitors, and a thousand other kinds of steady help. Upon his shoulders rests a heavy portion of our social fabric. He represents no social problem so long as he can maintain this status — except the problem of an income inadequate to provide his family with a safe subsistence and a dependable future. Probably four out of every ten workmen are found in this category.

But this is not the only type of common laborer who is a permanent factor in the life of the community. A second important type is the man who works irregularly, who has a continuous succession of employers. He works for a while for contractor Jones, then for Smith, then for Brown. He gets a temporary job in a factory, then in a brickyard, and next in an excavation. At his best he is a man with a family — struggling for existence. His wife commonly assists in the bitter struggle by keeping boarders, or by doing washing or sewing; his children are found at the work-bench as early as the law allows, and high-school education is not a thing that his family can think about. In a somewhat lower variation of the type we find this family intermittently on the rolls of the charities, whenever two or three weeks of con-

tinuous unemployment, a sickness or other slight calamity assails them. In a third variation we find a single man living in cheap boarding-houses and generally deteriorating steadily under the influence of drink and irregular habits. The struggle for existence of the married man of this last class is harder, more bitter — but he has more to fight for.

The distinction between this general group of laborers and the one first described is found in the relative steadiness of the first group's employment, and the relative unsteadiness of the second's. One works for the same employer for considerable periods of time; the other changes employers frequently. Individuals of the first group frequently pass into the second group, when they lose their steady jobs and are unable to get others. Individuals of the second group sometimes pass into the first group by fortunately dropping into a steady job.

To some this may seem a flimsy basis for classification. It seems somewhat vague, leaving a middle ground, a twilight zone, where a considerable number of people lie in either group, or both, or sometimes in one and sometimes in the other. But it at least has the merit of conforming to life, and it calls attention to two types whose life experiences differ considerably. The members of the group with steady employment are never far from destitution. They are poor, very poor. They have a hard time to make ends meet. They commonly have to take their children out of school by the time that they are sixteen years of age. A period of unemployment, a bad sickness, or other misfortune, will quickly bring them to the point where they must have help. But ordinarily they are making ends meet. The wife or children may have to earn part of the living, but the family is self-supporting,

and as it looks ahead it sees a prospect of steady income and of continuing self-support. It has a certain sense of assurance, of confidence, of hope.

The group which works at a succession of jobs, on the contrary, continually hears the wolf's claws scratching on the door. They live in constant uncertainty, constant fear. They have no more assurance of continuing income, no solid basis for hope, no opportunity to get a few dollars in the bank, no justification in starting to buy a home. They are living from hand to mouth, and never know at what moment the hand may be empty. Their self-respect and honesty are always under the strain of fear; their working efficiency is deteriorated by a continual change of jobs that makes it impossible for them ever to attain efficiency at any. They are, by force of necessity, jacks of all trades and masters of none, and after they pass thirty-five and their strength begins to wane, the effects of undernourishment and the declining courage that accompanies a life of fear, all bring a steadily declining efficiency.

The 'professional casual' is a third distinct type of resident laborer. He is a distinctly lower type than either of the others, but recruited from their ranks. Every employment office is familiar with this type. Any city with three hundred thousand people will have perhaps three or four hundred well-known individuals. Some of them are steady patrons of the state or municipal offices, some of the Salvation Army, some of the charities. Others hang around saloons, hotels, settlement houses. Individuals of the type can be found in almost every country town and rural community. They are a distinct social group.

At some times, especially in the winter, the employment office finds among them laborers and mechanics who ordinarily work steadily but who are

temporarily unable to get work and are taking odd jobs to carry them along. For instance, our office carried a machine operator with a wife and family for about four months at odd jobs, until he was able to get a steady job. He has now been working steadily ever since last September in a machine-shop. But these are not casual workers. They do not belong to the type. They are doing casual work only temporarily, and they neither live the life, nor think the thoughts, nor have the point of view of the true casual.

The casual never seeks more than a day's work. He lives strictly to the rule, one day at a time. If you ask him why he does not take a steady job, he will tell you that he would like to, but that he has n't money enough to enable him to live until pay-day, and no one will give him credit. If you offer to advance his board until pay-day, he will accept your offer and accept the job you offer him, but he will not show up on the job, or else will quit at the end of the first day. He has acquired a standard or scale of work and life that makes it almost impossible for him to restore himself to steady employment. He lacks the will-power, self-control, ambition, and habits of industry which are essential to it.

The causes which produce the casual are many. A striking number of them are young. In general, these seem to be defective — defective in those mental traits which are the basis of industry and ambition, and in the sense of responsibility; defective in moral stamina or training, and addicted to drugs, drink, and vice; or defective physically and unable to do steady, hard work. Absence of the moral ideas and motives which cause most of us to work is probably more important in explaining these younger casuals than any other one explanation. Some of them have families which they make little or

no effort to support, never working if they can get some one else to feed them. Others do not know in the morning where they will lay their head at night. They live permanently in the city, but have no residence. Some of them are moral failures, some defectives.

When we turn to the group of casuals who are older their explanation is even more complex. Many are moral failures, mental defectives, or physical unfits, as already described. Others are the residuum of our labor market. Starting out as common laborers twenty years before, they were for a time steady workmen; then they became subject to irregular employment, either because of industrial conditions, or because of drink or a taste for traveling. Gradually they became more and more irregular in their working and life habits, and crystallized into casuals living from day to day and hand to mouth, without self-respect or ambition. They are almost parasites in the body politic.

Not all common laborers are residents of a community, however. Inter-mingling with the resident laborers we find a multitude of men who are continually wandering from place to place: to-day working in a factory in Minneapolis; a month from now on a construction job in Des Moines; later, bobbing up on a dam job in Wisconsin; migrating to the harvest fields in the fall, and then to the woods, to construction work, or to some factory job for the winter. These men too reveal distinct sub-groupings. We find among them temporary migrants, skilled migrants, common laborers, and tramps.

The temporary migrant is found particularly in agriculture and contracting. Many farmers, farm-hands, and city men, who are permanent residents of some community for the bulk of the year, go to the harvest fields in the fall. Many carpenters, painters, and other

classes of mechanics, or steady laborers, leave town during periods when local employment is slack and good opportunities are presented elsewhere. This is particularly noticeable now, when so many are leaving their permanent homes to work for the government in other localities. But most of these men will either return to the towns from which they start, or else take up a permanent abode in some other locality. They do not spend their life in travel.

The true migrant — the 'Ishmaelite of modern times — has no abode. He lives where he happens to be. If he gives you a so-called permanent address, it is the place he left years ago, never to return, or else it is fictitious. This type of migrant reveals two distinct classes — the skilled migrant and the unskilled.

We find the skilled man in such types as tile-ditchers, cant-hook men, farm-hands, and steam-shovel engineers. Side by side with them are common laborers who work on construction of dams, railroads, bridges; in the lumber woods and harvest fields; or wherever large gangs of men are assembled from distant places.

These men have no homes. They have either no families or several families. They live in the camp or the lodging-house. Their pleasure is found in the saloon and its accompaniments; in the pool-room or the movie; or in the rough jokes of the camp. When in town they are the prey of the saloon, the 'hook shop,' the second-hand store, the employment agency, the municipal police court, the lodging-house thief, the pickpocket. On the job, they are ordinarily parts of a gang who are 'hands' in the eyes of foreman and employer. In camp their lot is often little better. I have known cases where men have worked a month and have been in debt to their employer at the end for

employment fees, post-office fees, board, hospital fees, and transportation.

When I was a child, I was much interested to learn that the Arabian Bedouins, wandering over the desert, travel certain routes year after year by which they pass through certain oases at certain times. Tens of thousands of these camp-workers follow a similar trail — passing from industry to industry and locality to locality in a more or less regular path of migration. As the seasons pass, they move from contracting to harvest to lumber-woods to railroad work, and often insist on going to certain definite localities at each season.

I am trying to make clear that we have in America several hundred thousand, probably more than half a million men, who have no homes, who are residents of no community, who are parts of no particular industry, whose contact with the life of our nation consists in contact with cheap lodging-houses, private employment agencies, second-hand stores, and pawnshops; vicious women, saloons, and municipal police courts; industrial camps, where the minimum of decency and cleanliness is maintained; the brake-beams of the freight car; and a total absence of any home, church, or community life.

These Ishmaelites of the twentieth century are one of the by-products of our economic system. The exploitation of a continent's natural resources, the single-crop system of agriculture, the alternations of industry due to the seasons, the fact that in a new country labor has to be attracted to new points in the process of developing new enterprises, have been the economic bases of a labor-distribution system in which labor has been shifted here and there to meet the demands and needs of capital and land. We have forgotten that, while labor may be a commodity, laborers are not. We have met the needs of industry without protecting the per-

sonalities of laborers. We have developed our resources while spoiling citizens. Hundreds of thousands of men for whom no individual industries, no community, no particular group of socially visioned people have felt themselves responsible, have been steadily deteriorated and ruined by a life of migration and irresponsibility.

III

We will now trace the relation of the employment system in America to the labor types. We are very charitable in speaking of it as a system; for it is precisely the absence of any *system* of distributing labor which is the outstanding characteristic of the situation. We have, in all centres where laborers congregate, commercial agencies which make a business of selling jobs to laborers for a fee. We have state and municipal offices in nearly half of the states, but in most cases each local office works individually and without any correlation with other public offices in the same state. The Federal government has had an extremely crude employment system in the post-offices, and has made a weak attempt at federal-state coöperative offices in the Immigration Bureau. Both of these experiments were failures, and the Federal government is now attempting to develop a real organization of the labor market through the Department of Labor. Little practical progress has been made, and no genuine success will be achieved until the nation more fully recognizes some of the fundamental facts in the situation with which they are seeking to cope.

The essence of our industrial policy with respect to labor has been continuous turnover. In every industry, though not in every individual establishment, our employers have followed a policy of hiring and firing. If a man

did not happen to make good at a particular task, he was discharged and some one else hired, instead of being transferred to some other task better adapted to his qualities. Foremen have considered the power of discharge as their one unfailing method of discipline. Discharge has been in industry what spanking *used to be* in the home and the schoolhouse. In each case it has been the means by which those too lazy to think of better ways of proceeding have dealt with the weak in their power. Excessive discharge in industry has been as disastrous in its effects on the industrial and social efficiency of labor as excessive whipping on the soul of a child. It has weakened the worker's self-respect, decreased his self-reliance, and encouraged subservience. The continual change of jobs has prevented the worker from ever learning any job well, and has destroyed all interest in his work.

The losses are equally disastrous from the employer's point of view. It takes the time of foremen and bookkeepers to hire and fire, and the time of foremen to instruct the new hand; fellow employees and machinery are slowed down while he learns his job, and breakage and waste are increased. Millions of dollars are lost to employers every year by the slowing down of their plants and wastage of time and materials caused by excessive labor turnover.

There are certain principles which I believe must be recognized in order to reduce the social losses that I have been pointing out. We must have a system of employment offices, national in scope and monopolizing the whole employment business, which will be so carefully worked out that every worker can be placed in the nearest job that he is able to fill and will have access to every job open to a particular capacity. Our system must be able to keep

every workman employed with the maximum steadiness; must be able to sift and classify the laborers, so that individuals who have a tendency to degenerate into casuals may be spotted and if possible held to steady employment; and must be able to sift out and furnish employers *with the kind of men they want*. It must dovetail the industries of each locality so as to use every man in the locality as steadily as possible in that locality.

To accomplish these manifold purposes we must have a national system of employment offices, with branches in every locality, and a central clearing-house. Within this national system must be zones or districts, with clearing-houses for each district; and within the districts must be sub-districts with their own clearing-houses. If a local office in a sub-district could not fill an order, it would telephone the order to its clearing-house, which would seek to obtain a man from some other local office in the sub-district. If the demand could not be filled in the sub-district, it would be transferred by the sub-district clearing-house to the district clearing-house, which would seek a man in the district. Similarly, if the district could not fill the order, it would clear the demand through the national clearing-house.

This clearing-house system, if it were combined with a monopoly of the labor market, would enable the public employment offices to check labor migration by always finding the nearest man who was competent to fill the position. We should not then have men leaving Chicago to fill jobs in St. Louis at the same time that men are leaving St. Louis to fill the same kind of jobs in Chicago. The pressure would be put on men to make them remain where they are, instead of to cause them to move. Within a big labor market like New York or Chicago tens of thou-

sands of jobs would be filled annually by local men which are now filled by outsiders; tens of thousands of men kept at home who are now emigrating to other localities.

The effect which such a system of offices might have upon labor turnover is even more important. That portion of the labor force which is most frequently changing jobs would soon be recorded in the files of the employment offices. A glance at a workman's card would show his history — whether he was a casual, an irregular laborer, or normally a steady man. It would show the kind of work he has followed. Any local office desiring further information concerning a certain man could quickly get it by telephoning or telegraphing other offices in which he was registered. The sifting of men and their individual treatment would become a practical possibility instead of a theoretical ideal. The offices could use pressure to hold a man steady.

The record of employers would be equally useful. Those plants which revealed excessive turnover could be easily sifted out, and the matter brought home to the attention of their managers. By personal interview, bulletins, and correspondence the offices could call to the employers' attention the causes of excessive turnover, its cost and its treatment. The criticism of workmen against individual firms could be brought to the employer and the faults corrected.

To illustrate. A certain firm in Minnesota has been employing two or three hundred men in a construction camp for about two years. They have a good camp, with steam heat, iron beds, good wash-rooms, and other conveniences. The firm provides good food. The foremen do not drive the men. The wages are high. Nevertheless an excessive turnover of labor continued. The public employment bureau

determined to find the cause. Upon investigation, man after man reported that the company was providing good food but poor cooks were spoiling it. The company, for their part, showed that they were paying high wages to their cooks. But they were not getting the service. Correction of the difficulty quickly cut the turnover. In two similar cases it was found that a brutal foreman was the cause of frequent quitting; in another, wages had fallen below the market rate. An office in continuous touch with the employers and men of a given labor market develops a surprisingly intimate knowledge of the conditions in the several establishments.

But most important of all the advantages are two — that the market for labor would be centralized, and that those in charge would be interested in serving the needs of the employer and the employee rather than in personal profit. Centralization in the labor market has the same advantage that centralization in any market has. The buyer and seller have the maximum opportunity of getting in contact with some one with whom they can do business. At present, with a large number of unrelated employment offices operating in the same town, — state, federal, commercial, philanthropic, trade union, and the rest, — the employer who wants a certain kind of man frequently places his order in one office while the employee who seeks that kind of work files his application in another. The two fail to meet. With a single coördinated system of offices, the two will come together in every instance.

An employment system run for profit will never give either our industries, our workers, or the nation sound service. The profits of the employment agent come at so much per head. The more heads, the more dollars. The

greater the turnover, the larger the profits. The interests of the employer demand a small turnover. The interests of the laborer demand a steady job. The interests of the employment agent are exactly opposite: the more men he sends out, the greater the number of fees. Private agencies are daily shipping men by the thousands who they know will not stick. Frequently they know that the man's real intention is to jump the job he is sent to and go to some nearby work. But what's the difference? Large turnover means large fees, and large fees are the object.

The state and municipal offices as heretofore managed in this country have in most cases (not in all) developed a similar motive favoring turnover. In their case it is unconscious. They measure their efficiency by the cost per head to the state of the men sent out. They brag that it has cost the state but 30, or 25, or 19 cents per man sent out, as compared with the two-dollar fee collected from workmen by the private agencies. Since most of the state and municipal agencies have a set budget, say five or ten thousand dollars per year, approximately, all of which they spend, their average cost is lowered in proportion to the number of men sent out while spending the appropriation. The larger the business, the smaller the average cost per job filled, and the better the showing. The national result is an emphasis on the number of men sent out rather than on the quality of service rendered. Instead of studying their local market, to develop policies that will give the local workers the maximum continuity of employment and local employers the steadiest possible labor force, their effort has been concentrated upon getting orders for jobs vacated, and men to fill them. They have made no effective effort to decrease labor turnover, and if they do, they will impair their showing before

their legislative bodies by running up a higher per-capita cost for placement. Cheapness rather than quality has been the criterion thus far applied to their service. And it is the criterion that will continue to be applied until we establish a comprehensive system of employment offices, in charge of men who understand the employment problem and are technical experts in dealing with it, and who are independent of the annual and biennial criticism of local legislative bodies, not conversant with the problems being worked out. It is only under such conditions that the employment organization can attack and solve the vital problem of our labor market.

IV

I have emphasized two points as fundamental to a successful organization of the labor market: first, a consolidation of all public employment agencies into a single system under the auspices of the Federal government, with sub-districts and clearing-houses just as we have in the Federal Reserve banking system; and, second, a monopoly of the labor market, so far as employment-agency work is concerned, by this Federal employment system. A further word on these two points is now necessary.

The country had no lack of employment agencies when the war broke out; it has none now. The only trouble is that they are not of much use. The postmasters were acting as the employment agents. The Federal Immigration Bureau was also running a system of employment offices. This is now discontinued, and a new set of Federal offices, under an employment chief of the Department of Labor, is in process of establishment. More than one half of the states had state employment offices. Many municipali-

ties had employment offices. The Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., charity societies, commercial associations, settlement houses, the Salvation Army, and other semi-public or charitable organizations, were running a host of agencies, more or less defiled with the taint of charity. Thousands of private profit-getting agencies were in operation in all of the labor centres.

The number of employment agencies in the country ran into the thousands, probably the ten-thousands. But each was a distinct unit. The postmasters had no effective system of coöperating with each other, and made no attempt to coöperate with the immigration bureau offices. The various immigration offices were distinctly local, and had no system of coöperating with one another. They had no clearing-houses. They were in no effective coöperation with state offices except in half a dozen cities. The state offices of each state were, as a rule, run as local offices and without any centralized management of the state labor market. The philanthropic agencies coöperated neither among themselves nor with the public offices. Decentralization, disorganization was — *and is* — the keynote of the situation.

The first essential step now is legislation that will weld all of the existing state and municipal offices into a Federal system, centralized, coördinated, systematically managed, and controlled by big, far-seeing policies. The same legislation should eliminate forever the private commercial agency, which has cursed our economic system far too long. Monopoly is essential in order to ensure that all orders for men and applications for work shall be brought to the same office, so that buyer and seller may have their needs met with maximum rapidity and efficiency. It is likewise essential to check turnover and migration. Philanthropic

agencies, operated without profit to their owners, might be permitted to continue if operated in close coöperation with the public system. But practically all of them would go out of business as soon as a proper organization of the market was established.

The plans suggested are not theoretical. England has for years been operating a system of employment offices not materially different from the plan suggested. Ohio is to-day operating a system of twenty-two offices on similar principles. A clearing-house for public non-commercial employment

agencies is now clearing for over seventy agencies in New York City. Many able men in this country are already sufficiently experienced in employment-office management and sufficiently conversant with the problems to be solved, to undertake the installation of an American system that will be an ideal for the world.

The war has revealed how acute is the need. The time is ripe. An aroused public should demand a termination of the suicidal labor policies which have been ruining the efficiency of American labor.

A LIGHT-BLUE STOCKING

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

SOME time, when seated in your library, as it becomes too dark to read and is yet too light, — to ring for candles, I was going to say, but nowadays we simply touch a button, — let your thoughts wander over the long list of women who have made for themselves a place in English literature, and see if you do not agree with me that the woman you would like most to meet in the flesh, were it possible, would be Mrs. Piozzi, born Hester Lynch Salusbury, but best known to us as Mrs. Thrale.

Let us argue the matter. It may at first seem almost absurd to mention the wife of the successful London brewer, Henry Thrale, in a list which would include the names of Fanny Burney, Jane Austen, George Eliot, the Brontës, and Mrs. Browning; but the woman whom

I have in mind should unite feminine charm with literary gift: she should be a woman whom you would honestly enjoy meeting and whom you would be glad to find yourself seated next to at dinner.

It may at once be admitted that as a mother Mrs. Thrale was not a conspicuous success; but she was a woman of charm, with a sound mind in a sound body. Although she could be brilliant in conversation, she would let you take the lead if you were able to; but she was quite prepared to take it herself rather than let the conversation flag, and she must have been a very exceptional woman to steady, as she did, a somewhat roving husband, to call Dr. Johnson to order, and upon occasion to reprove Burke, even while entertaining the most brilliant society of which London at the period could boast.

At the time when we first make her acquaintance, she was young and pretty, the mistress of a luxurious establishment; and if she was not possessed of literary gifts herself, it may fairly be said that she was the cause of literature in others.

In these days, when women, having everything else, want the vote also (and I would give it to them promptly and end the discussion), it may be suggested that to shine by a reflected light is to shine not at all. Frankly, Mrs. Thrale owes her position in English letters, not to anything important that she herself did or was capable of doing, but to the eminence of those she gathered about her. But her position is not the less secure: she was a charming and fluffy person; and as firmly as I believe that women have come to stay, so firmly am I of the opinion that, in spite of all the well-meaning efforts of some of their sex to prevent it, a certain, and, thank God, sufficient number of women will stay charming and fluffy to the end of the chapter.

On one subject only could Mrs. Thrale be tedious — her pedigree. I have it before me, written in her own bold hand, and I confess that it seems very exalted indeed. She would not have been herself had she not stopped in transcribing it to relate how one of her ancestors, Katherine Tudor de Berayne, cousin and ward of Queen Elizabeth and a famous heiress, was asked in marriage by Maurice Wynne of Gwydir as she was returning from the grave of her first husband, Sir John Salusbury, only to be told that he was too late as she had already engaged herself to Sir Richard Clough. 'But,' added the lady, 'if in the providence of God I am unfortunate enough to survive him, I consent to be the Lady of Gwydir.' Nor does the tale end here, for she married yet another, and having sons by all four husbands, she came

to be called 'Mam y Cymry,' — Mother of Wales, — and no doubt she deserved the appellation.

With such marrying blood in her veins, it is easily understood that, as soon as Thrale's halter was off her neck, — this sporting phrase, I regret to say, is Dr. Johnson's, — she should think of marrying again; and that having the first time married to please her family, she should upon the second venture marry to please herself. But this paper is moving too rapidly — the lady is not yet born.

II

Hester Lynch Salusbury's birthplace was Bodvel, in Wales, and the year, 1741. She was an only child, very precocious, with a retentive memory. She soon became the plaything of the elderly people around her, who called her 'Fiddle.' Her father had the reputation of being a scamp, and it fell to her uncle's lot to direct, somewhat, her education. Handed about from one relation to another, she quickly adapted herself to her surroundings. Her mother taught her French; a tutor, Latin; Quin, the actor, taught her to recite. Hogarth painted her portrait, and the grooms of her grandmother, whom she visited occasionally, made of her an accomplished horsewoman. In those days education for a woman was highly irregular, but judging from the results in the case of Mrs. Thrale and her friends, who shall say that it was ineffective?

Study soon became little Hester's delight. At twelve years she wrote for the newspapers; also she used to rise at four in the morning to study, which her mother would not have allowed had she known of it. I have a letter written many years afterwards in which she says, —

'My mother always told me I had

ruined my figure and stopt my growth by sitting too long at a writing desk, though she was ignorant how much time I spent at it. Dear Madam, was my saucy answer, —

‘Tho’ I could reach from Pole to Pole
And grasp the ocean with my span,
I would be measured by my Soul;
The mind’s the standard of the man.’

She is quoting Dr. Watts from memory evidently, and improving, perhaps, on the original.

But little girls grow up and husbands must be found for them. Henry Thrale, the son of a rich Southwark brewer, was brought forward by her uncle, while her father, protesting that he would not have his only child exchanged for a barrel of ‘bitter,’ fell into a rage and died of an apoplexy. Her *dot* was provided by the uncle, her mother did the courting, with little opposition on the part of the lady and no enthusiasm on the part of the suitor. So, without love on either side, she being twenty-two and her husband thirty-five, she became Mrs. Thrale.

More happiness came from this marriage than might have been expected. Henry Thrale, besides his suburban residence, Streatham, had two other establishments — one adjoining the brewery in Southwark, where he lived in winter, and another, an unpretentious villa at the seaside. He also maintained a stable of horses and a pack of hounds at Croydon; but, although a good horsewoman, Mrs. Thrale was not permitted to join her husband in his equestrian diversions; indeed, her place in her husband’s establishment was not unlike that of a woman in a seraglio. She was allowed few pleasures, and but one duty was impressed upon her, namely, that of supplying an heir to the estate; to this duty she devoted herself unremittingly.

In due time a child was born — a daughter; and while this was of course

recognized as a mistake, it was believed to be one which could be corrected. Meanwhile Thrale was surprised to find that his wife could think and talk — that she had a mind of her own. The discovery dawned slowly upon him, as did the idea that the pleasure of living in the country may be enhanced by hospitality. Finally the doors of Streatham Park were thrown open. For a time her husband’s bachelor friends and companions were the only company. Included among these was one Arthur Murphy, who had been *un maître de plaisir* to Henry Thrale in the gay days before his marriage, when they had frequented the green rooms and Ranelagh together. It was Murphy who suggested that ‘Dictionary Johnson’ might be secured to enliven a dinner-party, and thereupon followed some discussion as to the excuse which should be given Johnson for inviting him to the table of the rich brewer. It was finally suggested that he be invited to meet a minor celebrity, James Woodhouse, the shoemaker poet.

Johnson rose to the bait, — Johnson rose easily to any bait which would provide him a good dinner and lift him out of himself, — and the dinner passed off successfully. Mrs. Thrale records that they all liked each other so well that a dinner was arranged for the following week, without the shoemaker, who, having served his purpose, disappears from the record.

And now, and for twenty years thereafter, we find Johnson enjoying the hospitality of the Thrales, which opened for him a new world. When he was taken ill, not long after the introduction, Mrs. Thrale called on him in his stuffy lodgings in a court off Fleet Street, and suggested that the air of Streatham would be good for him. Would he come to them? He would. He was not the man to deny himself the care of a young, rich, and charming

woman, who would feed him well, understand him, and add to the joys of conversation. From that time on, whether at their residence in Deadman's Place in Southwark, at Streatham, or at Brighton, even on their journeys, the Thrales and Johnsons were constantly together; and when he went on a journey alone, as sometimes happened, he wrote long letters to his mistress or his master, as he affectionately called his friends.

Who gained most by this intercourse? Johnson summed up his obligations to the lady in the famous letter written just before her second marriage, probably the last he ever wrote her. 'I wish that God may grant you every blessing, that you may be happy in this world . . . and eternally happy in a better state; and whatever I can contribute to your happiness I am ready to repay for that kindness which soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched.'

On the other hand, the Thrales secured what, perhaps unconsciously, they most desired, social position and distinction. At Streatham they entertained the best, if not perhaps the very highest society of the time. Think for a moment of the intimates of this house, whose portraits, painted by Reynolds, hung in the library. There were my Lords Sandys and Westcote, college friends of Thrale; there were Johnson and Goldsmith; Garrick and Burke; Burney, and Reynolds himself, and a number of others, all from the brush of the great master; and could we hear the voices which from time to time might have been heard in the famous room, we should recognize Boswell and Piozzi, Baretti, and a host of others; and would it be necessary for the servant to announce the entrance of the great Mrs. Siddons, or Mrs. Garrick, or Fanny Burney, or Hannah More, or Mrs. Montague, or any of the other ladies who later formed that fa-

mous coterie which came to be known as the Blue Stockings?

But Johnson was the Thrales' first lion and remained their greatest. He first gave Streatham parties distinction. The master of the house enjoyed having the wits about him, but was not one himself. Johnson said of him that 'his mind struck the hours very regularly but did not mark the minutes.' It was his wife who, by her sprightliness, and by her wit and readiness, kept the ball rolling, showing infinite tact and skill in drawing out one and, when necessary, repressing another; asking — when the Doctor was not speaking — for a flash of silence from the company that a newcomer might be heard.

But I am anticipating. All this was not yet. A salon such as she created at Streatham Park is not the work of a month or of a year.

If Mrs. Thrale had ever entertained any illusions as to her husband's regard for her, they must have received a shock when she discovered, as she soon did, that Mr. Thrale had previously offered his hand to several ladies, coupling with his proposal the fact that, in the event of its being accepted, he would expect to live for a portion of each year in his house adjoining the brewery. The famous brewery is now Barclay & Perkins's, and still stands on its original site, where the Globe Theatre once stood, not far from the Surrey end of Southwark Bridge. A more unattractive place of residence it would be hard to imagine, but for some reason Mr. Thrale loved it.

On the other hand, Streatham was delightful. It was a fine estate, something over an hour's drive from Fleet Street in the direction of Croydon. The house, a mansion of white stucco, stood in a park of more than a hundred acres, beautifully wooded. Drives and gravel walks gave easy access to all parts of

the grounds. There was a lake with a drawbridge, and conservatories, and glass houses stocked with fine fruits. Grapes, peaches, and pineapples were grown in abundance, and Dr. Johnson, whose appetite was robust, was able for the first time in his life to indulge himself in these things to his heart's content.

In these delightful surroundings the Thrales spent the greater part of each year, and here assembled about them a coterie almost, if not quite, as distinguished as that which made Holland House famous half a century later.

A few years ago Barrie wrote a delightful play — *What Every Woman Knows*; and I hasten to say, for the benefit of those who have not seen this play, that what every woman knows is how to manage a husband. In this respect Mrs. Thrale had no superior. Making due allowance, the play suggests the relationship of the Thrales. A cold, self-contained, and commonplace man is married to a sprightly and engaging wife. With her to aid him, he was able so to carry himself that people took him for a man of great ability; without her, he was utterly lost. To give point to the play, the husband is obliged to make this painful discovery. Mrs. Thrale, mercifully, never permitted her husband to discover how commonplace he was. Could he have looked in her diary, he might have read this description of himself; and, had he read it, he would probably have made no remark. He spoke little.

'Mr. Thrale's sobriety, and the decency of his conversation, being wholly free from all oaths, ribaldry and profaneness, make him exceedingly comfortable to live with; while the easiness of his temper and slowness to take offense add greatly to his value as a domestic man. Yet I think his servants do not love him, and I am not sure that his children have much affec-

tion for him. With regard to his wife, though little tender of her person, he is very partial to her understanding; but he is obliging to nobody, and confers a favor less pleasingly than many a man refuses one.'

Elsewhere she refers to him as the handsomest man in London, by whom she has had thirteen children, two sons and eleven daughters. Both sons and all but three of the daughters died either in infancy or in early childhood. Constantly in that condition in which ladies wish to be who love their lords, Mrs. Thrale, by her advice and efforts, once at least, saved her husband from bankruptcy, and frequently from making a fool of himself. She grew to take an intelligent interest in his business affairs, urged him to enter Parliament, successfully electioneered for him, and in return was treated with just that degree of affection that a man might show to an incubator which, although somewhat erratic in its operations, might at any time present him with a son.

III

Such was the household of which Dr. Johnson became a member, and which, to all intents and purposes, became his home. Retaining his lodgings in a court off Fleet Street, he established in them what Mrs. Thrale called his menagerie of old women: dependents too poor and wretched to find asylum elsewhere. To them he was at all times considerate, if not courteous. It was his custom to dine with them two or three times each week, thus insuring them an ample dinner; but the library at Streat-ham was especially devoted to his service. When he could be induced to work on his *Lives of the Poets* it became his study; but for the most part it was his arena, in which, in playful converse or in violent discussion, he held his own against all comers.

In due time, under the benign influence of the Thrales, he overcame his repugnance to clean linen. Mr. Thrale suggested silver buckles for his shoes, and he bought them. As he entered the drawing-room, a servant might have been seen clapping on his head a wig which had not been badly singed by a midnight candle, as he tore the heart out of a book. The great bear became bearable. One of his most intimate friends, Baretti, a highly cultivated man, was secured as a tutor for the Thrale children, of whom the eldest, nicknamed Queenie, was Johnson's favorite.

Henry Thrale's table was one of the best in London. By degrees it became known that at Streatham one might always be sure of an excellent dinner and the best conversation in England. Dr. Johnson voiced, not only his own, but the general opinion, that to smile with the wise and to feed with the rich was very close upon human felicity; and he would have admitted, had his attention been called to it, that there was at least one house in London in which people could enjoy themselves as much as at a capital inn.

For the best description of life at Streatham we must turn to the pages of Fanny Burney [Madame d'Arblay]. From the pages of her diary we gather how, with talks and walks and drives and dinners and tea-drinkings unceasing, with news, gossip, and scandal at retail, wholesale, and for exportation, it was contrived that life at Streatham was as delightful as life can be made to be. Occasionally there was work to be done, and it became Mrs. Thrale's duty to keep the Doctor up to his work, — no easy task when a pretty woman was around, and there were always several at Streatham. Thanks to Boswell and to 'Little Burney,' we know this life better than we know any other whatever; and what life elsewhere is

so intimate and personal, so well worth knowing?

One morning Mrs. Thrale, entering the library and finding Johnson there, complained that it was her birthday, and that no one had sent her any verses. She admitted being thirty-five, yet Swift, she said, fed Stella with them till she was forty-six. Thereupon Johnson without hesitation began to compose aloud, and Mrs. Thrale to write at his dictation, —

'Oft in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five.
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five:
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five,' —

adding, as he concluded, 'And now, my dear, you see what it is to come for poetry to a dictionary-maker. You may observe that the rhymes run in alphabetical order exactly.'

Meanwhile, Mr. Thrale was quietly digging his grave with his teeth. Warned by his physician and his friend that he must exercise more and eat less, he snapped his fingers at them, I was going to say, but he did nothing so violent. He simply disregarded their advice and gave orders that the best and earliest of everything should be placed upon his table in profusion. His death was the result, and at forty Mrs. Thrale found herself a widow, wealthy, and with her daughters amply provided for. She, with Dr. Johnson and several others, was an executor of the estate, and promptly began to grapple

with the problems of managing a great business. Not long after Thrale's death we find this entry in her journal: 'I have now appointed three days a week to attend at the counting-house. If an angel from Heaven had told me twenty years ago that the man I knew by the name of Dictionary Johnson should one day become partner with me in a great trade, and that we should jointly or separately sign notes, drafts, etc., for three or four thousand pounds, of a morning, how unlikely it would have seemed ever to happen! Unlikely is not the word, it would have seemed incredible, neither of us then being worth a groat, and both as immeasurably removed from commerce as birth, literature, and inclination could get us.'

The opinion was general that Mrs. Thrale had been a mere sleeping partner, and her friends were amazed at the insight the sparkling little lady showed in the management of a great business. 'Such,' says Mrs. Montague, 'is the dignity of Mrs. Thrale's virtue, and such her superiority in all situations of life, that nothing now is wanting but an earthquake to show how she will behave on that occasion.'

But this state of things was not long to continue. A knot of rich Quakers came along and purchased the enterprise for a hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds. Dr. Johnson was not quite clear that the property ought to be sold; but when the sale was finally decided upon, he did his share toward securing a good price. Capitalization of earning power has never been more succinctly described than when, in going over the great establishment with the intending purchasers, he made his famous remark, 'We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.'

Mrs. Thrale's own notes are amusing. She was glad to bid adieu to the

brewhouse and to the Borough — the business had been a great burden. Her daughters were provided for, and she did not much care for money for herself. By the bargain she had purchased peace, and, as she said, 'restoration to her original rank in life'; recording in her journal, 'Now that it is all over I'll go to church and give God thanks and forget the frauds, follies and inconveniences of commercial life; as for Dr. Johnson, his honest heart was cured of its incipient passion for trade by letting him into *some* and *only some* of its mysteries.'

IV

Not many Sundays after Mrs. Thrale's thanksgiving she had a visitor at Streatham — a visitor who, when he left, carried with him as a token of her regard two little calf-bound volumes, in one of which was the inscription, 'These books written by Dr. Samuel Johnson, were presented to Mr. Gabbrielle [*sic*] Piozzi by Hester Lynch Thrale, Streatham, Sunday, June 10th, 1781'; with a further note in an equally clear and flowing hand, 'And Twenty-eight years after that Time, presented again to his nephew, John Piozzi Salusbury, by Hester Lynch Piozzi, "Brynbella," 1st August, 1809.' The book was the first edition of the *Prince of Abyssinia* (it was not known as *Rasselas* until after Dr. Johnson's death), and Mrs. Thrale at the time did not know Piozzi sufficiently well to spell his name correctly; but she was soon to learn, and to learn, too, that she was in love with him and he with her.

She had first met Piozzi about a year before, at a musicale at the house of Dr. Burney, Fanny's father. On this occasion she had taken advantage of his back being turned to mimic him as he sat at the piano. For this she was reprimanded by Dr. Burney, and she

must have felt that she deserved the correction, for she took it in good part and behaved with great decorum during the rest of the evening.

After a year in her widow's weeds, — which must have tormented Johnson, for he hated the thought of death and liked to see ladies dressed in gay colors, — she laid aside her severe black and began to resume her place in society. The newspapers marked the change, and every man who entered her house was referred to as a possible husband for the rich and attractive widow. Finally she was obliged to write to the papers and ask that they would let the subject alone.

But it soon became evident to Johnson and to the rest of the world that Piozzi was successfully laying siege to the lady; as why should he not? The fact that he was a Catholic, an Italian, and a musician could hardly have appeared to him as reasons why he should not court a woman of rare charm and distinction, with whom he had been on terms of friendship for several years; a woman who was of suitable age, the mistress of a fine estate and three thousand pounds a year, whose children were no longer children, but young ladies of independent fortune. That she should marry some one seemed certain. Why not Piozzi? Her daughters protested that their mother was disgracing herself and them, and the world held up its hands in horror at the thought; the co-executors of the estate became actually insulting, and Fanny Burney was so shocked at the idea that she finally gave up visiting Streatham altogether. Society ranged itself for and against the lady — few for, many against.

There were other troubles, too; a lawsuit involving a large sum was decided against her, and Johnson, ill, querulous, and exacting, behaved as an irritable old man would who felt his in-

fluence in the family waning. I am a Johnsonian, — Tinker has called me so and Tinker may be depended upon to know a Johnsonian when he sees one, — but I am bound to admit that Johnson had behaved badly and was to behave much worse. Johnson was very human and the lady was very human, too. They had come to a parting of the ways. It was inevitable that the life at Streatham must be terminated. Its glory had departed, and the cost of its upkeep was too great for the lady. So a tenant was secured and Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson prepared to leave the house in which so many happy years had been passed. Dr. Johnson was once more to occupy his old lodgings in Bolt Court, and Mrs. Thrale, after a visit to Brighton, was to go to Bath to repose her purse.

The engagement, or understanding, or whatever it was, with Piozzi was broken off, and Italy was proposed as a place of residence for him. Broken hearts there were in plenty.

Life for Mrs. Thrale at Bath proved to be impossible. If concealment did not feed on the damask of her cheek, love did, and at last it became evident, even to the young ladies, that their mother was pining away for Piozzi, and they gave their consent that he be recalled.

He came at once. Mrs. Thrale on his departure had sent him a poem which reached him at Dover. She now sent him another which was designed to reach him on his return, at Calais.

Over mountains, rivers, vallies,
See my love returns to Calais,
After all their taunts and malice,
Ent'ring safe the gates of Calais,
While delay'd by winds he dallies,
Fretting to be kept at Calais,
Muse, prepare some sprightly sallies
To divert my dear at Calais;
Say how every rogue who rallies
Envies him who waits at Calais
For her that would disdain a Palace
Compar'd to Piozzi, Love and Calais.

Pretty poor poetry, those who know tell me; but if Piozzi liked it, it served its purpose. And now Mrs. Thrale announced her engagement in a circular letter to her co-executors under the Thrale will, sending, in addition, to Johnson a letter in which she says, 'The dread of your disapprobation has given me some anxious moments, and I feel as if acting without a parent's consent till you write kindly to me.'

Johnson's reply is historic: —

MADAM, — If I interpret your letter right you are ignominiously married: if it is yet undone, let us once more talk together. If you have abandoned your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness; if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief. If the last act is yet to do, I who have loved you, esteemed you, revered you, and served you, I who long thought you the first of womankind, entreat that, before your fate is irrevocable, I may once more see you. I was, I once was, Madam, most truly yours,

SAM JOHNSON.

July 2, 1784.

It was a smashing letter, and showed that the mind which had composed the famous letter to Chesterfield and another, equally forceful, to Macpherson had not lost its vigor. But those letters had brought no reply. His letter to Mrs. Thrale did, and one at once dignified and respectful. The little lady was no novice in letter-writing, and I can imagine that upon the arrival of her letter the weary, heartsick old man wept. Remember that his emotions were seldom completely under his control, and that he had nothing of the bear about him but its skin.

SIR [she wrote], — I have this morning received from you so rough a letter in reply to one which was both tenderly and respectfully written, that I am forced to desire the conclusion of a correspondence which I can bear to continue no longer. The birth of

my second husband is not meaner than that of my first; his sentiments are not meaner; his profession is not meaner, and his superiority in what he professes acknowledged by all mankind. Is it want of fortune, then, that is ignominious? The character of the man I have chosen has no other claim to such an epithet. The religion to which he has been always a zealous adherent will, I hope, teach him to forgive insults he has not deserved; mine will, I hope, enable me to bear them at once with dignity and patience. To hear that I have forfeited my fame is indeed the greatest insult I ever yet received. My fame is as unsullied as snow, or I should think it unworthy of him who must henceforth protect it.

Johnson, she says, wrote once more, but the letter has never come to light; the correspondence, which had continued over a period of twenty years, was at an end.

At the time Mrs. Thrale's detractors were many and her defenders few. Two dates were given as to the time of her marriage, which started some wandering lies, much to her disadvantage. The fact is that both dates were correct, for she was married to Piozzi once by a Catholic and several weeks later by a Church of England ceremony. In her journal she writes under date of July 25, 1784, 'I am now the wife of my faithful Piozzi . . . he loves me and will be mine forever. . . . The whole Christian Church, Catholic and Protestant, all are witnesses.'

For two years they traveled on the continent. No marriage could have been happier. Piozzi, by comparison with his wife, is a rather shadowy person. The difference in their religious views was the cause of no difficulty. Each respected the other's religion and kept his or her own. 'I would preserve my religious opinions inviolate at Milan as my husband did his at London,' is an entry in her journal.

She was staying at Milan when tidings of Johnson's death reached her.

All of her correspondents hastened to apprise her of the news. That Madam Piozzi, as we must now call her, was deeply affected, we cannot doubt. Only a few days before the news of his death reached her, we find her writing to a friend, urging him not to neglect Dr. Johnson, saying, 'You will never see any other mortal so wise or so good. I keep his picture constantly before me.'

Before long she heard, too, that several of her old friends had engaged to write his life, and Piozzi urged her to be one of the number. The result was the *Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson during the last Twenty Years of his Life*. It is not a great work, but considering the circumstances under which it was written, her journals being locked up in England while she was writing at Florence, greater faults than were found in it could have been overlooked. It provided Boswell with some good anecdotes for his great book, and it antedated Hawkins's *Life of Johnson* by about a year.

The book was published by Cadell, and so great was the demand for it, that the first edition was exhausted on the day of publication; so that, when the King sent for a copy in the evening of that day, the publisher had to beg for one from a friend.

v

Meanwhile, the Piozzis had become tired of travel and wished again to enjoy the luxury of a home. 'Prevail on Mr. Piozzi to settle in England,' was Dr. Johnson's parting advice. It was not difficult to do so, and on their return, after a short stay in London, they took up their residence in Bath.

Here Madam Piozzi, encouraged by the success of the *Anecdotes*, devoted herself to the publication of two volumes of *Letters to and from the Late*

Samuel Johnson. Their preparation for the press was somewhat crude: it consisted largely in making omissions here and there and substituting asterisks for proper names; but the copyright was sold for five hundred pounds, and the letters showed, if indeed it was necessary to show, how intimate had been the relationship between the Doctor and herself.

As time went on, there awakened in Madam Piozzi a longing for the larger life of Streatham, and on the seventh anniversary of their wedding day the place was again thrown open. Seventy people sat down to dinner, the house and grounds were illuminated, and the villagers were made welcome. A thousand people thronged through the estate. One might have supposed that a young lord had come into his own. It was a brave effort, but it was soon seen to be unavailing.

But the lady had resources within herself; she was an inveterate reader and she had tasted the joys of authorship. She now published a volume of travels and busied herself with several other works, the very names of which are forgotten except by the curious in such matters.

However, it was evident that life at Streatham could not be continued on the old scale. Funds were not as plentiful as in the days of the great brewmaster; so after a few years, when her husband suggested their retiring to her native Wales, she was glad to fall in with the idea. A charming site was selected, and a villa built in the Italian style after her husband's design. It was called 'Brynbella,' meaning beautiful brow; half Welsh and half Italian, like its owners. I fancy their lives were happier here than they had been elsewhere, for they built upon their own foundation. Piozzi had his piano and his violin, and the lady busied herself with her books, while the monotony of

existence was pleasantly broken by occasional visits to Bath, where they had many friends.

And during these years letters and notes, comment and criticism, dropped from her pen like leaves from a tree in autumn. She lived over again in memory her life in London, reading industriously, and busy in the pleasant and largely profitless way which tends to make days pass into months and months into years and leave no trace of their passing. She must always have had a pen in her hand; it goes without saying that she had kept a diary; in those days every one did, and most had less than she to record. It was Dr. Johnson who suggested that she get a little book and write in it all the anecdotes she might hear, observations she might make, or verse that might otherwise be lost. These instructions were followed literally, but no little book sufficed. She filled many large quarto volumes, six of which, entitled *Thraliana*, passed through the London auction rooms in 1908, bringing £2050.

In the future, what may be written of Mrs. Thrale will be written in better taste. At this time of day why should she be attacked because she married a man who did not speak English as his mother tongue, and who was a musician rather than a brewer? One may be an enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Johnson — I confess I am — and yet keep a warm place in one's heart for the kindly and charming little woman. Admit that she was not the scholar she thought she was, that she was 'inaccurate in narration.' What matters it? She was a woman of character. She was not overpowered by Dr. Johnson, as was Fanny Burney, so that at last she came to write like him, only more so. Mrs. Thrale, by her own crisp, vigorous English, influenced the Doctor finally to write as he talked, naturally, without that undue elaboration

which was characteristic of his earlier style.

If Johnson mellowed under the benign influence of the lady, she was the gainer in knowledge, especially in such knowledge as comes from books. It was Mrs. Thrale rather than her husband who formed the Streatham library. Her taste was robust, she balked at no foreign language, but set about to study it. I have never seen a book from her library — and I have seen many — which was not filled with notes written in her clear and beautiful hand. These volumes, like the books which Lamb lent Coleridge, and which he returned with annotations tripling their value, are occasionally offered for sale in those old book-shops where our resolutions not to be tempted are writ in so much water; or they turn up at auction sales and astonish the uninitiated by the prices they bring.

Meanwhile, the years which had touched the lady so lightly had left their impress upon her husband, who does not seem to have been strong. He was a great sufferer from gout, and finally died and was buried in the parish church of Tremeirchion, which years before he had caused to be repaired and had built therein a burial vault in which his remains were placed. They had lived in perfect harmony for twenty-five years, thus effectually overturning the prophecies of their friends. She continued to reside at Brynbella until the marriage of her adopted son, the son of Piozzi's brother, when she generously gave him the estate and removed to Bath, that lovely little city where so many celebrities have gone to pass the closing years of eventful lives.

As a 'Bath cat' she continued her interest in men, women, and books until the end. Having outlived all her old friends, she proceeded to make new; and when nearly eighty astonished every one by showing great partiality

for a young and handsome actor, — and, if reports be true, a very bad actor, — named Conway. There was much smoke and doubtless some fire in the affair: letters purporting to be hers to him were published after her death. They may not be genuine, and if they are they show simply, as Leslie Stephen says, that at a very advanced age she became silly.

On her eightieth birthday she gave a ball to six or seven hundred people in the Assembly Rooms at Bath, and led the dancing herself with her adopted son (who by this time was Sir John Salusbury Piozzi), very much to her satisfaction. A year later she met with an accident, from the effects of which she died. She was buried in Tremeirchion Church beside her husband. A few years ago, on the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Johnson, a memorial tablet was erected in the quaint old church, reading, —

Near this place are interred the remains of
HESTER LYNCH PIOZZI
 Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Thrale
Born 1741, died 1821

Mrs. Piozzi's life is her most enduring work. Trifles were her serious business, and she was never idle. Always a great letter-writer, she set in motion

a correspondence which would have taxed the capacity of a secretary with a typewriter. To the last she was a great reader, and observing a remark in Boswell on the irksomeness of books to people of advanced age, she wrote on the margin, 'Not to me, at eighty.'

Her wonderful memory remained unimpaired to the last. She knew English literature well. She spoke French and Italian fluently. Latin she transcribed with ease and grace; of Greek she had a smattering, and she is said to have had a working knowledge of Hebrew; but I suspect that her Hebrew would have set a scholar's hair on end.

With all these accomplishments, she was not a pedant, or — properly speaking — a Blue Stocking; or if she was, it was of a very light shade of blue. She told a capital story, omitted everything irrelevant and came to the point at once; in brief, she was a man's woman.

And to end the argument where it began, for arguments always end where they begin, I came across a remark the other day which sums up my contention. It was to the effect that, in whatever company Mrs. Piozzi found herself, others always found her the most charming person in the room.

THE PROBLEM OF THE FLOODS

BY H. M. CHITTENDEN

FLOODS are the most relentless and universal of natural visitations, and the loss of life and property since the Ark rested upon Ararat probably far exceeds the flesh and substance destroyed in that primal catastrophe.

There is a disposition in these later times to charge man with responsibility for this seeming non-fulfillment of the covenant, — 'And God said . . . I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be a token of a covenant between me and the earth, that the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh,' — and to connect it in some way with the process of replenishment. It is true that this process has placed life and property in ever-increasing volume in the pathway of the floods; but the process itself were otherwise impossible. It is also true that man's work has modified to some extent the facility with which the flood waters return from off the earth; but whether this has increased or diminished the evil of the floods is at least an open question.

When it comes to fundamental causes, however, there is no debatable ground. With these man has nothing to do. The windows of heaven are opened and closed by an authority higher than himself. To him is left the problem of dealing with situations which are not of his making and which develop without his fore-knowledge or antecedent power of control. As the process of replenishing the earth advances, the complexity of the problem increases, until it has become perhaps the most onerous imposed upon man

by the necessities of his existence. The scope of this problem, as we find it in that part of the world in which we live, and the methods, tried and untried, which are proposed for its solution, are the subject of this present study.

I

Omitting fortuitous causes of floods, such as dam failures, storm-waves on coasts, and earthquake waves, the most universal cause is the presence of more run-off water from the land than stream channels have capacity to carry. This excess is caused by precipitation, generally in the form of rain. 'The rains descended and the floods came' remains as of old a truly scientific statement of cause and effect. Sometimes the precipitation is in solid form (snow); and as it generally happens that snow melts under a later rain, the effects of two storms are thus added together. This often greatly increases the intensity of floods.

Another primary influence affecting floods is temperature. Heat and cold sometimes exercise decisive effects. Snow melting, already referred to, is an example. Another is the effect of frost in making the ground impermeable, so that rain falling upon it cannot soak in, but must run off as from a roof. Heat has exactly the opposite effect: it dries out the ground, directly or through vegetation, and leaves it in condition to absorb vast volumes of water. Thus it happens that, although the most intense rains generally occur

in the summer, late spring, or early fall, the most intense floods generally occur in winter, late fall, or early spring.

These two agencies — storm and temperature — are, as we have said, entirely outside the power of man to control. Science has discovered no means of modifying them in the slightest degree. Even the prediction of storms is confined to their progress and probable results after they are well developed. In the two great controlling factors in the production of floods man is thus entirely helpless, and his own work begins only after emergency has arisen.

II

Let us now consider the effect of man's occupancy of the earth — the process of replenishment — upon the destructiveness of floods. This opens up the chief controversial aspect of the problem — the alleged effect of man's operations in hastening the run-off of storm-water to the streams and in diminishing the natural capacity of the streams to carry it away. Deforestation, drainage, and encroachment upon flood-channels are the substance of the indictment. So wide is the scope of these matters that we can here enter into no argument concerning them, but must confine ourselves to a categorical summary of what we understand to be the conclusions of the engineering profession in its practical dealings with the problem of flood-control.

First, as to deforestation. It is held by forestry enthusiasts that the forest soil, by virtue of its cover, is more receptive of moisture than the open country. This has never been demonstrated and is very doubtful as a fact. Cultivation of the soil, ploughing, sowing, and so forth, greatly increase capacity for absorption. On the other hand, the undisturbed condition of the forest soil

through long periods, and the solid packing of the ground around the roots of large trees, tend toward impermeability of forest soils. Where the balance of these influences lies, it is impossible to say, but it is probably slight, one way or the other.

It is held that forest cover is the best protection against erosion. There is no protection superior to a well-knit sod, or a thin covering of close-standing crops or underbrush. There are situations where forest cover is probably best for this purpose, but there is no universal rule to that effect.

It is held that forests, by their cooler status, as compared with the open country, induce greater precipitation. As a factor in the flood-problem, even if this were so, it is insignificant and on the side of greater floods.

Beyond question, forests tend to intensify floods from melting snow. This is because they prevent drifting, and thus expose greater surfaces to melting influences.

The definite controlling fact in the whole matter, however, is this: that, even if there be a certain reservoir effect in forest cover, it invariably becomes exhausted in the long rains which lead up to great floods, and is altogether ineffectual when the crisis arrives.

The records of stream-flow where longest kept do not indicate an increase in the intensity or frequency of floods as a result of deforestation, or a contrary effect where reforestation has been long in progress.

Finally, whatever merit there may be in the conventional forest theory, it is impossible of general application because of the necessities of human existence. On the average, not more than one fourth of the land area can be given over to forests in a thickly settled country. That is less than the existing areas of virgin forest and re-

growth in all the territory east of the Mississippi.

It is necessary to lay emphasis on the foregoing facts in order to disabuse the public mind of an illusory theory which amounts almost to an obsession. So long as the public believes that it can protect itself from floods by planting trees, so long will the cause of effective flood-control suffer. How great is the need of enlightenment on this subject may be appreciated when so prominent a man as the late United States Senator Newland, of Nevada, who claimed to have special acquaintance with these subjects and was influential in legislation concerning them, was capable of an utterance like the following:—

‘Why, we have been destroying our forests, those great natural reservoirs of moisture into which the waters fall from the heavens, and *where they are stored in the leaves and the loose soil, and drunk up by the thirsty roots of the trees and vegetation*, and thence the surplus gradually makes its way to the creeks and the tributaries of our rivers. We have destroyed our forests, and the water which used to be absorbed by these forests is now hurried on into the creeks and the rivers.’

Secondly, as to drainage. It seems obvious enough that drainage works — pavements, sewers, road-ditches, tile and open drainage on farms — must hasten storm-water to the streams. That may at once be accepted as a fact. But in this, as in forestry, there are powerful compensations which never occur to one on first thought. This, in particular, is the case with the drainage of lands naturally wet and marshy. In a state of nature these lands are thoroughly saturated in their normal condition. But drainage takes this water out, and creates enormous space for ground-storage where none existed before. So it happens that the

drainage itself, which may hasten the flow of water when once in the ditches, is ever operating to create ground-storage which shall delay the rapid filling of the ditches. We do not know where the balance lies, but our progressive friends, the French, lay especial stress on the restraining influence just pointed out.

Thirdly, as to channel encroachment. In this connection two kinds of channels are to be considered — one, the normal channel between banks in which the ordinary flow of the stream is confined; the other, the overflow channel through the bottoms between the uplands on either side, which comes into use only in time of high water. These bottom lands are universally subject to encroachment and occupancy because they are the most valuable of all lands. This forces an extra burden upon normal channels in time of flood. As to these channels, it seems to be a fact (contrary to the accepted view) that man's work tends to increase rather than diminish their capacity. There are, of course, exceptions, some of them very pronounced; but the rule seems to be as just stated. A most striking example is furnished by the recent studies of the great Miami River flood-problem. The channel capacity through those of the chief towns on that stream where there have been radical modifications by human action, was found to be from two to eight times as great as in the country districts above and below, where man's interference has been slight. Such a condition cannot, of course, be merely an accident.

We may here observe that one of the most capricious and uncertain things in nature is the channel capacity of streams. It is subject to no uniform rule. On the same stream it may vary all the way from the magnitude of the greatest flood to perhaps not one per

cent of it; and so it results that the problem of flood-control, even on the same stream, may be entirely different on the different sections.

The conclusion of this whole question of the influence of man's occupancy of the earth upon the intensity and destructiveness of floods may be stated thus: —

So far as deforestation, drainage, and so forth, are concerned, the compensating influences of cultivation are so many and important that we cannot tell where the balance lies. There is no reason to suppose that in great and prolonged floods it falls decisively on one side or the other. Whatever it may amount to, it is more apparent near the sources of streams than on the lower courses of great rivers, where it is subject to certain other influences to which we shall refer in discussing the subject of reservoirs.

The great and controlling effect of man's work in causing flood destruction arises from his occupancy of natural overflow channels (bottom lands), thus blockading Nature's chief highway for conducting her flood waters to the sea. It is here that man dwells in greatest numbers; it is here that wealth accumulates in greatest abundance. It is a situation in which man is in part responsible for his own misfortunes, and on him rests the burden of adequate provision for escape from them. What such provision should be, is our next inquiry.

III

This subject we may consider under three headings — warnings, prevention, protection.

Flood warnings. Although science cannot predict the occurrence or intensity of a storm with the least degree of certainty, it can forecast something of its progress after it has begun, and it

can do a great deal to warn the public of its probable effects in run-off. The Flood Service, as this branch of public activity is called, thus becomes a matter of great importance, and in France and Germany it is developed to a high state of perfection. By its forecasts it can avert practically all loss of life and, to a large extent, loss of property. It is a highly useful department of the public service, and should be made as efficient as possible.

Flood-prevention. This feature of flood-control has to do with retarding the run-off so that it will not pass downstream as rapidly as it would naturally. It is altogether a matter of reservoir action — catching the water in great basins as it runs from the land, holding it until the storm is past, and letting it out gradually afterward. The method is so logical in theory that the enthusiast never stops to inquire what may be the limitations of its universal application; but, as a matter of fact, these are many and important. The subject itself, like that of forestry, is so extensive in its scope that argument *pro* and *con* is impossible in a paper of this length, and it is necessary therefore to stop with a detailed statement of the conclusions generally accepted by the engineering profession.

In their purpose and functioning, reservoirs are of two classes: storage reservoirs, in which the water is held for some later use, such as power, municipal supply, irrigation, and the like, flood-control being rather an incidental than a main purpose; and detention, or retarding, reservoirs, with outlets always open, so that the water detained during a storm is promptly released afterward, flood-control being in this case the sole consideration. In the storage reservoir the land occupied is permanently lost to other use. In the detention reservoir it remains available for agricultural use.

With the storage reservoir there is generally a conflict of purpose between flood-control and other uses. Inasmuch as the quantity of rainfall in the wet season, when water is being collected, can never be foretold, it becomes important, for storage purposes, to fill the reservoirs as soon as possible, so as to be sure of a supply; while, for flood-control, it is important to reserve ample space until the season of storms is safely past. The conflict can best be harmonized by building the reservoir so large that it can safely store a maximum run-off; but this may greatly increase the cost and may often be impracticable for lack of site. In the majority of cases, both purposes cannot be completely satisfied.

The influence of reservoirs upon flood-control is, of course, greatest on those sections of the streams which lie immediately below the dams. The protection there afforded may be absolute. But the effect diminishes rapidly downstream as additional tributaries come in, and in large part disappears on the lower courses of great rivers like those of the Mississippi basin. This is due in part to the impracticability of building reservoirs on all the tributaries, but mainly to the impossibility of so manipulating outflow as to make it diminish floods on the main stream. Such floods are the result of combinations of floods from many tributaries. Reservoirs, particularly of the detention type, might release their stored waters at the wrong time, so far as the combination below is concerned. There can be no doubt that this would often be the case, and for that reason any system of reservoirs which could not hold back the flood water above them until the season of floods was safely past would be of doubtful value. The enormous development of the system necessary to make it at all effectual, and the difficulty of so manipulating

it as to reduce tributary combination, cause engineers to look with misgiving upon the scheme as a means of controlling the floods on the lower courses of great rivers like the Mississippi.

It seems clear that the reservoir principle of flood-control is bound to have wider and wider application; but it is doubtful whether this will take the form of detention basins for flood-control exclusively, so much as of storage reservoirs with flood-control as one consideration only.

Flood-protection. This is distinguished from flood-prevention in that it does not seek to hold back the run-off, but rather to expedite its progress to the sea, and to make the channels carry it without overflow. The whole purpose is to increase channel capacity. This is accomplished by one of the following measures or by a combination of two or more of them:—

(a) By cutting off bends, thus shortening the channel and increasing its slope, streams may be made to carry more water for the same dimensions. Cut-offs are a very important resource on small streams, and even on some large rivers, like those of the Hungarian plain. Official sentiment is strong against them in the case of the Mississippi, but for other reasons than those of flood-control.

(b) Enlargement of the channel itself may be effected by widening (which is least desirable because it costs more for right-of-way, requires much excavation, and restricts the area of bottom land available for occupancy); or by deepening, which involves expensive excavation and is likely to have to be repeated more than once; or, finally, by enlarging the channel upward through the building of dikes along the banks. This is the levee system—the cheapest, most effective, and most universally used of all methods of channel enlargement. It has been resorted to

in all ages and on all sorts of streams, and the property protected by it is beyond possibility of estimate. In nearly all situations it is at least an auxiliary aid; in some few cases of great importance, — like the Mississippi and the Po, — it is the only method of practical value.

(c) On some rivers it seems impossible ever to confine the greatest floods to the main channel. In such cases auxiliary flood channels, or bi-passes, have to be provided. The Sacramento is the most prominent example. It is considered desirable to avoid this method whenever it is possible to do so, and it has been definitely rejected on the Mississippi, although it has always had its advocates there.

(d) A bi-pass, strictly speaking, returns to the main stream. An outlet differs from it in leading to the sea by its own channel. All deltaic rivers have outlets near their mouths. From the point of view of navigation, they are looked upon with disfavor because they tend to dissipate the energy of the current and lead to the deterioration of the main channel. On the lower Mississippi one such natural outlet, the Atchafalaya, has been maintained; all the others have been closed. Surveys have been made for another in the vicinity of New Orleans, but official sentiment is generally against them for that stream.

IV

It is manifest, from this very cursory survey, that the flood-problem is one of great complexity, not to be worked out by any definite rule, but to be studied from every angle in order to determine the method or combination suited to the particular case. It is, perhaps, fortunate, in spite of the losses suffered, that there has been delay in solving the problem on most streams,

because technical knowledge on the subject has greatly increased in recent years, and the engineering profession is far better prepared than it was twenty, or even ten, years ago to deal with it effectively.

If we were to attempt to formulate any broad conclusion as to the application of these various measures of flood-control, it would be this: as a rule, reservoirs will find their greatest usefulness near the headwaters of streams; levees will be the main resource on the lower courses of great rivers; cut-offs will generally be confined to the smaller streams; and excavation will be resorted to only in special situations, where less expensive methods fail to accomplish the purpose.

There is the satisfying fact about the general problem of flood-control that it is capable of definite solution. Some of the railroads have so far provided against such disasters that they no longer fear them. Every thorough-going treatment places so much of the problem behind us. The total cost, moreover, may not prove so great as we are apt to think. In casually reviewing some of our more important problems, it is difficult to see how the aggregate for this country, in addition to that portion which will be defrayed on other accounts (through works for industrial use, and the like), can equal that of the Panama Canal. Spread over a quarter of a century, the burden will be light and the resulting benefits will virtually cancel it as we go along.

Perhaps the most perplexing question confronting the engineer who is called upon to formulate a scheme of flood-control in any particular case is to determine what degree of control to advise. He invariably becomes convinced that there is nothing in the conditions of the case which can furnish assurance that no greater flood will ever occur than those which he knows to

have occurred. He feels that, to be safe, he must make a large allowance — factor of safety — over the greatest known flood. At the same time, he knows that such floods occur only at very rare intervals, and this further question is forced upon him for decision: is it wise to provide for those extreme visitations which may occur only once in a generation or so? Would it not be better to stop with provision for high floods, accepting the very rare deluges with such emergency measures as may be practicable at the time, and then foot the bill of damages? This is, in fact, the general policy of railroads, which are perhaps the greatest sufferers from floods; and it would be easy to demonstrate, on the basis of financial profit and loss, that the same course would apply to many of the great flood problems of the country.

There are, however, considerations other than mere profit and loss, which assume an importance in some problems that justifies a policy of absolute protection.

A serious hindrance to effective measures of flood-control arises from the quick recovery of the public mind from the shock of disaster. This is a universal experience. Iroquois theatre tragedies, Cleveland school holocausts, stir the public mind to frenzy and lead to the most strenuous measures of protection. But the lesson is quickly forgotten, and severity of regulation correspondingly relaxes.

So in the case of floods. Situations like that in the lower Mississippi, where flood disasters occur every few years, furnish their own impelling force for remedial measures. Other situations, like those in the State of Ohio in the terrible flood of March, 1913, do not arise often, and it requires a forceful, self-denying, and determined public spirit to carry through truly comprehensive measures.

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v

Perhaps the most urgent need of the flood problem to-day is a broad-gauge, enlightened, and energetic public policy in regard to it. There is no occasion for further delay in formulating such a policy, and this fact seems to have found recognition in Congress in the recent creation of a new committee in the House of Representatives for the exclusive consideration of the subject of flood-control. While the powers of this committee do not at present extend to the bringing in of appropriation bills, they certainly do permit the formulation for submission to Congress of a definite national policy; and in the expectation that it will live up to its opportunities, we shall examine some of the features which such a policy should embrace.

In the first place, it should extend to *all* streams, and not be limited to navigable streams. Such technical limitation has been the chief barrier hitherto to any comprehensive flood legislation. It has always seemed to the writer a most illogical barrier. The constitutional authority of Congress to act in these matters is not in terms restricted to *navigable* rivers, nor indeed to rivers at all. It is difficult to understand why Congress may appropriate money to remove a river-bar or other obstruction to navigation, and may not appropriate money to control floods on streams where such floods interrupt interstate commerce, delay the mails, and otherwise interfere with the general welfare. In spite of the fact that Congress has thus far religiously clung to the theory that it can appropriate no money affecting stream-control unless it be in aid of navigation, the grounds upon which this policy rests must be challenged, and we believe that the creation of this new committee is premonitory evidence of its early abandonment.

In the second place, we may observe that there should be close coördination between flood-prevention or protection and other purposes of stream-control, in order that there may be no serious conflict of purpose or undue waste in the cost of development. This is perhaps the most difficult feature of the flood-problem — more difficult than the physical problem in itself. At the outset arises the perplexing question, how to deal with private development upon our streams. We ought not, on the one hand, to prevent or seriously discourage private capital in the development of power; on the other hand, we must not permit such development to become an obstacle to adequate flood-control. A particular feature of private development which might, and generally would, so interfere, is the construction of storage reservoirs. The sites occupied may be the only ones suitable to flood-control, and development for industrial use only might permanently bar the other purpose. It would seem that all such development should first receive the approval of some public body, both as a guaranty of safety and as a means of control.

It is right here that public aid might well be given. Suppose that a reservoir of certain capacity at a particular site will answer all the purposes of industrial development, while one of greater capacity will serve also the purpose of flood-control. If, in addition to the cost justly chargeable to private development, the public could add enough to secure the larger work, manifestly two important ends would be gained.

Some such policy would seem to be exceedingly desirable, because water-power, domestic supply, and irrigation are destined to undergo wide development; and it seldom happens that the particular industrial use concerned requires a dam great enough, or perhaps of the right type, to serve with highest

efficiency the purposes of flood-control.

In the third place, there will be situations, as in the Great Miami Valley, where reservoirs will be built for flood-control only, without any possible return from future use of the stored water. What will be an equitable system of apportioning the cost in such a case? Flood-control clearly benefits two distinct interests — public and private. A great flood destroys means of communication, obstructs interstate commerce, delays the mails, may affect navigation adversely, while its effects may extend to other states than that in which the stream lies. The Federal government certainly has a material interest at stake in all such occurrences. Likewise cities on river-banks subject to the direct onslaught of floods, are interested vitally in their public capacity. But great as these interests are, private interests affected generally far exceed them, and it is right that they should be called upon to bear the burden of works of protection. The problem is to devise a system which shall apportion the cost of flood-control in each particular case equitably, on the basis of the interests involved, and shall have the power to compel unwilling interests to contribute their proper share. Local communities, and even private interests, may prefer to handle their own problems at their own expense, as in the present case of the Miami Conservancy District. There can be, of course, no objection to this, provided the work satisfies the necessary conditions of effectiveness and safety. But isolated examples of this kind do not affect in any way the duty of public coöperation and aid wherever it is needed.

A strong consideration in favor of a national policy for handling this question is the necessity of eliminating conflicts of jurisdiction. Public agencies of various sorts, — such as towns, coun-

ties, and assessment districts, — exist, or are called into being, for particular purposes; but only two — the general government and the states — have the attributes of sovereignty. As between state and nation, if the streams of a state were confined to its own territory, instead, as is generally the case, of crossing the boundaries into other states, there would be some argument for state as against Federal control. But as matters stand, state control can never be made sufficiently comprehensive, and it is far better that the jurisdiction should rest in that authority which embraces the streams from their sources to their outlets. Even with this jurisdiction, international boundaries may interfere; and they do, in fact, sometimes give rise to grave complications, as in the case of the Colorado River, where a situation of such gravity exists that nothing short of a cession of a small tract of territory will ever solve the problem satisfactorily.

Finally, it is strongly urged by many that some one in authority, such as a national Board of Public Works, should have control of *all* the uses to which our streams may be put. The idea appeals to the mind as logical and plausible, but closer analysis fails to justify it as in any sense necessary. Irrigation work, for example, can very well be carried on by the Reclamation Service as it is now constituted, and works in aid of navigation by the Corps of Engineers. The functions of these two organizations might properly be expanded to include flood-control, so far as it relates to their particular work; and a Department of Flood-Control might be created, to deal with those features of the problem lying outside the two fields just mentioned. We do not advance this suggestion as an argument against the central board idea, except to counsel caution in adopting a system which may prove unworkable

by its very ponderosity. There is no reason why separate management of matters which are really quite distinct cannot be accomplished, not only without serious conflict of authority, but rather with intelligent coöperation wherever their respective spheres come into contact.

There is no reason either why such a system may not be just as effectual and economical, while there is even less liability to abuses of the 'pork' variety. 'Pork' is a state of mind, and we shall never get rid of it by any change in departmental methods, but only by a change in the mental attitude of the people.

Let those who imagine that relief in this matter is in sight in the proposed new scheme of centralized control now before Congress consider the following estimate for the next ten years, taken from Senator Newlands's speech cited above. According to the programme there outlined, the sum of \$600,000,000 is to be expended in ten annual installments of \$60,000,000 each for stream-control work of all sorts, 'apportioning this vast sum fairly [*sic*] between the different watersheds of the country,' on the following basis of annual expenditure: —

Atlantic Coast streams	\$10,000,000
Gulf streams exclusive of the Mississippi	5,000,000
Lower Mississippi	10,000,000
Ohio and its tributaries	5,000,000
Colorado and its tributaries	5,000,000
Upper Mississippi and its tributaries	5,000,000
Missouri and its tributaries	5,000,000
Sacramento, San Joaquin, and their tributaries	5,000,000
Snake and Columbia and their tributaries	5,000,000
Some watershed evidently overlooked	5,000,000
Total annually for ten years	\$60,000,000

This is 'pork' — not by the barrel, subject to the approval of a disinter-

ested and scrupulous body of engineers, but by the hog'shead, without any engineering scrutiny, yet 'apportioned fairly,' and absolutely guaranteed from the outset. The great American public should think twice before it takes a plunge like this which, so far as the 'pork' evil is concerned, may prove a veritable jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire.

VI

Limit of space in this paper precludes consideration of special cases, with one exception — that of our greatest flood-problem, perhaps the greatest in the world: the problem of the lower Mississippi. Controversy has raged about it for at least two generations. Great floods have come along and have broken through the levees, carrying destruction to the neighboring bottoms, and the public has forthwith united in pronouncing the levee system a failure. Solutions of the problem have been proposed, ranging from the most visionary schemes to those which have real merit; but the outcome of it all is that 'levees only' is practically accepted by the engineering profession as the true solution. Not only is this the case, but there have been collected sufficient data upon which to base a complete scheme of control.

There is no reason, from an engineering point of view, why the problem should not be taken up forthwith and carried to completion in the course of a few years. And there is every reason why such a course is imperative. The situation on some portions of the river is in what we may call a critical stage—

one in which the work so far done actually aggravates the evil that it is intended to eliminate. This is because, on the one hand, the partial protection so far achieved has induced increased occupancy of the bottom lands, so that there is more property to destroy; and, on the other, because the levees have raised the flood-surface of the river, as levees always do, so that, when a break does occur, it produces more destructive currents than when the overflow was spread in a thin sheet all along the bank. It is of the highest importance to bridge this gap between partial and complete protection with the utmost possible dispatch.

The difficult and uncertain feature of this problem, as it appears to the writer, relates entirely to the method of financing it. This should not be done with Federal funds alone. There must be some proper division of cost between the Federal government and local beneficiaries. The proportion will doubtless vary on different portions of the river, and there will be necessary adjustments with existing levee districts. The direct benefits to the valley taken as a whole certainly justify local aid of fifty per cent.

How this coöperation is to be brought about so as to be dependable and effective is the *real* problem. It will require most careful consideration, and, beyond doubt, a great deal of time. But a plan once settled upon, there would seem to be no excuse for not hastening it to completion within the next few years. The interests at stake have now become so vast, and their growth so rapid, that efficient and positive measures are imperative.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S MESSAGE

BY MRS. A. BURNETT-SMITH

I

I WISH that I could give to my American friends a noble message and one adequate to the appeal of the time; but I fear that I must ask forbearance and sympathy, because the thunder of the guns is in my ears and heart. Away over there, on the blood-red fields of France and Flanders, those dearer to me than life itself are fighting for liberty, with their backs to the wall; and there is only one thing that I am certain of, and that is that I never shall see all of them again.

I could fill far more space than is allotted to me with wonderful stories of the men who are fighting there. I know them so well. I have been with them by camp-fires at home and abroad, in their tents, in their billets, behind the lines, and on the lines of communication. I have spoken to them in all kinds of places, and I could tell you many things that would fill up your hearts; but that is not my task to-day. I have been sent over from my own country, to try to bring before the people of this greater country a picture of what the war has done for us and what life is like over there, where there is no peace, very little sleep, very little light, no freedom from fear, and very little food.

I want you, Americans, to think of these things one by one, and to take them with you in your hearts, and to ask yourselves if you are sufficiently grateful for these simple everyday blessings. I want to tell you that you

ought to cherish them like the angels' visits, because you never know how precious and how necessary they are until they have gone away.

Of course, when war comes to a peace-loving people, without warning or preparation, it must of necessity disorganize to an appalling degree the whole fabric of civilian life. When you take seven or eight millions of men out of the ordinary vocations which they have pursued, there must be much confusion and chaos. We went through all that in the autumn of 1914, and it was then that our women had to step into the breach and show what they could do to serve their country. It is not enough to put great armies into the field. They have to be equipped, not only with fighting implements, but with their uniforms, and boots, and all the things that the fighting man requires.

Munitions of course were the most important part. So little prepared were we, notwithstanding the lies that our enemies have spread, that at the outbreak of the war we had only three munition factories. Now we have five thousand, and they are all more or less manned by women. In every great industry, no matter how great the call from the fighting front, there must always, of course, be left a certain percentage of men, because there is skilled labor that women cannot do without years of preparation, and also there are certain kinds which are too heavy for their physical powers.

We have a million and a half women

working in our munition factories to-day, — all kinds, from the highest to the lowest; peers' daughters, and daughters of cabinet ministers, of professional men, of rich merchants, — all working side by side twelve hours a day, with brief intervals for meals, living together in little villages, which have had to be built close to the factories, in order to solve the housing problem. They are not segregated, but live the communal life, side by side, sharing the family life in dining-rooms, recreation rooms, in all respects living as one family; and it has had a wonderful effect on them all. The upper-class women have learned something from their working sisters. They have gained a broader outlook, a more candid sincerity, and a great many other things which are going to be of much value. The same thing holds good of the other side. They have learned refinement of speech and behavior. In fact, they have come to understand each other, and ignorance is the cause of so much sorrow and misunderstanding that we welcome all this wonderful new fusion in our national life. Please God, when the anguish of these days is over, it is going to be a splendid factor in our reconstruction.

In addition to the women working in munition factories, they have had to take the place of men in commercial houses, in stores, banks, — everywhere where young manhood was formerly employed, — and they have given much satisfaction to all concerned. Everywhere one hears the same story of how they have given of their very best; they are so industrious, they are so uncomplaining, so conscientious in all matters, that they very seldom have to be found fault with. It is surprising how little inefficiency there is in our depleted occupations because of the splendid way the women have stepped into the breach. We have thousands engaged

in driving all kinds of conveyances, and as conductors on buses and on trains. They even clean the streets, and act as porters at the railway stations.

Then we have a land army of about half a million, taking the place of men on the farms. That has been one of our most difficult tasks, because we have found our farmers to be a very conservative body of men, who wanted no changes of any sort; they thought that they should be specially favored as they were food-producers, and should be allowed to keep all the men they wanted; but they have had to take a certain number of women on the land. No man is asked to take a woman helper until she has had some training. One old farmer in my country brought forward a very extraordinary objection. He said, 'Women on the land! What do they know about land? They ain't any good on the land! Just look what Eve did in Eden!' I could not remember that she did very much to the land there. My recollection was merely that she picked the apple and passed it on.

Then we have a very large legion in France. The women began about eighteen months ago to relieve the men in the camps — when the need of men became very insistent. There are some who work in the cook-houses and prepare the men's food, and others who act as orderlies, and as waiters in the different messes. They relieve men as clerks and storekeepers. They take care of and distribute the stores, and drive them to different places as required. In fact, they have relieved every man available for fighting, and they are always being reinforced from the battalions sent out from training. Part of their work is to clean the men's uniforms, and sole and heel their boots; and the latest thing they have taken over is the mending of rifles. Thus there has been a great economic saving by the employment of women. It is

hard work, and they are kept in their own cantonments under strict military discipline. It says a great deal for their patriotism that they are so willing to stay so far from their homes. They are really serving their country in a way that we can never be sufficiently grateful for.

II

We come now to our last reserve of women — the great company of home-keepers; and, believe me, their hearts are just as full of fire as the others'. They are obliged to stay within the four walls of the house because homes must be kept together, the children cared for, and the fires kept burning for the boys when they come home and for the men who are working at civilian occupations. They would love to be in out-and-out war-service, and they get no medals or stripes of honor of any kind. They are simply carrying on the everyday drudgery which we women know so well, forgetful that it is the very foundation of a nation's strength and fineness. Now there has passed into the hands of these women, in the most extraordinary way, the greatest opportunity to serve their country. It has arisen out of the food-shortage, and requires them to serve by putting on very cheerful faces in the face of extraordinary difficulties, and by bringing all the resources of mind and body to bear on the solving of problems not easily solved, the preparation of meals out of poor and scanty ingredients. I am overjoyed to say that they are standing up splendidly to their job and are making the very best of everything at their disposal.

I suppose you are aware that that is not very much. We are getting to be very hungry in England. The shortage has come bit by bit, very gradually, just as it is going to come to you. My

housekeeper said to me one day about a year ago, 'Do you notice every day there is something we cannot get?' And that is exactly how it happened. One day one thing lacking, and another day another; and at last, like Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard, our larder has become very empty indeed. Our shortage of flour is very great — that is the string that is always being harped upon, that 'you must save the wheat flour for us.' I have seen many kinds of war-bread in this country, but nothing quite so unpalatable as ours. It is just made of any old thing on hand at the moment. We have been able to keep up the quantity so far. We always have three and a half pounds of bread per person a week, or its equivalent; but it is not allowed to be sold until it is twelve hours old, on the theory that stale bread goes further than new bread. When you get this, with a thin scraping of margarine, you don't go very far with it. I am very sorry for our bakers, because they get such conflicting orders. In many places in this country I hear much grumbling about continual changes in the orders from Washington.

Now I want to assure you that you are just at the very beginning of things, and that you will continue to get these new orders as time goes on, until you won't know whether your head or your heels are uppermost. But what I want to say most emphatically is this: that the true patriot will accept these orders in the spirit of the soldier, and he will fall in line at once without grumbling. Be assured that the government is not sending out these orders without good reason for the changes; and I hope that every one will fall in line and be as cheerful as possible about them.

Our meat-supply varies greatly according to the amount of success that the U-boat has on the seas. One week we may have a little more than the

last, but we never get more than our allowance of one pound a week per head. Large families get along not so badly, because they have the one big joint in the week, and they can spread it over into respectable meals; but the smaller families have more difficulty. It takes all the ingenuity of the housewife to make meals out of such slender ingredients. Unfortunately, it is the essentials that we are so short of. In my last letter from my housekeeper she said, 'We have had no fat in the house for a week.' Now I put it to you housewives of America — how would you like to go into your larder to-morrow morning and find no fat of any sort to bake or cook with in any form? It takes all one's courage and cheerfulness to tackle the problem.

Milk we were very short of in the winter, owing to the cows being killed because of scarcity of fodder. You cannot buy a glass of milk anywhere in a hotel or restaurant unless you have a child with you. Householders are supposed to take milk only for the sick or for children. Eggs also are scarce and were a dollar and a half a dozen when I left England; but probably, as summer comes on, the situation as regards both milk and eggs will be relieved to some extent, because everything is easier in the summer.

These are the food conditions so far as I know them at the moment. They have been improved somewhat by the introduction of the card system of rations. It came into operation some time last month, and I hear is giving great satisfaction. It does not, of course, increase the quantity, but it does insure equal distribution. It is a curious thing, that food seems to be the supreme test of human nature. People will give up all kinds of things: they don't mind last year's clothes; but when it comes to food, it is a very different proposition. Food is not a very

inspiring subject to write about, but it is very wonderful how inspiring it can become when there is none of it.

I was at a strange little meeting in Ohio, — a pro-German community, — and just before the meeting a woman came up with a very stern expression on her face and said, 'I am just going to tell you this. I *had* to give my boy. He was drafted and I had no choice. But I won't give up my food for anybody.' It sounded as if her food was of more value to her than her boy. 'But won't you please come to the meeting and hear what I have to tell you about how it is over there?' I asked. She came; and after the meeting she came to me and said, 'I am just going to tell you that I am going to change my mind. I *will* go without some of the things.'

It is the supreme test. There is no doubt about it.

Every kind of voluntary ration broke down in England, and it was the people to whom we looked for counsel and advice who were convicted of hoarding on a very large scale. They were very promptly discovered and exposed by the newspapers, and fined or imprisoned, so it did not do them much good. Our women as a whole, however, have been splendid. I am sorry to have to say that it was the men who made the most trouble. The men you know are conservative, especially about food. They like the straightforward things that they know about. In the old days, when we used to have tremendous dinner-parties, two soups, two entrées, etc., etc., it was very interesting to see who sampled the new dishes. It never was the men. They like the straightforward things. They don't like substitutes of any sort. A woman said to me in the street one day, 'I don't mind substitutes, and the children don't, but Harry don't like messes.'

I wonder whether you American

men, when the test comes, are going to live up to your very high reputation. As husbands you are considered to have no equals on the face of the earth. When little jars occur, as they do in the best households, we have been known to tell our lawful spouses that we wished we had married American husbands. Even now, I suppose, you have to eat things that you don't particularly want. The true patriot is the man who can eat an imitation beefsteak, with a smile on his face, and tell the woman who prepared it that it is as good as the real thing.

These are the food conditions, and they are very difficult. The supreme test has come to us after we have grown a little war-weary, and after we have lived through three and a half years of unexampled strain and sorrow and anxiety. I think it is not quite understood in this country, how big a part of England now is as truly the war-zone as where the actual battles are being fought. We have had a great deal of air-raiding, and during the last year the attacks have become much more frequent and much more violent, just as in every department of the war things have become more quick and poignant and active.

The air-raids have increased, in particular. We have no Zeppelins now, because we brought down so many of them: these monsters cost a tremendous amount of money, and the damage they did was so small as not to be worth their while. But they have another kind of machine which can do a great deal more damage. It is called a Gotha. It is a very quick-flying aeroplane. A Zeppelin has to stand still before beginning operations, so that it made a splendid target for our guns; and that is why we had so much success in bringing them down. But this particular ship which has been over us this winter drops bombs while fly-

ing, and a rapidly moving object is much more difficult to attack from below. They do much damage, and destroy a tremendous amount of private property. They come over the coast in large numbers now, — anywhere from twelve to twenty-five or thirty ships, — and they often split up at the coast. They come up the Thames valley, where there are many things they would like to destroy: Woolwich Arsenal for instance, with its twenty-mile circumference of war activity. But they have never once got what they could call an objective of military importance. Neither have they found any of our splendid buildings in London, our historic monuments, the Parliament buildings, and the like. They have succeeded only in destroying a great quantity of small property, and killing poor people who never did them any harm.

III

I am so tired of telling this story of how my own house was destroyed.

In October, 1915, the Zeppelins' visits began to be very serious. They had made other visits before, and we were much interested in them. We always ran out like children to watch them. A Zeppelin may be six or eight hundred feet long. The last ones we know were eight hundred, because we saw one come down near where we lived. Made of beautiful shining material, so exquisitely woven, it was a joy to look at. When you see a shape outlined against a dark blue sky on a starless night, it is like a fairy picture; but when it starts to do its deadly work, you forget about its beauty; and when you hear the grinding of its engine, you have nothing but terror in your heart.

My daughter, who had been working for over three years in the French War Zone, was at home for her first leave that night. She was very anxious to see

an airship. (Both the boys and the girls feel that this war is a great adventure. If they had the real fear and hatred of it that we older people have, whose souls have been seared by the suffering and anguish, they would never be able to do the things they do. We ought to rejoice, and we do, that they have the spirit that sends them when necessary 'over the top.') When I told her that I thought the Zeppelins were out, we went into the garden. We don't venture out any more, for many were killed by falling shrapnel. I have even heard it pattering on my roof like hail. The boys back from the front don't like it.

We all stood there in the garden, listening. Suddenly the engine stopped; following that there was another sound, quite familiar to us because we had heard it in the distance before. It was the explosion of a very large bomb; and that was followed by another and another, in such rapid succession that we were quite stunned. We had no time to be afraid. It was such a wonder to us. It was terrifying in a way. We never spoke a word during the four or five minutes in which this rapid and fierce bombardment took place. In our old town, which had kept its one thousandth birthday shortly before, strange-looking things kept dropping, which proved to be incendiary bombs, intended to set fire to the buildings of which the explosive bombs had begun the destruction. The air was filled with strange, sulphurous, smoking fumes. Above the noise of the bursting bombs could be heard the cries of the wounded. It was as if the mouth of hell had been opened.

We soon saw the evil thing above us. On the lawn was a wonderful old cedar tree, which had stood for four hundred years. This was split by the concussion, and had afterward to be taken down. When it was over and comparative quiet restored, the man who stood

by us said, 'I think now we can go into the house.' And so we walked across the terrace, and tried to go in. There was a French window opening on the terrace, and it was unbroken; but when we tried to open it, we found there was no house. The entire front had been blown up, and the noise was so great, and the concussion being outward, not toward us, we did not know that it had happened. Books, pictures, furniture, walls, roof, — everything was down in one inextricable heap. We could look into the street, where were a few flashing lights.

What happened to me that night, and to a number of other people, is the sort of thing that is happening all the time in our country in the war zone, which is increasing in size every day. They are building more and more airships, and they are going farther and farther into the interior. We don't talk very much about it. This war is such a stupendous thing. We just don't think about our own possessions. Why, we don't seem to belong to ourselves any more. You can always get another house, you know, but there is only one country. After all, for the things that alone make life worth living there is no sacrifice too great. You are willing to give, and give again — to give life itself if only it will help in winning the victory.

Another night I came very near to the Zeppelin danger. My job has been a talking job for a long time. I have talked to munition workers in factories, etc., etc. All women who work on munitions need encouragement. It is not women's work. If you could see the heads bent over the work — women's heads, such pretty heads! — you would rebel as I did. But they are dedicated to this service because there is one thing worse than war, and that is dishonorable peace. I think our women will not have any such peace. Just

before I came here I went to Woolwich Arsenal to get light on how matters were there. There is one splendid welfare superintendent there, who looks after forty thousand women workers. I asked her if the spirit of the women who had been working so long at munition work was as fine as in the beginning; and she answered, 'Yes, it is just as fine, but I think it is more determined, and there is only one thing that would make them rise in a body and that is if an inconclusive peace was settled upon. They have worked so long they will only hold on to victory.'

The other question was quite as interesting and equally important. A good many of us who are old-fashioned have been troubled about what is going to be the future of the homes over which these women who have been dedicating themselves to strange unwomanly work would preside; and I asked Miss Barker what effect it was likely to have on the homes to be established by-and-by. There was no hesitation about her answer. She said, 'Every one of them will be glad to creep back to their firesides. There will be better homes because of the wider vision. The men will have to be worthy of them. I tell the women, too, that they will have to be worthy of the men when they come back.' So out of this war there may arise something finer and more beautiful in our family life than anything we have experienced yet.

I spoke to the women on the night-shift, reminding them that they were soldiers quite as much as the boys at the front, and that they must stand behind the fighting men. As I stood speaking to these women and girls, suddenly the lights went out. We knew what that meant. We could hear the grinding of the Zeppelin engine, and we knew that if one shell fell on the glass roof above us, but few would live

to see the dawn of another day. It was an awful moment, and presently the nerve of some of the women began to break. You could hear a sob here and there and a little scream, and presently some one, inspired by a message from on high, began to sing softly that beautiful hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul.' I wish that I could make you see and feel what it was like, — that wonderful low melody stealing across the factory, taken up by every voice, — and how it fell like a benediction upon the bowed heads and beating hearts until all fear was stilled and we knew that nothing would happen to us; and nothing did. Presently the lights went up, and work was resumed as usual.

IV

That is not a fancy picture, not an unusual thing. It is just what our women are going through day by day. You may wonder what the spirit is of that people living under that strain every day. We are very tired in the old world. I think that you who are so young, so full of hope, must find it difficult to understand just how tired we are. We are just as brave, just as determined. We have taken the vow, on our hearts and our consciences, that we will never, never let go; that we will stand to fight to the last man, to the last woman, to the last ditch. That is one of the things that the war has done for us. It has made us feel, because we have suffered so much, that we can endure more; and the same thing is true of Italy, France, and wherever there is the war. You will find the squaring of the shoulders, the setting of the lips, the hardening of the eye, that tells of a people who have lost neither hope nor courage. We know that the darkest hour is before the dawn, and the tide will turn by-and-by — perhaps not for the victory

that once we hoped for, but there can be no doubt about the issue; for it is not an ordinary war, an ordinary struggle between nations for a bit of supremacy or power or prestige: it is the beginning of the final struggle between good and evil, between might and right, between the powers of evil and the powers of good. And because we know and believe that this great English-speaking people are on the side of liberty and humanity, we have courage to go on and hold on, even through the days of sacrifice and darkness.

We do not read our casualty lists any more. Many of us dare not. When we meet, we do not even speak of those who have gone away. A very touching thing was told me by one of my neighbors. He was the last of twenty-four officers in one of the Gordon regiments. He said that the places were just filled up as soon as they were emptied, and they never spoke of those who had fallen. That brings the reality of the thing to you.

In every home in our country to-day there is found the vacant chair, the loss of some near kindred. In my own little country — Scotland — you will find many, many villages from which the Highland regiments have been recruited. There are no boys left to come back. They are all dead.

Not many weeks before I came to this country, I was up in the Gordon country, and on a Sunday night I was speaking in a church on the spiritual side of the war. At the close, a woman came to me, a little simple country woman, dressed in deep mourning, and in her bag she had three portraits of boys dressed in the uniform of the Gordon Highlanders, and a little yellow missive, which I, alas, knew too well. 'The War Office Department regrets to inform — — that — — was killed in action.' She laid this little missive beside one of the portraits, and

said, 'That came yesterday. That's Jimmie. He's the last of the three.' She had given her all. Then she added, 'I hear you are going to America. Will you tell American mothers I have given all my lads? I had only three and I would give six, if I had them, for the same cause.' Another friend of mine has given all her five sons. She was a widow and she has none left; but she is working in one of the canteens with no shadow on her face.

I wonder where that strength comes from. I will tell you. Since there has been this great and universal loss throughout the length and breadth of our land, there has arisen a great questioning about the better country to which so many of our splendid boys have gone. They were the flower and hope of the nation; not the dregs, not the remnants, but the boys who had to die before they lived; and there has arisen in the hearts of the men and women who never thought about it before, a new interest in the life that is to come. They could not believe that those lovely creatures could go down like the beasts that perish. If we have a loved one who has gone to another country, we read about that country, and ask all manner of questions concerning it. We put any traveler who returns through a regular catechism, so that we may visualize it. So it is with the Father's house to which our boys have gone. We want to know about it. We want to feel sure that these glorious souls are marching on, and that somewhere, somehow, they are fulfilling themselves and finding a destiny that is worthy of them. And so you would find us to-day in England a very serious but not a too sad people, because we have got a vision of the inner flame. We have, rearing itself in the very core of our national life to-day, a foundation which is built upon the sure hope. It is being built by men and women who

have found for the first time the key which the Lord Christ left upon the stone, on the Resurrection morn.

So, you see, the war is not all loss, it is not all cost, all pain. It has its compensation; and you men and women of America, who stand at the beginning and to whom this sorrow will surely come, I want to tell you that with your sorrow will come the courage and light from above for everything you need in the hour of supreme test. Now I wonder whether you men and women of America have realized this stupendous fact, that this country to which you have the honor and privilege to belong, this great America, is now the last reserve standing between civilization and the evil thing that is out to destroy it. We are very tired; we have given all we have to give. Our age-limit has been raised to fifty, and we are taking at this very time our boys of nineteen; so you will understand that we are coming near the end of our resources.

And now the eyes of the whole world of humanity, of those who have been through the Gethsemane of these terrible years — all eyes are turned on you. I wonder if you realize the solemn-

nity of this high hour, if you know the greatness of your own destiny. It narrows down, as all the big things of life do, to the personal, the individual question, 'What are you doing to make yourself worthy of the great offering which has been laid, not only on the altar of all those countries which are suffering, but on the altar of humanity?' No one can say that what he or she can do is of no account. The cumulative effort, built up like the sands of the sea, is what counts; so what you men and women do greatly matters. Perhaps, who knows, even the little which you have to offer may turn the scale.

Out of a heart that is strained almost to the breaking-point, I beg you, please, please wake to the fact that the whole world has its eyes turned in travail and in sorrow, but also in hope and in confidence, to these shores and to the flag which has stood so long for liberty and freedom. Please God, the flags that are united in this great conflict shall never be disunited, and the great union of English-speaking peoples shall secure and safeguard the future for our children and our children's children.

A WHITE-THROAT SINGS

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

FROM ancient Edens long forgot

He felt a breath of spring,
And in the leafless apple tree
He heard a white-throat sing.

With fluted triplets, clear and sweet,
The bird proclaimed its joy,
And on the withered orchard grass
The man became a boy:

A boy who ran, a boy who dreamed,
In April sun and rain;
Who knew all good was happiness,
All evil only pain.

Sing on, O white-throat in the tree,
He does not hear you now!
The years are trampling on his heart
And armies o'er his brow.

From ancient Edens long forgot
No resurrection comes
Until the smallest sparrow's song
Is louder than the drums!

GERMAN CORRUPTION OF THE FOREIGN PRESS

BY 'LYSIS'

I

THE German government realized long ago that the most reliable medium of influence in democratic countries is the press. To secure the support of the press, newspapers can be purchased; but that is a ruinously expensive method. Think of the millions that it would cost to acquire a number of organs of very wide circulation. Moreover, this method is not dependable, for it is a very difficult matter to keep secret for long the name of the purchaser of a great newspaper. It is, therefore, a mode of procedure which can be employed only provisionally, with a definite object in view, and for a limited period. It was a transaction of this sort that the Germans had in mind when they tried to buy certain French newspapers, such as *Le Journal*.

How much more reliable and more practical is the plan of creating an agency to secure a monopoly of advertising! This enterprise, after concentrating the greater part of all commercial advertising in its own hands, begins by placing advertisements in the newspapers on which it has its eye; then it takes over all their advertising by contract, on terms which relieve them altogether from the exertion of seeking advertisers. Having thus become the purveyor of their receipts, it has them in its clutches, and directs their management.

This plan is clearly revealed in a passage of a paper in the German review, *Der Türmer*, of February, 1915, in which

the principle is set forth that 'inasmuch as the advertisements yield the major part of the receipts of a newspaper, it is usually the case that the contractors for the advertising have large influence over it.'

One can see what powerful political control can be exerted by a large concern having a monopoly of advertising, when that concern is in the hands of a foreign government; one can imagine how fully it can keep that government posted as to all matters political, industrial, commercial, and military; one divines what important services it can render to the commerce of its own country, — in this case, Germany, — by supplying its nationals with information as to the advertising done by the people among whom it is operating, and as to other matters, in order to advance the interests of its compatriots to the detriment of the producers of their adopted country.

This is not a mere hypothesis on our part: we shall see later that a German firm had succeeded in obtaining control of the advertising pages of ninety-six newspapers in one of the Allied countries — Italy — before the war. We shall show, furthermore, that by means of its contracts and the position it had secured, it had become so powerful that it still holds a monopoly of the advertising of eighty-one Italian publications at the present moment, in the midst of war!

Nothing is so valuable as facts, to carry conviction of the validity of opinions. In order, therefore, to enlighten

the reader, we propose to tell here the story of the great German advertising agency of Haasenstein and Vogler, of Berlin.

II

A Swiss named Georg, established at Geneva as correspondent of a German advertising agency, had formed, in 1882, with two Germans, Haasenstein of Berlin and Vogler of Hamburg, an agency with headquarters at Geneva, under the firm name of Haasenstein and Vogler.

Haasenstein and Vogler having, in 1885, set up an agency in Berlin without a distinctive name, the latter took over such rights as its founders individually owned in the Geneva concern; but, in 1890, as the agency was desirous of extending its activities, chiefly in the Latin countries, — Italy and France, — it became necessary for the Berlin agency to disappear, so far as outward appearances went, from the Geneva concern. So it turned over its interests therein to Georg. He transferred them, some months later, to a new agency which he formed at Geneva, and which he still manages. The new concern retained the German name, with a board of directors which was absolutely in Georg's hands.

Thanks to this series of cessions and transformations, it might be supposed that the agency was a Swiss affair, whereas in reality it was simply a continuation and development of the concern originally formed by a Swiss and two Germans.

Georg, who continued to act as the chief representative and confidential agent of the house of Haasenstein and Vogler of Berlin, had in his own name 1501 shares of 1000 marks, out of 2000 shares of capital in that concern; he kept them in his name till the middle of 1916. He was therefore the 'king-pin' of both the German and the Swiss

concerns; but he was also, as we shall see, the 'king-pin' of the Italian house of Haasenstein and Vogler, as well as of the French — or so designated — establishment founded later under the name of 'European Advertising Agency.'

III

It was on December 10, 1902, that Georg launched the Italian agency, called Haasenstein and Vogler, in conjunction with his brother Henry Georg, also a Swiss citizen. The capital was fixed at a modest figure — an interesting fact to note: it was only 200,000 francs. How could so insignificant a sum suffice to carry on a business which amounted of late years to 15,000,000 francs (\$3,000,000) annually?

We must conclude that a large capital is not essential to an undertaking of this sort. It is hard to believe it, when we analyze the way in which the agency was operated among our Latin allies, and especially when we remark that the secret of its success consisted in the advances, of varying proportions, which it consented to make on account of its contracts with the Italian newspapers, which were rarely supplied with adequate funds. The most probable explanation is that the money came from Germany, and that they placed their capital at so modest a figure only to avoid paying taxes to the Italian Treasury.

Once established, the concern installed branches in the principal Italian cities, and entrusted their management, in most cases, to Germans. For example: at Milan to Wunenburger (born at Kehl), and Otto Caspary (born at Elberfeld); at Rome, to George Stähle (born at Spindelbach, Württemberg); at Florence, to Frederic Gehres (born at Verse, Westphalia); at Genoa, to Wilhelm Obermüller (born at Karlsruhe), cashier, and Schipach, a

German; at Naples, to Hugo Schulte, a Prussian, now in the German army.

But how did it negotiate with the papers, and by what sort of contracts did it set about enslaving them, in order to attain the end that we have described at the beginning of this paper? We may learn by certain excerpts from the contracts by which eighty-one Italian papers are still, at this very hour, bound to Haasenstein and Vogler of Milan, that is to say, of Berlin.

Article 5.—The management of the —, and, acting for it, M. —, shall have the absolute right of veto as to all advertisements which it may deem injurious or inopportune from the standpoint of morality or of the character of the paper. But it shall not be entitled to forbid the publication of any advertisement which has been previously inserted, or of any other of a like character.

The management of the — binds itself to prevent the publication, in the guise either of editorial matter or of correspondence, in the body of the paper, — and especially in the columns not devoted to advertisements, — of articles capable of impairing in any possible way the advertising value of the paper.

Thus the Haasenstein and Vogler agency has the power to forbid the insertion of anything which it deems inopportune or capable of impairing the advertising value of the paper, not only on the pages devoted to advertisements, but on the editorial pages properly so-called.

Nor is this all: it also claims the right to exclude any announcement which does not meet its views, without giving a reason, even if it is offered at the full rate: —

Article 9.—In all business negotiations, whether conducted directly with customers or through any third party, Haasenstein and Vogler shall be entitled to grant such reductions from the regular rates as they may deem necessary. Moreover, when such business comes through the intervention of

correspondents themselves, branch houses, or agencies, said Haasenstein and Vogler may make such reductions as they may deem advisable, but in no case greater than 15 per cent.

Haasenstein and Vogler shall have the right to refuse advertisements coming from a rival agency, as well as those offered at a lower rate than that mentioned at the head of the paper, for which they do not deem it advisable, for special reasons, to make a reduction in rates.

They shall also be entitled to refuse advertisements at full rates, when they do not deem it advisable to accept them.

This is appropriation pure and simple: with this clause they can, at their pleasure, cut off all competition, foreign or native, of a rival product with the German product. Finally, let us quote this provision: —

Article 22.—The contracting parties agree to maintain the most absolute secrecy concerning the terms of this contract, as well as of all other agreements that may hereafter be entered into between them.

Secrecy, indeed! That follows as a matter of course in such hole-and-corner bargains! Poor Italians—proud as they are, how easily one can understand their disgust!

In the *Nouvelle Revue* of February 7, 1918, Jean Ajalbert wrote, in an article entitled: 'In Italy, a War-Journey: February–May, 1916,' —

In the course of thirty years of friendly relations, German agents had insinuated themselves into editorial sanctums and printing offices. But they had more reliable methods. They had monopolized the advertising business by means of the so-called Swiss agency of Haasenstein and Vogler, which worked with feverish energy at the beginning of the war. The great newspapers were able to resist and hold their own; but a large number had to choose between suspending publication and bending the knee, that is to say, accepting doctored dispatches and carrying on a campaign for the Central Empires.

The Haasenstein and Vogler concern distributed or refused advertising, that is to say, supplies, to the poor papers.

But the Italian concern, at Milan, founded by Georg, the confidential agent of Haasenstein and Vogler of Berlin, had its labor for its pains: it did not succeed in preventing the Italian government from taking its stand on the side of the Right. Then it was that, realizing that it was compromised by the shifty manœuvres to which it had resorted, it underwent a transformation,—this is one of the processes for which the Germans have no distaste,—changed its name, and became the *Unione di Pubblicità Italiana* (Italian Advertising Union). It did more than that: it changed its quarters and established itself in less pretentious offices; and still more—it changed the managers of its branches, whose Teutonic names disclosed too plainly their real nationality.

As it was necessary, however, that the management should remain in the hands of a trustworthy person, it retained one of the two former managers. Wunenburger; but in the documents in which his name appears, he is described as a native of Geneva, although he had been previously declared to have been born at Kehl. This is a proceeding which was repeated, as we shall see, at the time of the establishment of the European Agency at Paris.

Meanwhile this attempt to disguise the Haasenstein and Vogler concern was characterized as it deserved to be by a certain number of Italian papers.

On July 29, 1916, *La Sera* said, —

A typical example of the artifices by which the Germans have been able to exploit us and are exploiting us still, is presented by the advertising industry, which, so far as a very large number of Italian newspapers is concerned, is in the hands of a purely German concern, the house of Haasenstein and Vogler. Up to yesterday

it has appeared under the mask of an anonymous Swiss advertising agency, whose place is taken to-day by the *Unione di Pubblicità Italiana*. . . .

Under this deceptive name, Haasenstein and Vogler continue to hold a monopoly of insertions on the fourth page of our newspapers, which believe, as does the general public, that the aforesaid concern, which is attempting to-day to hide its German name behind an Italian designation, is a Swiss commercial house, whose members and capital stock have no connection with a house organized, managed, and financed by Germans.

The chicanery and contempt with which we are treated could not be more outrageous, because the house of Haasenstein and Vogler, even if it can as a matter of law be held to be Swiss, has always been German both ethnologically and financially.

Many Italian newspapers, their eyes being opened, broke with Haasenstein and Vogler, in spite of the contract which bound them. Litigation ensued. The Tribunal of Milan, and, later, the Court of Appeal, decided in favor of the newspapers; but all had not equal courage. Refuse advertising? It is very easy to say it, but how is one to replace the receipts from that source? Tout for customers one's self? But they do not always come for the asking: one needs a body of trained men to run after customers, solicit them, make them understand that it is to their interest to spend money in advertising in order to sell their wares.

An organization of this sort is not to be got together in twenty-four hours; and pending the time when you have it, you must have the means of holding your ground.

The Haasenstein and Vogler agency holds the newspapers, first of all, in this way; and also, in another way, by a shrewd appeal to their pockets: it makes advances of large amount on their advertising contracts, thus reaping this twofold advantage: it receives

good interest, and its customers, so long as they have not repaid the advances, are at its mercy.

IV

Down to 1912 the German house of Haasenstein and Vogler of Berlin, which had succeeded so well in Italy through the medium of Georg, its confidential agent, had in France only a single unimportant branch agency, at 100 rue de Réaumur, Paris. In 1912 it thought that the time had come to found a powerful concern, in order to attain in our country the end we have described at the beginning of this paper.

But it was a more difficult matter for the Berlin people to obtain a foothold in Paris than to establish themselves at Geneva or Milan. To hoist the flag of Haasenstein and Vogler would have been too hazardous: a German label in France meant certain defeat.

How could they get around the obstacle? How could they find sober-minded Frenchmen who would consent to play the part of dummies and tools of the Berlin house? It was a risky undertaking: they concluded that Georg, President of the Swiss Agency of Haasenstein and Vogler, in view of his Swiss nationality, might be able to found the Paris house without attracting attention; and to impart a more truly French aspect to the establishment, they conceived the scheme of purchasing one or more agencies already operating in the capital.

Thus, in 1912, Georg entered into negotiation with Messieurs Van Minden Brothers, natives of Holland, and well known for many years under the style of Maurice and Paul Méry. He bought their business and proceeded to organize the new concern, turning over to it his new purchase, with the assent of his vendors.

In addition to the Van Minden turn-

over, the capital to be subscribed in cash was to be 2,200,000 francs. It was subscribed by Georg, one Haccius, his son-in-law and nephew; his father-in-law (a German by birth); Herman Spahlinger, a Württemberger; Sigismund Richter, a German; and a Frenchman, E— D—, who subscribed the trifling sum of 12,500 francs. Thus Georg was the principal stockholder of the concern: with his son-in-law and nephew, and his father-in-law, he held shares to the amount of 2,137,500 francs out of 2,200,000.

But they had done one imprudent thing: they had included among the founders of the agency, and, later, in its first Board of Directors, the German Sigismund Richter, falsely declaring him to be a merchant living at Geneva; and this Richter was actually manager of the parent house of Haasenstein and Vogler at Berlin! What would you have? No matter how prudent men are, and how practiced in dissimulation, they always end by committing some imprudence that betrays them, especially when they believe, as every German does, that everything that they do is all right.

We may add that Georg himself, in the act of incorporation, did not disclose the fact that he was manager of the Swiss branch of Haasenstein and Vogler, describing himself modestly as a merchant of Geneva; but this is a mere detail.

It thus appears, from the most conclusive evidence, that the Berlin house — of which Georg was the active head, and of which he held, down to 1916, three fourths of the capital stock; the Geneva house — of which he was the founder, in conjunction with the Germans Haasenstein and Vogler; the Italian house — which also he had founded and the management of which he had entrusted to the most unadulterated Prussian he could lay his hand on; and,

finally, the Paris house — of which he and his relations owned almost all the capital, and in which he had placed Sigismund Richter, manager of the Berlin house — that all these are not merely connected with one another, *but form a single, identical enterprise*. In fact, this status was judicially recognized by a decree of the President of the Tribunal of the Seine, dated February 26, 1918.

This condition of affairs inspired the following just observations in the Milan newspaper, *La Sera*, of July 29, 1916.

One definite and significant fact stands out, namely, that the German mind is so constituted as to believe that a German concern, like Haasenstein and Vogler, whatever the domicile of its branches, whether Italy or Switzerland, ought to use its financial power to impose a Germanophile editorial policy upon those papers whose advertising it controls; and this the Haasenstein and Vogler concern complains that it cannot do.

This shows a state of affairs of serious consequence, which opens a limitless view of the methods of the German propaganda, especially when one remembers the multitude of small agencies that gravitate about this vast undertaking, and the various disguises it can assume; as it did in France, where it formed the European Advertising Agency, at Paris, which is nothing more than an off-shoot of Haasenstein and Vogler of Berlin, and whose president, Karl Wilhelm Georg, and his brother Heinrich Georg, appear in the notarial certificate, at Turin, as owners of the Haasenstein and Vogler Agency in Italy, as they still are of the house disguised under the name of *Unione di Pubblicità Italiana*. The European Advertising Agency is no more French than Haasenstein and Vogler is Swiss, or than the *Unione di Pubblicità Italiana* is Italian.

Haasenstein and Vogler has changed its name but not its body, and even less its soul. It is still the same old German advertising agency, the major part of whose property remains at Berlin in the possession of the German manager of the German house,

Doctor Richter, who, we must remember, is one of the founders and a member of the Board of Directors of the European Agency, and whose fellow directors are the same men, whether in Berlin, Geneva, Milan, or Paris.

Only the label on the bottle has been changed: the contents are always the same.

Again, in *Il Giornale* of August 4, 1916, we read that 'the fact is definitely established that M. Georg, already President of the Board of the Swiss and Italian branches of Haasenstein and Vogler, has taken the presidency of the European Advertising Agency, a purely German creation.'

V

Now let us see how the European Advertising Agency succeeded in taking root in France, in obtaining a large amount of business there, in making its way into the old French advertising agencies, in opening negotiations with them, and in securing monopolistic concessions which were destined to enable it to approach the French press, and by slow degrees to make itself master of it.

The European Society, thanks to the plant which the Van Minden Brothers, doing business under the name of Méry, had turned over to it, and to the purchase in the following year of the house of John Jones, had at once made a position for itself. It took advantage of it to enter forthwith into relations, not with the press, but with the Havas Agency, and the *Société Générale des Annonces* (Renier), which together control the advertising of the great Paris papers and of the majority of the great provincial journals. It addressed them, probably, in something after this fashion: 'Why should you exert yourselves to increase your clientèle in opposition to us, of whose power you must be well aware, since we have behind us the great house of Haasenstein and Vogler which casts its beams through-

out the world.' And to substantiate its words, it had only to produce an account-book which was common to the branch agencies of Haasenstein and Vogler and the parent concern at Berlin — a book which proved the unity of the enterprise.

Havas and the *Société Générale* must have been convinced by this reasoning, as those two agencies entered into an agreement with the European Agency, dated October 25, 1913. By its terms the French concerns pledged themselves not to accept any advertisements from foreign countries for the French press, and not to accept any orders from French business houses for foreign publication.

Thus, in the first year after its foundation, the Agency had begun to carry out the plan that it had marked out for itself, and to make itself, by slow degrees, master of the French press, by becoming an important purveyor of advertisements, and consequently the dispenser of those receipts without which a newspaper cannot exist.

Georg, the great man of the house of Haasenstein and Vogler, had taken his precautions, in case he should fail to put his hand on the French press, and the latter should rebel, by founding at Geneva, through the medium of dummies, the *Société Générale d'Affichage* the purpose of which was to accomplish through advertising by bill-posting, what the European Advertising Agency proposed to do through the newspapers.

In the first days of its existence this bill-posting agency succeeded in acquiring certain French establishments, already in existence, which it allowed to keep on operating under their former names. In 1913, it had branches in the following towns in France: Agen, Bayonne, Biarritz, Bordeaux, Cannes, Evian, Luchon, Marseilles, Menton, Montauban, Nice, Royan, and Tou-

louse. In 1917, the list included the following additional names: Aix-les-Bains, Albi, Annemasse, Arcachon, Chamonix, Divonne, Narbonne, Perpignan, Sou-lac-sur-Mer, and Thonon.

More than that — the new agency has acquired the concession for the municipal bill-posting in certain large French towns, notably, Albi, Agen, Bayonne, Biarritz, Cannes, Marseilles, Menton, Montauban, and others.

By the creation of the *Société d'Affichage* and its grip on the French bill-posting agencies, Georg, and through him the European Advertising Agency, were able, whenever they chose, to threaten to dispense with the services of the newspapers and resort to advertising on the bill-boards.

We may cite, on the subject of the efforts made to extend this enterprise and of the outlay that Georg was prepared to make an order to obtain control of the whole bill-posting industry of France, the following characteristic episode: —

In 1912 Doctor Hermann Stoll, director of the Maggi Company, proposed to the manager of one of our large bill-posting agencies to put him in communication with a friend of his, M. Georg, who had a proposition to make to him.

One fine day Georg appeared, armed with a letter from his friend Stoll. The interview took the following course; although we do not vouch for the exact words, we give their meaning faithfully.

Georg. — The *Société Générale d'Affichage*, of which I am the manager, and with which you are familiar, is extending its field of action in your country by purchasing existing agencies. We are ready to take over yours. How much do you want for it?

M. X. — Your question takes me by surprise, but I am sufficiently well acquainted with the ideas of my associates to reply

that we are not selling our business. It is a business to which we are attached, and which we propose to develop ourselves.

Georg. — You force me to speak in a different tone. I am Georg — people do not oppose my wishes. Understand that I can find all the capital I need to crush those who are in my path. You cannot contend with me. You will be ruined if you try it. I give you fair warning.

M. X. — Very good; we shall see.

This dialogue is not mere fiction: it really took place.

VI

Even during the war the European Agency has displayed tremendous energy in monopolizing foreign advertisements. On December 4, 1916, it wrote to the *Malay Mail*, imprudently introducing itself under the ægis of a great French house, from whom it claimed to have acquired a monopoly of advertisements destined for Australia. The House thus involved formally contradicted this claim; but we will pass over this eminently Teutonic device. The letter went on to say: —

We wish, during the war, to draw closer the commercial links which exist between us and the United Kingdom and to develop the business we are doing with the English Colonies, so as to keep away from the Allied countries all foreign competition in future.

We have been established for 35 years as advertising agents, having been one of the first firms founded on the European Continent; we are only beginning to develop our relations with the English Colonies which — we regret to say it — have been rather neglected up to the present. The Michelin business is a start; others will follow and we have the firm intention to induce as many of our clients as possible to sell their products in Australia, with the help of advertising.

In order to facilitate the financial side, we have asked the Lloyds Bank, our bankers, to give references on our firm to the Union Bank of Australia at Melbourne,

who will give you all the information you may need. Furthermore, we have been in business relations for about thirty years with the leading London papers: *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Morning Post*, *Graphic*, *Sphere*, *Illustrated London News*, etc., etc., and they also will give you all references.

We believe, however, that the fact that the firm of Michelin of Paris has entrusted us exclusively with their advertising for such countries as Australia, West Indies, Spain, Portugal, Siam, Straits Settlements, China, etc., etc., gives you all guaranties.

We may remark incidentally that the European Agency, founded in 1912, here describes itself as being 35 years old. How does it justify this statement? Everything is made clear if we remember that the partnership between Haasenstein, Vogler, and Georg dates from 1882. This is a manifest confession.

In July, 1914, the Agency sent a circular letter to America, to the large manufacturing concerns and business houses, in the following terms: —

Mr. Jean H. Fulgeras, associate of this Company, will be in the United States during the month of September, and will be glad of the opportunity to confer with you in regard to the possibility of extending your market into France and Continental Europe.

In the expressed opinion of many large American houses, Mr. Fulgeras is the best-informed man in Continental Europe on conditions as they apply to America, and is therefore in a position to give you accurate and valuable information in regard to selling and advertising possibilities on this side.

Our extensive organization — we are the sole 'Foreign' representatives of the majority of the most important newspapers of France — enables us, not only to offer efficient advertising service, but to secure, if desired, the services of reliable, energetic selling agents.

We believe that we have the privilege of serving more American advertisers than any other firm or combination of firms in France.

Some of the well-known American clients we are serving are: —

Williams Pink Pills
Doans' Kidney Pills & Ointment
Omega Oil & Cadum Soap
Colgates Soap, etc., etc.
Nuxated Iron
Goodrich Tire Co.
Vaseline Chesebrough

Thus we find a Boche concern offering to supply American manufacturers with 'reliable, energetic selling agents' to distribute their products in our country; a Boche concern undertaking to control, with a staff selected by itself, the course of commercial transactions between the United States and France! With what object? We can easily guess.

It is opportune, at this point, to call attention to the Agency's double game: while it is clear, on the one hand, that it wishes to obtain orders for advertising which will enable it to strengthen its hold on our French press, it is no less clear, on the other hand, that, on the pretext of developing the sale of American products in European markets, it keeps itself posted as to the terms of sale of our ally, the United States, to inform German industrial interests thereon, as any one can see.

In the autumn of 1917, *Printer's Ink*, an American periodical, printed two interviews with the same Jean H. Fulgeras, 'of the *Société Européenne de Publicité*,' in which he dwelt upon the vast market awaiting American products in France through judicious advertising in the great Parisian newspapers. 'Until a few years ago,' he said, 'the advertising-agency situation in Paris was in rather bad shape. Such agencies as existed were space-brokers pure and simple. . . . To-day, thanks to the introduction of American ideas . . . and the demands of American advertisers invading the field, the situation is infinitely improved. . . .'

When these facts were disclosed in the campaign that we entered upon in the columns of *L'Homme Libre*, which resulted in the sequestration as a German concern of the Paris house of Haasenstein and Vogler, what did the great newspapers say which figured in Fulgeras's notices as having given to that concern the exclusive right to represent them? They held their peace — all except two, which declared that they had no direct agreement with the European Advertising Agency.

Now, although it was true that that Agency had no direct contract with the papers in question, still, the Havas-Renier combination had previously organized a special agency for each one of them, the function of which was to control and develop the advertising of the paper in question; and it was with these interpolated agencies that the European Agency had relations through the Havas-Renier group.

Will it be said that the actual control, direct or indirect, of the advertising of a newspaper, does not necessarily influence its editorial policy, which may well remain independent despite that circumstance? To prove the contrary, it will suffice to recall the silence of the great newspapers concerning the disclosures that we made as to the origin, the object, and the operation of the European Agency. That silence on their part was all the more significant because our campaign was based upon documents easily verifiable, which any one could procure, as they were matters of public record.

Not only did those papers remain mute: when the European Advertising Agency was sequestered, and on appeal the decision was affirmed by the President of the Tribunal of the Seine, the same papers, actually going so far as to distort the terms of the decree, announced that 'only the German interests in the Agency were sequestered.'

This way of putting it was calculated to give the impression that the agency itself was not under sequestration, and that only the interests of certain stockholders had been seized.

This will seem a shocking thing to many people; but we must remember that it is hard to break off abruptly connections of such long standing, and to free one's self of a domination which one has undergone for so many years.

It is to be feared that the German agency, having been sequestered by the French courts, is being reconstituted under another name, to continue the work projected by Haasenstein and Vogler and carried on by that house in French Switzerland and Italy. These fears are not chimerical if we reflect upon the effort that the Germans are sure to make, to introduce their products into the Entente countries after the war. As the Allies will refuse to purchase commodities which bear the German label, the Germans will not fail to disguise them, and to offer them under new names, with the same cynicism that they displayed in changing the name of Haasenstein and Vogler at Geneva and Milan. One can see, then, how important it is for them to control the advertising pages of French newspapers, in order to introduce these new marks and to guide German manufacturers and merchants in their extensive 'puffing' operations.

The centralization of advertising, like that of finance, imposes this new condition, that the moral standpoint of the man who manages it must change. Just as the banking association which handles hundreds of millions of deposits can no longer be managed according to the narrowly individual principles applied in a small or medium-sized bank, but must be alive to the obligations which are attached to the management of every form of public service, so it will certainly not be deemed allowable

for all the newspapers of a country to be in the hands of a group which handles them without thought of anything except deriving the maximum profit, whatever the reaction of its management on the national interests.

The newspapers must understand that it is with them a matter of self-preservation to refrain from handing over their advertising to an agency which they do not control, but which, on the contrary, holds them under its influence. We must remember what happened in Italy, our ally, where we have seen the Haasenstein and Vogler concern wield an execrable influence over the papers which favored intervention, threatening to give them no more advertisements, if they did not change their politics. The plain inference is that a newspaper not only loses its freedom when it lets its commercial advertising to an agency, but that it also exposes itself to the risk of seeing its resources suddenly diminish or disappear. It must therefore defend its independence if it has any regard, not only for public morality, but for its own material interests.

Is this all? No. There is also the national and social side of the question; for we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that a press managed too largely from a commercial standpoint may become a source of danger to the country. It may become basely demagogic, by flattering the impulses of the crowd, whether they are good or evil, without pausing to reflect where this course may lead the nation — all to increase its circulation. Under present conditions it would be for war so long as the people wanted it, ready to take the side of peace if the people should ever waver. Patriot or 'defeatist' — it would matter little; it would follow slavishly an unthinking populace, ignorant of the problems involved, — could it be otherwise? — in order to

sell the same quantity of paper to-day as yesterday.

Here is the other extreme: having acquired influence, it would be a question simply of turning that influence into cash; of selling it to whoever can use it: liquor-sellers, shady financiers, as well as honest workmen and shopkeepers. The distinction between the pages would be a matter of indifference: the fourth, and even the first, to save appearances, would belong as of right to the highest bidder, even if he were a German.

We can say, therefore, without exaggeration, that, in a democratic state, the fate of the nation is in the hands of the newspapers. Under many circumstances they are needed to sustain the moral courage of the people; and, under other circumstances, to prepare

men's minds for the great reorganizations which are necessary, for example, on the morrow of a war like that in which we are now engaged.

We live, in very truth, under a régime of public opinion which makes it impossible to carry through any reform without the approval of a majority; and how are the people to be stirred to action unless the newspapers devote themselves to the task; unless they are guided by a fervent and unselfish desire?

Immense power — immense duty! And so the press must take account of its mission, and determine, above all things, not to allow itself to be enslaved by any combination whatsoever, to the profit of one knows not what organization which may have designs against the country.

HIGH ADVENTURE

VI. THE BALLOONATICS

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I. A BALLOON ATTACK

'I'M looking for two balloonatics,' said Talbott, as he came into the mess-room, 'and I think I've found them.'

Percy, Talbott's orderly, Tiffin the steward, Drew, and I were the only occupants of the room. Percy is an old *légionnaire*, crippled by rheumatism. His active service days are over. Tiffin's working hours are filled with numberless duties. He makes the beds, and serves food from three to five times a

day to members of the Escadrille Lafayette. These two being eliminated, the identity of the balloonatics was plain.

'The orders have just come,' Talbott added, 'and I decided that the first men I met after leaving the bureau would be balloonatics. Virtue has gone into both of you. Now, if you can make fire come out of a Boche sausage, you will have done all that is required. Listen. This is interesting. The orders are in French, but I will translate as I read.

“On the umteenth day of June, the escadrilles of Groupe de Combat Blank” — that’s ours — “will coöperate in an attack on the German observation balloons along the sector extending from X to Y. The patrols to be furnished are, 1. Two patrols of protection, of five avions each, by the escadrilles Spa. 87 and Spa. 12. 2. Four patrols of attack, of three avions each, by the escadrilles Spa. 124,” — that’s us, — “Spa. 93, Spa. 10, and Spa. 12.

“The attack will be organized as follows: on the day set, weather permitting, the two patrols of protection will leave the field at ten-thirty A.M. The patrol of Spa. 87 will rendezvous over the village of N—. The patrol of protection of Spa. 12 will rendezvous over the village of C—. At ten-forty-five, precisely, they will start for the lines, crossing at an altitude of 3500 metres. The patrol furnished by Spa. 87 will guard the sector from X to T, between the town of O— and the two enemy balloons on that sector. The patrol furnished by Spa. 12 will guard the sector from T to Y, between the railway line and the two enemy balloons on that sector. Immediately after the attack has been made, these formations will return to the aerodrome.

“At ten-forty A.M. the four patrols of attack will leave the field, and will rendezvous as follows.” — Here followed the directions. “At ten fifty-five precisely, they will start for the lines, crossing at an approximate altitude of 1600 metres, each patrol making in a direct line for the balloon assigned to it. Numbers 1 and 2 of each of these patrols will carry rockets. Number 3 will fly immediately above them, offering further protection in case of attack by enemy aircraft. Number 1 of each patrol will first attack the balloon. If he fails, number 2 will attack. If number 1 is successful, number 2 will

then attack the observers in their parachutes. If number 1 fails, and number 2 is successful, number 3 will attack the observers. The patrol will then proceed to the aerodrome by the shortest route.

“Squadron commanders will make a return before noon to-day, of the names of pilots designated by them for their respective patrols.

“In case of unfavorable weather, squadron commanders will be informed of the date to which the attack has been postponed.

“Pilots designated as numbers 1 and 2 of the patrols of attack will be relieved from the usual patrol duty from this date. They will employ their time at rocket shooting. A target will be in place on the east side of the field from one-thirty P.M. to-day.”

‘Are there any remarks?’ said Talbott, as if he had been reading the minutes at a debating-club meeting.

‘Yes,’ said J. B. ‘When is the umteenth of June?’

‘Ah, *mon vieux*! that’s the question. The commandant knows, and he is n’t telling. Any other little thing?’

I suggested that we would like to know which of us was to be number 1.

‘That’s right. Drew, how would you like to be the first rocketeer?’

‘I’ve no objection,’ said J. B., grinning as if the frenzy of balloonaticking had already got into his blood.

‘Right! that’s settled. I will see your mechanicians about fitting your machines for rockets. You can begin practice this afternoon.’

Percy had been listening with interest to the conversation.

‘You got some nice job, you boys. But if you bring him down, there will be a lot of chuckling in the trenches. You won’t hear it, but they will all be saying, “Bravo! *Épatant*!” I’ve been there. I’ve seen it and I know. Does ’em all good to see a sausage brought

down. "There's another one of their eyes knocked out," they say.'

'Percy is right,' said J. B. as we were walking down the road. 'Destroying a balloon is not a great achievement in itself. Of course, it's so much equipment gone, so much expense added to the German war-budget. That is something. But the effect on the infantrymen is the important thing. Boche soldiers, thousands of them, will see one of their balloons coming down in flame. They will be saying, "Where are our airmen?" like those old poilus we met at the station when we first came out. It's bound to influence morale. Now let's see. The balloon, we will say, is at 1600 metres. At that height it can be seen by men on the ground within a radius of —' and so forth and so on.

We figured it out approximately, estimating the numbers of soldiers, of all branches of service, who would witness the sight. Multiplying this number by four, our conclusion was that, as a result of the expedition, the length of the war and its outcome might very possibly be affected. At any rate, there would be such an ebbing of German morale, and such a flooding of French, that the way would be opened to a decisive victory on that front.

But supposing we should miss our sausage? J. B. grew thoughtful.

'Have another look at the orders. I don't remember what the instructions were in case we both fail.'

I read, 'If number 1 fails and number 2 is successful, number 3 will attack the observers. The patrol will then proceed to the aerodrome by the shortest route.'

This was plain enough. Allowance could be made for one failure, but two — the possibility had not even been considered.

'By the shortest route.' There was a piece of sly humor for you. It may have been unconscious, but we pre-

ferred to believe that the commandant had chuckled as he dictated it. It was a sort of an afterthought, as much as to say to his pilots, 'Well, you young bucks, you would-be airmen: thought it would be all sport, eh? You might have known. It's your own fault. Now go out and attack those balloons. It's possible that you may have a scrap or two on your hands while you are at it. Oh, yes, by the way, coming home, you'll be down pretty low. Every Boche machine in the air will have you at a disadvantage. Better return by the shortest route.'

One feature of the programme did not appeal to us greatly, and this was the attack to be made on the observers when they had jumped with their parachutes. It seemed as near the borderline between legitimate warfare and cold-blooded murder as anything could well be.

'You are armed with a machine-gun. He may have an automatic pistol. It will require from five to ten minutes for him to reach the ground after he has jumped. You can come down on him like a stone. Well, it's your job, thank the Lord! not mine,' said Drew.

It was my job but I insisted that he would be an accomplice. In destroying the balloon, he would force me to attack the observers. When I asked Talbott if this feature of the attack could be eliminated, he said, —

'Certainly. I have instructions from the commandant touching on this very point. In case any pilot objects to attacking the observers with machine-gun fire, he is to strew their parachutes with autumn leaves and such field-flowers as the season affords. Now listen! What difference, ethically, is there between attacking one observation officer in a parachute, and dropping a ton of bombs on a train-load of soldiers? And to kill the observers is really more important than to destroy

the balloon. If you are going to be a military pilot, for the love of Pete and Alf, be one!'

He was right, of course, but that did n't make the prospect any the more pleasant.

The large map at the bureau now had greater interest for us than ever. The German balloons along the sector were marked in pictorially, with an ink line, representing the cable, running from the basket of each one, down to the exact spot on the map from which they were launched. Under one of these, 'Spa. 124' was printed, neatly, in red ink. It was the farthest distant from our lines of the four to be attacked, and about ten kilometres within German-held territory. The cable ran to the outskirts of a village situated on a railroad and a small stream. The location of enemy aviation fields was also shown pictorially, each represented by a minute sketch, very carefully made, of an Albatross biplane. We noticed that there were several aerodromes not far distant from our balloon.

Our Spads were ready after luncheon. A large square of tin had been fastened over the fabric of each lower wing, under the rocket fittings, to prevent danger of fire from sparks. Racks for six rockets, three on a side, had been fastened to the struts. The rockets were tipped with sharp steel points to insure their pricking the silk balloon envelope. The batteries for igniting them were connected with a button inside the car, within easy reach of the pilot. Lieutenant Verdane, our French second-in-command, was to supervise our practice on the field. We were glad of this. If we failed to 'spear our sausage,' it would not be through lack of efficient instruction. He explained to Drew how the thing was to be done. He was to come on the balloon into the wind, and preferably not more than four hundred metres above it. He was to let it pass

from view under the wing; then, when he judged that he was directly over it, to reduce his motor and dive vertically, placing the bag within the line of his two circular sights, holding it there until the bag just filled the circle. At that second he would be about 250 metres distant from it, and it was then that the rockets should be fired.

The instructions were simple enough, but in practicing on the target we found that they were not so easy to carry out. It was hard to judge accurately the moment for diving. Sometimes we overshot the target, but more often we were short of it. Owing to the angle at which the rockets were mounted on the struts, it was very important that the dive should be vertical.

One morning, the attack could have been made with every chance of success. Drew and I left the aerodrome a few minutes before sunrise for a trial flight, that we might give our motors a thorough testing. We climbed through a heavy mist which lay along the ground like water, filling every fold and hollow, flowing up the hillsides, submerging everything but the crests of the highest hills. The tops of the twin spires of S— cathedral were all that could be seen of the town. Beyond, the long chain of heights where the first-line trenches were rose just clear of the mist, which glowed blood-red as the sun came up.

The balloons were already up, hanging above the dense cloud of vapor, elongated planets drifting in space. The observers were directing the fire of their batteries to those positions which stood revealed. Shells were also exploding on lower ground, for we saw the mist billow upward time after time with the force of mighty concussions, and slowly settle again. It was an awe-inspiring sight. We might have been watching the last battle of the last war that could ever be, with the world still fighting on,

bitterly, blindly — gradually sinking from sight in a sea of blood. I have never seen anything to equal that spectacle of an artillery battle in the mists.

Conditions were ideal for the attack. We could have gone to the objective, fired our rockets, and made our return, without once having been seen from the ground. It was an opportunity made in heaven, an Allied heaven. 'But the infantry would not have seen it,' said J. B.; which was true. Not that we cared to do the thing in a spectacular fashion. We were thinking of that decisive effect upon morale.

Two hours later we were pitching pennies in one of the hangars, when Talbott came across the field, followed solemnly by Whiskey and Soda, the lion mascots of the Escadrille Lafayette.

'What's the date—anybody know?' he asked, very casually.

J. B. is an agile-minded youth.

'It does n't happen to be the umteenth by any chance?'

'Right the first time.' He looked at his watch. 'It is now ten past ten. You have half an hour. Better get your rockets attached. How are your motors — all right?'

This was one way of breaking the news and the best one, I think. If we had been told the night before, we should have slept badly.

The two patrols of protection left the field exactly on schedule time. At ten-thirty-five, Irving, Drew, and I were strapped in our machines, waiting, with our motors turning *ralenti*, for Talbott's signal to start.

He was romping with Whiskey. 'Atta boy, Whiskey! Eat 'em up! Atta ole lion!'

As a squadron leader Talbott has many virtues, but the most important of them all is his casualness. And he is so sincere and natural in it. He has no conception of the dramatic possibilities of a situation — something to be pro-

foundly thankful for in the commander of an *escadrille de chasse*. Situations are dramatic enough, tense enough, without one's taking thought of the fact. He might have stood there, watch in hand, counting off the seconds. He might have said, 'Remember, we're all counting on you. Don't let us down. You've got to get that balloon!' Instead of that, he glanced at his watch as if he had just remembered us.

'All right; now run along, you sausage-speakers. We're having lunch at twelve. That will give you time to wash up after you get back.'

Miller, of course, had to have a parting shot. He had been in hiding somewhere until the last moment. Then he came rushing up with a tooth-brush and safety-razor case. He stood waving them as I taxied around into the wind. His purpose was to remind me of the possibility of landing with a *panne de moteur* in Germany, and the need I would then have of my toilet articles.

At ten-fifty-four J. B. came slanting down over me, then pulled up in *ligne de vol*, and went straight for the lines. I fell in behind him at about 100 metres distance. Irving was 200 metres higher. Before we left the field he said, 'You are not to think about Germans. That's my job. I'll warn you if I see that we are going to be attacked. Go straight for the balloon. If you don't see me come down and signal, you will know that there is no danger.'

The French artillery were giving splendid coöperation. I saw clusters of shell-explosions on the ground. The gunners were carrying out their part of the programme, which was to register on enemy anti-aircraft batteries as we passed over them. They must have made good practice. Anti-aircraft fire was feeble, and, such of it as there was, very wild.

We came within view of the railway

line which runs from the German lines to a large town, their most important distributing centre on the sector. Following it along with my eyes to the halfway point, I saw the red roofs of the village which we had so often looked at from a distance. Our balloon was in its usual place. It looked like a yellow plum, and no larger than one; but ripe, ready to be plucked.

A burst of flame far to the left attracted my attention, and almost at the same moment, one to the right. Ribbons of fire flapped upward in clouds of black oily smoke. Drew signaled with his joystick, and I knew what he meant: 'Hooray! two down! It's our turn next!' But we were still three or four minutes away. That was unfortunate, for a balloon can be drawn down with amazing speed.

A rocket sailed into the air and burst in a point of greenish white light, dazzling in its brilliancy, even in the full light of day. Immediately after this, two white objects, so small as to be hardly visible, floated earthward: the parachutes of the observers. They had jumped. The balloon disappeared from view behind Drew's machine. It was being drawn down, of course, as fast as the motor could wind up the cable. It was an exciting moment for us. We were coming on at 200 kilometres an hour, racing against time, and very little time at that. 'Sheridan, only five miles away,' could not have been more eager for his journey's end. Our throttles were wide open, the engines developing their highest capacity for power.

I swerved out to one side for another glimpse of the target: it was almost on the ground, and directly under us. Drew made a steep *virage* and dove. I started after him in a tight spiral, to look for the observers; but they had both disappeared. The balloon was swaying from side to side under the tension of the cable. It was hard to

keep it in view. I lost it under my wing. Tipping up on the other side, I saw Drew release his rockets. They spurted out in long wavering lines of smoke. He missed. The balloon lay close to the ground, looking larger, riper than ever. The sight of its smooth, sleek surface was the most tantalizing of invitations. Letting it pass under me again, I waited for a second or two, then shut down the motor, pushed forward on the control-stick until I was falling vertically. Standing upright on the rudder-bar, I felt the tugging of the shoulder-straps. Getting the bag well within the sights, I held it there until it just filled the circle. Then I pushed the button.

Although it was only eight o'clock, both Drew and I were in bed; for we were both very tired, it was a chilly evening, and we had no fire. An oil lamp was on the table between the two cots. Drew was sitting propped up, his fur coat rolled into a bundle for a back rest. He had a sweater, tied by the sleeves, around his shoulders. His hands were clasped around his blanket-ed knees, and his breath, rising in a cloud of luminous steam,

Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death.

And yet, 'pious' is hardly the word. J. B. was swearing, drawing from a choice reserve of picturesque epitaphs which I did not know that he possessed. I regret the necessity of omitting some of them.

'I don't see how I could have missed it! Why, I did n't turn to look for at least thirty seconds. I was that sure that I had brought it down. Then I banked and nearly fell out of my seat when I saw it there. I redressed at 400 metres. I could n't have been more than 100 metres away when I fired the rockets.'

'What did you do then?'

'Circled around, waiting for you. I had the balloon in sight all the while you were diving. It was a great sight to watch from below, particularly when you let go your rockets. I'll never forget it, never. But, Lord! Without the climax! Artistically, it was an awful fizzle.'

There was no denying this. A balloon bonfire was the only possible conclusion to the adventure, and we both failed at lighting it. I, too, redressed when very close to the bag, and made a steep bank in order to escape the burst of flame from the ignited gas. The rockets leaped out, with a fine, blood-stirring roar. The mere sound ought to have been enough to make any balloon collapse. But when I turned, there it was, intact, a super-Broddingnagian pumpkin, seen at close view, and still ripe, still ready for plucking. If I live to one hundred years, I shall never have a greater surprise or a more bitter disappointment.

There was no leisure for brooding over it then. My altimeter registered only 250 metres, and the French lines were far distant. If the motor failed I should have to land in German territory. Any fate but that. Nevertheless I felt in the pocket of my combination, to be sure that my box of matches was safely in place. We were cautioned always to carry them where they could be quickly got at in case of a forced landing in enemy country. An airman must destroy his machine in such an event.

But my Spad did not mean to end its career so ingloriously. The motor ran beautifully, hitting on every cylinder. We climbed from 250 metres to 350, 450, and on steadily upward. In the vicinity of the balloon, machine-gun fire from the ground had been fairly heavy; but I was soon out of range, and saw the tracer bullets, like swarms

of blue bubbles, curving downward again at the end of their trajectory.

No machines, either French or German, were in sight. Irving had disappeared some time before we reached the balloon. I had not seen Drew from the moment when he fired his rockets. He waited until he made sure that I was following, then started for the west side of the salient. I did not see him, because of my interest in those clouds of blue bubbles which were rising with anything but bubble-like tranquillity. When I was clear of them, I set my course westward and parallel with the enemy lines to the south.

I had never flown so low, so far in German territory. The temptation to forget precaution and to make a leisurely survey of the ground beneath was hard to resist. It was not wholly resisted, in fact. Anti-aircraft fire was again feeble and badly ranged. The shells burst far behind and above, for I was much too low to offer an easy target. This gave me a dangerous sense of safety, and so I tipped up on one side, then on the other, examining the roads, searching the ruins of villages, the trenches, the shell-marked ground. I saw no living thing, brute or human — nothing but endless, inconceivable desolation.

The foolishness of that close scrutiny alone, without the protection of other avions, I realize now much better than I did then. Unless flying at 6000 metres or above, when he is comparatively safe from attack, a pilot may never relax his vigilance for thirty seconds together. He must look behind him, below, above, constantly. All aviators learn this eventually, but in the case of many new pilots the knowledge comes too late to be of service.

I thought this was to be my experience, when, looking up, I saw five combat machines bearing down upon me. Had they been enemy planes my

chances would have been very small, for they were close at hand before I saw them. The old French aviator, worn out by his 500 hours of flight over the trenches, said, 'Save your nervous energy.' I exhausted a three-months reserve in as many seconds. The suspense, luckily, was hardly longer than that. It passed when the patrol leader, followed by the others, pulled up in *ligne de vol*, about one hundred metres above me, showing their French *cocardes*. It was the group of protection of Spa. 87. At the time I saw Drew, a quarter of a mile away. As he turned, the sunlight glinted along his rocket-tubes.

A crowded hour of glorious life it seems now, although I was not of this opinion at the time. In reality, we were absent barely forty minutes. Climbing out of my machine at the aerodrome, I looked at my watch. Twenty-five minutes to twelve. Laignier, the sergeant mechanic, was sitting in a sunny corner of the hangar, reading the *Matin*, just as I had left him.

Lieutenant Talbott's only comment was, 'Don't let it worry you. Better luck next time. The group bagged two out of four, and Irving knocked down a Boche who was trying to get at you. That is n't bad for half an hour's work.'

But the decisive effect on morale which was to result from our wholesale destruction of balloons was diminished by half. We had forced ours down, but it bobbed up again very soon afterward. The one o'clock patrol saw it, higher, Miller said, than it had ever been. It was Miller, by the way, who looked in on us at nine o'clock the same evening. The lamp was out.

'Asleep?'

We were not, but we did n't answer. He closed the door, then re-opened it.

'It's laziness, that's what it is. They ought to put you on school régime again.'

He had one more afterthought. Looking in a third time, he said, —

'How about it, you little old human dynamos; are you getting rusty?'

II. BROUGHT DOWN

The preceding chapters of this journal have been written to little purpose if it has not been made clear that Drew and I, like most pilots during the first weeks of service at the front, were worth little to the Allied cause. We were warned often enough that the road to efficiency in military aviation is a long and dangerous one. We were given much excellent advice by aviators who knew what they were talking about. Much of this we solicited, in fact, and then proceeded to disregard it item by item. Eager to get results, we plunged into our work with the valor of ignorance, the result being that Drew was shot down in one of his first encounters, escaping with his life by one of those more than miracles for which there is no explanation. That I did not fare as badly, or worse, is due solely to the indulgence of that godfather of ours, already mentioned, who watched over my first flights while in a mood beneficently pro-Ally.

Drew's adventure followed soon after our first patrol, when he had the near combat with the two-seater. Luckily, on that occasion, both the German pilot and his machine-gunner were taken completely off their guard. Not only did he attack with the sun squarely in his face, but he went down in a long gradual dive, in full view of the gunner, who could not have asked for a better target. But the man was asleep, and this gave J. B. a dangerous contempt for all enemy gunners.

Lieutenant Talbott cautioned him. 'You have been lucky, but don't get it into your head that this sort of thing happens often. Now I'm going to give

you a standing order. You are not to attack again, neither of you is to think of attacking, during your first month here. As likely as not it would be your luck the next time to meet an old pilot. If you did, I would n't give much for your chances. He would out-manceuvre you in a minute. You will go out on patrol with the others, of course: it's the only way to learn to fight. But if you get lost, go back to our balloons and stay there until it is time to go home.'

Neither of us obeyed this order, and, as it happened, Drew was the one to suffer. A group of American officers visited the squadron one afternoon. In courtesy to our guests, it was decided to send out all the pilots for an additional patrol, to show them how the thing was done. Twelve machines were in readiness for the sortie, which was set for seven o'clock, the last one of the day. We were to meet at 3000 metres, and then to divide forces, one patrol to cover the east half of the sector and one the west.

We got away beautifully, with the exception of Drew, who had motor-trouble and was five minutes late in starting. With his permission I insert his own account of the adventure — a letter written while he was in hospital.

'No doubt you are wondering what happened, and listening, meanwhile, to many I-told-you-so explanations from the others. This will be hard on you, but bear up, son. It might not be a bad plan to listen, with the understanding as well as with the ear, to some expert advice on how to bag the Hun. To quote the prophetic Miller, "I'm telling you this for your own good."

'I gave my name and the number of the escadrille to the medical officer at the *poste de secours*. He said he would 'phone the captain at once, so that you must know before this that I have been

amazingly lucky. I fell the greater part of two miles — count 'em, two — before I actually regained control, only to lose it again. I fainted while still several hundred feet from the ground; but more of this later. Could n't sleep last night. Had a fever and my brain went on a spree, taking advantage of my helplessness. So I just lay in bed and watched it function. Besides, there was a great artillery racket all night long. It appeared to be coming from our sector, so you must have heard it as well. This hospital is not very far back and we get the full orchestral effect of heavy firing. The result is that I am dead tired to-day. I believe I can sleep for a week.

'They have given me a bed in the officers' ward — me, a corporal. It is because I am an American, of course. Wish there was some way of showing one's appreciation for so much kindness. My neighbor on the left is a chasseur captain. A hand-grenade exploded in his face. He will go through life horribly disfigured. An old padre, with two machine-gun bullets in his hip, is on the other side. He is very patient, but sometimes the pain is a little too much for him. To a Frenchman, "Oh, là, là!" is an expression for every conceivable kind of emotion. In the future it will mean unbearable physical pain to me.

'Our orderlies are two poilus, long past military age. They are as gentle and thoughtful as the nurses themselves. One of them brought me lemonade all night long. Worth while getting wounded just to have something taste so good.

'I meant to finish this letter a week ago but have n't felt up to it. Quite perky this morning, so I'll go on with the tale of my "heroic combat." Only, first, tell me how that absurd account of it got into the *Herald*. I hope Tal-

bott knows that I was not foolish enough to attack six Germans single-handed. If he does n't, please enlighten him. His opinion of my common sense must be low enough as it is.

'We were to meet over S—— at 3000 metres, you remember, and to cover the sector at 5000 until dusk. I was late in getting away, and by the time I reached the rendezvous you had all gone. There was n't a *chasse* machine in sight. I ought to have gone back to the balloons as Talbott advised, but thought it would be easy to pick you up later, so went on alone after I had got some height. Crossed the lines at 3500 metres, and finally got up to 4000, which was the best I could do with my rebuilt engine. The Huns started shelling, but there were only a few of them that barked. I went down the lines for a quarter of an hour, meeting two Sepwits and a Letord, but no Spads. You were almost certain to be higher than I, but my old packet was doing its best at 4000, and getting overheated with the exertion. Had to throttle down and *pique* several times to cool off.

'Then I saw you — at least I thought it was you — about four kilometres inside the German lines. I counted six machines, well grouped, one a good deal higher than the others and one several hundred metres below them. The pilot on top was doing beautiful *renversements* and an occasional barrel-turn, in Barry's manner. I was so certain it was our patrol that I started over at once, to join you. It was getting dusk and I lost sight of the machine lowest down for a few seconds. Without my knowing it, he was approaching at exactly my altitude. You know how difficult it is to see a machine in that position. Suddenly he loomed up in front of me like an express train, as you have seen them approach from the depths of a moving-picture screen, only ten times faster; and he was firing

as he came. I realized my awful mistake, of course. His tracer bullets were going by on the left side, but he corrected his aim, and my motor seemed to be eating them up. I banked to the right, and was about to cut my motor and dive, when I felt a smashing blow in the left shoulder. A sickening sensation and a very peculiar one, not at all what I thought it might feel like to be hit with a bullet. I believed that it came from the German in front of me. But it could-n't have, for he was still approaching when I was hit, and I find that the bullet entered from behind.

'This is the history of less than a minute I'm giving you. It seemed much longer than that, but I don't suppose it was. I tried to shut down the motor, but could n't manage it because my left arm was gone. I really believed that it had been blown off into space until I glanced down and saw that it was still there. But for any service it was to me, I might just as well have lost it. There was a vacant period of ten or fifteen seconds which I can't fill in. After that I knew that I was falling, with my motor going full speed. It was a helpless realization. My brain refused to act. I could do nothing. Finally, I did have one clear thought, "Am I on fire?" This cut right through the fog, brought me up broad awake. I was falling almost vertically, in a sort of half *vrille*. No machine but a Spad could have stood the strain. The Huns were following me and were not far away, judging by the sound of their guns. I fully expected to feel another bullet or two boring its way through. One did cut the skin of my right leg, although I did n't know this until I reached the hospital. Perhaps it was well that I did fall out of control, for the firing soon stopped, the Germans thinking, and with reason, that they had bagged me. Some proud Boche airman is wearing an iron cross on my

account. Perhaps the whole crew of dare-devils has been decorated. However, no unseemly sarcasm. We would pounce on a lonely Hun just as quickly. There is no chivalry in war in these modern days.

'I pulled out of the spin, got the broomstick between my knees, reached over, and shut down the motor with my right hand. The propeller stopped dead. I did n't much care, being very drowsy and tired. The worst of it was that I could n't get my breath. I was gasping as though I had been hit in the pit of the stomach. Then I lost control again and started falling. It was awful! I was almost ready to give up. I believe that I said, out loud, "I'm going to be killed. This is my last sortie." At any rate, I thought it. Made one last effort and came out in *ligne de vol*, as nearly as I could judge, about 150 metres from the ground. It was an ugly-looking place for landing—trenches and shell-holes everywhere. I was wondering in a vague way, whether they were French or German, when I fell into the most restful sleep I ever had in my life.

'I have no recollection of the crash, not the slightest. I might have fallen as gently as a leaf. That is one thing to be thankful for, among a good many others. When I came to, it was at once, completely. I knew that I was on a stretcher and remembered immediately exactly what had happened. My heart was going pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, and I could hardly breathe, but I had no sensation of pain except in my chest. This made me think that I had broken every bone in my body. I tried moving first one leg, then the other, then my arms, my head, my body. No trouble at all, except with my left arm and side.

'I accepted the miracle without attempting to explain it, for I had something more important to wonder about: who had the handles of my stretcher?

The first thing I did was to open my eyes, but I was bleeding from a scratch on the forehead and saw only a red blur. I wiped them dry with my sleeve and looked again. The broad back in front of me was covered with mud. Impossible to distinguish the color of the tunic. But the shrapnel helmet above it was—French! I was in French hands. If ever I live long enough in one place, so that I can gather a few possessions and make a home for myself, on one wall of my living-room I will have a bust-length portrait, rear view, of a French *brancardier*, mud-covered back and battered tin hat.

'Do you remember our walk with Ménault in the rain, and the *déjeuner* at the restaurant where they made such wonderful omelettes? I am sure that you will recall the occasion, although you may have forgotten the conversation. I have not forgotten one remark of Ménault's apropos of talk about risks. If a man were willing, he said, to stake everything for it, he would accumulate an experience of fifteen or twenty minutes which would compensate him, a thousand times over, for all the hazard. "And if you live to be old," he said quaintly, "you can never be bored with life. You will have something, always, very pleasant to think about." I mention this in connection with my discovery that I was not in German hands. I have had five minutes of perfect happiness without any background—no thought of yesterday or to-morrow—to spoil it.

'I said, "Bonjour, messieurs," in a gurgling voice.

'The man in front turned his head sidewise and said, "Tiens! Ça va, monsieur l'aviateur?"

'The other one said, "Ah, mon vieux!" You know the inflection they give this expression, particularly, when it means, "This is something wonderful!" He added that they had seen the

combat and my fall, and little expected to find the pilot living, to say nothing of speaking. I hoped that they would go on talking, but I was being carried along a trench; they had to lift me shoulder-high at every turn, and needed all their energy. The Germans were shelling the lines. Several fell fairly close, and they brought me down a long flight of wooden steps into a dug-out, to wait until the worst of it should be over. While waiting, they told me that I had fallen just within the first-line trenches, at a spot where a slight rise in ground hid me from sight of the enemy. Otherwise, they might have had a bad time rescuing me. My Spad was completely wrecked. It had fallen squarely into a trench, the wings breaking the force of the fall. Before reaching the ground, I turned, they said, and was making straight for Germany. Fifty metres higher, and I would have come down in No-Man's Land.

'For a long time we listened in silence to the subdued *krr-ump, krr-ump*, of the shells. Sometimes showers of earth pattered down the stairway, and we would hear the high-pitched, droning *v-z-z-z* of pieces of shell-casing as they whizzed over the opening. One of them would say, "Not far, that one"; or, "He's looking for some one, that fellow," in a voice without a hint of emotion. Then, long silences and other deep, earth-shaking rumbles.

'They asked me, several times, if I was suffering, and offered to go on to the *poste de secours* if I wanted them to. It was not heavy bombardment, but it would be safer to wait for a little while. I told them that I was ready to go on at any time, but not to hurry on my account: I was quite comfortable.

'The light glimmering down the stairway faded out and we were in complete darkness. My brain was amazingly clear. It registered every trifling impression. I wish it might always be

so intensely awake and active. There seemed to be four of us in the dugout: the two *brancardiers*, and this second self of mine, as curious as an eaves-dropper at a keyhole, listening intently to everything, and then turning to whisper to me. The *brancardiers* repeated the same comments after every explosion. I thought, "They have been saying this to each other for over three years. It has become automatic. They will never be able to stop." I was feverish perhaps. If it was fever, it burned away any illusions I may have had of modern warfare from the infantryman's viewpoint. I know that there is no glamour in it for them; that it has long since become a deadly monotony, an endless repetition of the same kinds of horror and suffering, a boredom more terrible than death itself, which is repeating itself in the same ways, day after day and month after month. It is n't often that an aviator has the chance I've had. It would be a good thing if they were to send us into the trenches for twenty-four hours, every few months. It would make us keener fighters, more eager to do our utmost to bring the war to an end for the sake of those *poilus*.

'The dressing-station was in a very deep dugout, lighted by candles. At a table in the centre of the room the medical officer was working over a man with a terribly crushed leg. Several others were sitting or lying along the wall, waiting for their turn. They watched every movement he made, in an apprehensive animal way, and so did I. They put me on the table next, although it was not my turn. I protested, but the doctor paid no attention. "Aviateur Américain," again. It's a pity that Frenchmen can't treat us Americans as though we belong here.

'As soon as the doctor had finished with me, my stretcher was fastened to a two-wheeled carrier and we started

down a cobbled road to the ambulance station. I was light-headed and don't remember very much of that part of the journey. Had to take refuge in another dugout when the Huns dropped a shell on an ammunition-dump in a village through which we were to pass. There was a deafening banging and booming for a long time, and when we did go through the town it was on the run. The whole place was in flames and small-arms ammunition still exploding. I remember seeing a long column of soldiers going at the double in the opposite direction, and they were in full marching order.

'Well, this is the end of the tale; all of it, at any rate, in which you would be interested. It was one o'clock in the morning before I got between clean, cool sheets, and I was wounded about a quarter past eight. I have been tired ever since.

'There is another aviator here, a Frenchman, who broke his jaw and both legs in a fall while returning from a night bombardment. His bed is just across the aisle from mine; he has a formidable-looking apparatus fastened on his head and under his chin, to hold his jaw firm until the bones knit. He is forbidden to talk, but breaks the rule whenever the nurse leaves the ward. He speaks a little English and has told me a delightful story about the origin of aerial combat. A French pilot, a friend of his, he says, attached to a certain army group during August and September, 1914, often met a German aviator during his reconnaissance patrols. In those Arcadian days, fighting in the air was a development for the future, and these two pilots exchanged greetings, not cordially, perhaps, but courteously — a wave of the hand, as much as to say, "We are enemies but we need not forget the civilities." Then

they both went about their work of spotting batteries, watching for movements of troops, etc.

'One morning the German failed to return the salute. The other thought little of this, and greeted him in the customary manner at their next meeting. To his surprise, the Boche shook his fist at him in the most blustering and caddish way. There was no mistaking the insult. They had passed less than fifty metres apart, and the Frenchman distinctly saw the closed fist. He was saddened by the incident, for he had hoped that some of the ancient courtesies of war would survive in the aerial branch of the service, at least. It angered him too; therefore, on his next reconnaissance, he ignored the German. Evidently the Boche air-squadrons were being Prussianized. The enemy pilot approached very closely and threw a missile at him. He could not be sure what it was, as the object went wide of the mark; but he was so incensed that he made a *virage*, and drawing a small flask from his pocket, hurled it at his boorish antagonist. The flask contained some excellent port, he said, but he was repaid for the loss in seeing it crash on the exhaust-pipe of the enemy machine.

'This marked the end of courtesy and the beginning of active hostilities in the air. They were soon shooting at each other with rifles, automatic pistols, and, at last, with machine-guns. Later developments we know about.

'The night bombarder has been telling me this yarn in serial form. When the nurse is present, he illustrates the last chapter by means of gestures. I am ready to believe everything except the incident about the port. That does not sound plausible. A Frenchman would have thrown his watch before making such a sacrifice.'

(To be continued)

M. CLEMENCEAU AND HIS PROBLEMS

BY CHARLES DAWBARN

I

FOR the first time in his long life, M. Clemenceau has tasted the sweets as well as realized the dangers of an overwhelming popularity. It is an amazing experience for a man approaching four-score years, to have reached the pinnacle of fame and the height of usefulness to his country. That he has done so in the face of colossal difficulties, when the country was the prey of scandals of a particularly distressing sort, is no less testimony to his courage than to his vitality. Both qualities are conspicuous, and both are typically French. There have been Frenchmen before of surpassing vigor at his age — indeed, French energy and mental mobility seem to conserve men as well as to wear them out; there have been men like Hugo and Henri Rochefort, Rodin, and even Alexandre Ribot, one of the war premiers of France; but M. Clemenceau excels them all in the vigor and force of his bearing, in his vehemence and mastery of men expressed in flashing eye, sonorous voice, emphatic gesture.

What is the secret of his youth? The sobriety of his habits, his Spartan way of life, is partly responsible; but the fresh and eager interest of his mind is more powerful still. He has the precious faculty of Sarah Bernhardt and Napoleon of sleeping at any instant. The fatigue of any journey is relieved by this recreative power, and even a short motor-ride affords a few moments of complete repose, a truce in his vast

activities. Even when the Allied conferences are being held at Versailles, he sleeps a while after lunch. And from his siesta he arises a new man.

Nothing must interfere with his rest — not even the remorseless round of a newspaper. Even in conducting his *L'Homme Libre* (of limited though influential circulation), he has adhered to his rule of early to bed and early to rise. His practice as a journalist was to complete his day's article before seven A.M. Then would come his walk along the quays, or else in the neighborhood of the Tour Eiffel, where he lives; and, after that, he received callers — a friendly and intimate ceremony, which lasted well into the morning. Naturally, to accommodate himself to such unusual hours for literary composition, his bedtime was advanced; and even as head of the government he has generally retired by eight o'clock, after a frugal supper of a glass of milk.

I have been present at several of his early morning receptions. He talks with freedom and vivacity and an inexhaustible good humor. But he is very definite. Though a philosopher, he lets no subtleties appear in his manner of judging persons and events. They are thus and so, or they are not. There is no shadow-land of half-negations, no apologetic apprehension of overstating the case. Every word expresses the firm conviction of the soul. That is why he is so much admired and believed in in this land of *nuances*, — of intellectual tints and delicate reasonings. When tête-a-tête with you, he

will talk sitting in the centre of his work-table, which resembles a painter's palette. He has a way of opening and shutting his eyes, which suggests the Oriental. He looks Mongolian. The shape of the face, with its high cheek-bones, the parchment-like skin, the heavy white moustache drooping over the mouth, heighten this effect.

And no doubt there is a side of the 'Tiger's' character, which is almost Chinese in its deep abstraction. If one part of his nature is essentially Gallic in its fire and emphasis, its passion and violence, — even its capriciousness, — the other part is the high and dry philosopher loving learning for its own sake, and given to reflection; looking out upon life through horn-rimmed spectacles, and finding it queer and ill-balanced and rather excessive. I can imagine him like the hero in his own play *Le Voile du Bonheur*, which described the experiences of a Mandarin who, on recovering from blindness, becomes suddenly aware of the infidelity of his wife and the ingratitude of his children, and desires to be blind again.

It is a sad, rather cynical estimate of humanity, the kind that one would expect of a man with no illusions. If M. Clemenceau has any left, they are reserved, I fancy, for the humble of the earth, the heroic *poilu* and his kindred, and the heroes of civil life, rather than for those of loud profession and of easy conscience toward God and man. If he refuses to be bound by formulæ, he yet believes in human progress and in the perfectibility of our poor nature. But that perfectibility will not be spontaneous: it must result from acts and measures adapted to that end. Thus he is a man of practical aims, though inspired by generous ideals.

You get a very good notion of these ideals by reading M. Clemenceau's philosophic novels, which he wrote a quarter of a century ago when he was

waiting for a new opening in politics. He had been thrust into opposition by cruel misfortune. Insult had been heaped upon him, calumny upon calumny. He was said to have been paid by England for his advice to France to refrain from participating in the first Egyptian campaign. In bitterness of spirit he sat him down to write satiric novels at fifty years of age. Probably they reflect in some degree the distorted features of his own experience. He shows the meanness of conscious virtue, the exploitation of misfortune which often accompanies success, the cynicism and moral perversion which underlie many worldly estimates.

You suspect that M. Clemenceau, who has so heavy a hand and so fierce a voice for the weaknesses of internationalism, is himself a social reformer. And you will come upon passages in his suggestive books, which show how warm is his heart for the poor, how strong his horror of oppression, how persistent his love of liberty and his sympathy with those who fight for it.

But he has no love for license; anarchy is abomination. 'You and I are on different sides of the barricade,' he once told a deputation of revolutionaries who waited on him to urge the rights of a May Day demonstration. 'On different sides of the barricade' expresses admirably the distinction between him and those who would find warrant for their lawlessness in his past attitude toward authority. But never in his salad days, as Communist Mayor of Montmartre forty-seven years ago, did he fail in the high purpose of his protest. Because he was a banner-man in a popular procession, he did not become a hooligan.

And how strenuous has been his career since then! a perpetual war against the wearisome inefficiency of French politics. '*Nous sommes en pleine incohérence*,' he exclaimed one day in the

Chamber; and nothing could more caustically express the futility of much Parliamentary effort in France as elsewhere. The intrinsic justice of his criticisms has made him master of France in time of war. The critic is now the executant. He who has preached the *fortiter in re* must now exhibit it in action.

He has begun with master-strokes: he has imprisoned persons implicated in the 'défaitiste' campaign. Bolo, Malvy, Caillaux, represent different phases of that movement. M. Clemenceau has brought them to book; but it may be that he has not quite shown that rigid spirit of the Convention which the occasion demanded. He has been too ceremonious, perhaps, in his treatment of the two ex-ministers. M. Malvy, the former Minister of the Interior, is sent before the High Court, the supreme tribunal in the land; but an obscure subordinate, who acted, presumably, only under orders, is dealt with by court-martial. But the fact that the Premier has impeached boldly the most influential persons in France is so considerable, that it overshadows the rest. That he is less Jacobin in his zeal than M. Léon Daudet, the Royalist journalist, may be set down, I think, to a sense of responsibility. Despite the piquancy of this accusation of boulevard critics, that he is but a timid successor of the great Revolutionary judges, there is probably more force than truth in it. Certainly M. Clemenceau has put forms into his procedure; he has given his *accusés* time to make their defense, as well as, perhaps, to destroy their papers. But if there is no weakness in the trial, public fairness will indorse the preliminaries.

M. Clemenceau's command of the Socialists, who profess to regard him as a citadel of bourgeois prejudice, with an uncanny knowledge of their own strategy, has proved his greatest asset.

At one moment their hostility looked fatal to his ministerial longevity. There was not a single Socialist in his Cabinet. How was it possible to exist without them? But those fears passed when one realized that events were stronger than parties, and that the Premier's national appeal had no need of partisan support to make it acceptable. The fact is that the Socialists, who threatened to wreck him, stood in danger of a similar disaster from the Russian hurricane. It was as much as they could do to save their own lives.

The red ruin of Russia came swiftly home to France. It meant that the peasant's savings invested in Russia were lost — perhaps permanently. The Bolshevik talk of repudiation infuriated Jacques Bonhomme. Not to pay one's debts, even on the most 'advanced' pretext, gains no ear in France, where each possesses something and is apt to hold firmly to it. And for fear of seeming to sanction confiscation, French Socialism has lost a little way, and has to steer most carefully amid the shoals of treacherous definitions. And so, the least said on this head the better for advanced reformers. Not only as the custodian of a common honesty, but in his singleness of purpose to win the war, M. Clemenceau could not be lightly attacked, much less defeated on a vote. None could quarrel with his programme, when he expressed it as definitely as this: —

'They tell me we should have peace as soon as possible. Peace! I want it; it would be criminal to have any other idea. But it is not in bellowing peace that one silences Prussian militarism. My formula applies to everything. Domestic politics: I make war; foreign politics: I make war. . . . Russia betrays us: I continue to make war. Unhappy Roumania is obliged to surrender: I still make war. And I shall continue until the last quarter of an

hour; for we shall have that last quarter of an hour.'

This vibrant language, uttered in the Chamber last March, stirred even the Socialists, and M. Clemenceau was urged to 'carry on' by a thumping majority. When he speaks thus clearly, with the voice of France, he is neither to be silenced nor to be upset. And the Socialists know that, and know, also, that the paramount anxiety of the proletariat is not the destination and ultimate fulfillment of their catchwords and devices for social salvation, but the speedy conclusion of the war. In confusing this clear issue, in impeding the accomplishment of this steady aim, how would they justify themselves before the electorate?

All loyal citizens of France must rally to the Clemenceau banner. The purity of his aims, the known strength of his reforming zeal, are the instruments of his power, instruments more cunningly shaped and better adapted to his hand than any he could choose in the arsenal of politics.

II

What are the problems with which he is faced? They are, obviously, internal and external — war within and war without. For Germany has attacked along the line of least resistance in seeking to seduce the vain and ambitious by dreams of conquest or a rich emolument. And that subtle sapping proved, indeed, as dangerous as gas-shells on the Western front. How can we reconcile this turpitude and treason with the superb heroism of the Marne, of Verdun, and of the Aisne? While the heart of laborious France has always been true, vast cosmopolitan Paris has been tempted and tainted by pacifism and worse. Bolo Pasha is a figure from the Arabian Nights, incredible in his magnificence and folly.

Caillaux is a genius of another sort. '*Tu m'as défait,*' he exclaimed with heart-sick melancholy to his wife, when he learned of the assassination of Calmette for his exposures — true or false — in the *Figaro*. I know of no more tragic destruction of a glistening web of power such as Caillaux had woven for himself. He felt that he had been ruined by the rash act of his wife. Gone all his grandiose projects of becoming President of the Republic, and for bringing about a swift peace with the consequent title — for posterity — of saviour of his country! All had disappeared in the smoke of Madame Caillaux's revolver.

For Jacques Caillaux, ex-Premier of France, is not the vulgar adventurer building a bubble fortune out of sunbeams. He has statesmanlike views. He believed that France had put her money on the wrong horse, that she should have backed Germany instead of England, and thus got rid of the danger to her economic development which had thwarted her national life for half a century. Remove this menace, make peace, establish economic relations with Germany — that was, apparently, his receipt for war-worn France. Unfortunately, he disregarded a great historic wrong; he applied no remedy to an open sore; he thought only of immediate adjustments. Deep and dangerous, alas! were his methods of achieving his ideal. He had a Jesuit's belief that the end justified the means. His words not only concealed his thoughts, but created a false impression. While apparently adhering to the Entente and making many declarations in that sense to English correspondents (myself among them), he was, if report speaketh true, striving to bring about a quite different orientation of French foreign policy. His duplicity has not succeeded. We will leave him to face his trial, with the sug-

gestion that ambition, and not money, — for he inherited amply from his father, — has made him mad and induced him to regard himself as a Napoleon capable of carrying out a new sort of revolutionary Eighteenth Brumaire. His fanatical belief in himself has brought him to the sorriest pass for a man of his position and attainments.

M. Malvy is a conspirator of a commoner kind — slack and complacent in the discharge of his duties and rather weak than willfully wrongdoing. The Republic certainly has need of surer servants, after its generally satisfactory existence for nearly half a century. Happily, there is Clemenceau, the 'Incorruptible' as well as 'green' in his perennial youth. As the author of the discoveries, with Gaston Calmette and Gustave Hervé, who wrote, the one and the other, in the *Figaro* and the *Victoire* accusing and urging punishments, it is right that he should be the authorized justiciar of the Republic. There is none better qualified to lead his country into the paths of an honorable peace, by reason of the strength of his convictions and his consistent loyalty and disinterestedness. After a long life of great political influence, he remains a poor man and is proud of it.

But he has the defects of his qualities. One is a sporting indifference to minor consequences. He is not afraid of risks. Sometimes those that he takes seem unnecessarily great. He decrees the liberty of the press and removes the shackles of the censorship. The effect is a new and hardened tone in public comment. The windows are open and fresh air is let in. But even so salutary a process is accompanied by danger; for, accompanying the wholesome draft is a wave of *défaitiste* propaganda. Intent on winning the war, he disregards this abominable enterprise, to which Gustave Hervé — the patriot converted from anti-militar-

ism — calls his attention. But he cannot long be proof against it. His consideration for criticism springs from his own desire to be free. His ardent temperament chafes at unintelligent restrictions. Every one knows how his newspaper, the *Free Man*, became the *Man in Chains* (*L'Homme Enchaîné*) because he felt that way about the censor's activities. On the very day when he became Premier, he restored the old title, *L'Homme Libre*, and every journalist in France was a free man. But, as Gustave Hervé himself says, superior to the right of the press is the safety of the country. That is the first law.

M. Clemenceau's tendency, perhaps, is to play with a situation and needlessly prolong it. We saw this characteristic in the strike in the North following the great mining disaster at Courrières. He dallied with difficulties, tasting a pleasure therein, and protested that conciliation would effect everything — until it was almost too late to effect anything. Bloodshed, indeed, came before tranquillity in that tormented region. And in the movement in the South, where the wine-growing departments threatened to break with the Republic, in order to express their dissatisfaction with laws affecting their prosperity, he showed the same habit of temporization — even a sort of flippancy, as it seemed.

But although the disaffection grew until it became really serious, the Premier finally put an end to it by methods most suggestive of comic opera. It must have rejoiced the spirit of irony, which is so strong in him. The wine-growers' leader, whose impassioned oratory had fascinated thousands, walked one Sunday into M. Clemenceau's office and was swiftly and quietly packed off home — he had come to Paris to escape arrest — with a hundred francs (M. Clemenceau's) in his pocket to pay his fare. Thus ended the rebellion

in a shout of laughter, for the prophet had proved ridiculously naïve. It vindicated, if you will, the Clemenceau method; but none the less it is scarcely to be recommended.

There is also something of the knight adventurer about M. Clemenceau. If he disconcerts some people by his boyish spirits, — for, temperamentally, he has never grown up, — they yet feel, in spite of themselves, how steadfast he is and how wise, beneath a mask of almost truculent indifference. He has the fault common to his intellectual countrymen of relying too much upon formulæ. 'It must be so, for I have proved it by mathematics.'

Again, his large generosity, broad general ideas, and ardent nature cause him to overlook the defects of meaner men in their malevolence and sordid aims. But, for all that, he is the one man conspicuously necessary to the salvation of France. His strong, brave spirit rises to the height of the national emergency. So far from being frightened by the twin dragons of Boloism and Bolshevism, he feels strengthened by his struggle with both. He has transfigured both with his sword.

The world in arms loves a fighter. That is why Clemenceau has secured the very first place in the heart of the army. It loves his spirit, the *élan* and *bravoure* of a Frenchman of the old school, directed by the science of the new. Moreover, he is a deep-dyed Republican — one who has suffered for the cause. He makes the same appeal to the common soldier as does Joffre, for he will pat a sentry on the shoulder and call him '*mon ami*.'

Yet, for all his democracy, he is the last man to flatter ignorance and megalomania. Some accuse him of being an aristocrat at heart — unquestionably an old-world distinction and courtesy

cling to him. He is charming in conversation. Nor is it hard to imagine him one of the most noted duelists of the day. He has the manner which goes with swordsmanship: alertness, an intrepid eye, a certain bluff heartiness. Yet he is practical withal, and combines the acuteness of a man of business with the instincts of a *preux chevalier*.

He has a double character: one half student and philosopher, — some one caught him reading Theocritus in the true spirit of Macaulay's Scholar, — the other half man of action. And, sometimes, no doubt, the philosopher is uppermost, killing the physical activity. Again, a temperamental impatience to cut a way through difficulties may lead to drastic measures which another judgment would repudiate. Indeed, the balance is hard to establish, for his Gallic nature is speedily aflame and his temper leaps to the combat at the signal of attack. Yet generally it is well controlled by a brain that is steel-cold in its analysis and piercing power.

Between Boloism and Bolshevism he has risen to great authority as the one solid rock of government in France. He is the symbol of the nation. Who shall dare to cast him down? And the army, realizing his moral force behind its belligerent one, acclaims him the great patriot. And when he returns from visiting the Front, to his home on rue Franklin, he feels cheered and supported by the welcome he has had from the troops. Sometimes a poilu places in his car as a mark of especial favor a piece of rude carving from the trench, a walking-stick, with handle fashioned in the Premier's likeness, or a pipe of good French briar. And these trophies of poilu affection touch him more, I think, than the proudest gifts.

THE WESTERN FRONT AND POLITICAL STRATEGY

BY ANDRÉ CHÉRADAME

I TRUST that I have shown in my earlier articles in this magazine, first, that the strategy of the Allies ought, like that of the Germans, to be a strategy of the political sciences, under penalty of remaining in a dangerous condition of inferiority; second, that action on the part of the Allies confined to the Western Front is not enough to make their victory certain, but that, to be effective, their action must embrace the whole theatre of war now represented by Pan-Germany in its entirety.

The partisans of the Western Front theory believe that every effort put forth elsewhere must work to the disadvantage of that front. The exact contrary is true, on condition that the field of action far away from the Western theatre is wisely chosen.

Strong evidence of this is seen in the consideration that the German offensive in the West would have been impossible if the Allies had been sagacious enough to replace the vanished Russian front by an insurrectionary front extending from the Baltic to their lines in Macedonia — which is what the Germans would inevitably have done had they been in the place of the Allies.

I have already indicated the broad outlines of the plan based on this conception.¹

The object of the present paper is to

¹ See chapters XII and XIII of the second (enlarged) edition of *Pan-Germany; the Disease and Cure*. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1918.

find for the Allies three of the unknown quantities of the strategical equation which they must necessarily solve. We shall see that the working out of the ethnographical, national-psychological, and geographical unknown quantities (the last in its relation with the first two) is sufficient to bring out clearly possibilities of complete and comparatively speedy victory which have never as yet been distinctly envisaged by the Allies.

PAN-GERMANY ANALYZED FROM THE 'POLITICAL SCIENCE' STANDPOINT

It is the purpose of this analysis to disclose, first, the nature of the peoples embraced in Pan-Germany, considered as a whole; second, how far the geographical distribution of such of these peoples as are anti-Pangermanist would enable them (in case certain conditions as to providing them with arms should be fulfilled) to manifest their sentiments to good purpose.

The total population of Pan-Germany amounts to 180,000,000 souls, made up of two sharply contrasted elements.

1. The Germans and their vassals, — or pro-Germans, — numbering, say, 94,000,000.

2. The slaves — say, 86,000,000.

There are, in fact, confined in Pan-Germany against their will, the enormous number of 86,000,000 Slavs, Latins, and Semites, belonging to fourteen different nationalities.

This fact is of preponderating im-

portance: for this vast aggregation of French, Belgians, Alsace-Lorrainers, Danes, Poles, Lithuanians, Letts, Ruthenians (with a reservation to be indicated below), Czechs, Jugo-Slavs, Roumanians, Italians, Armenians, Greeks, and Arabs, are anti-German by conviction. They are well aware that only the decisive victory of the Entente can put an end to their slavery.

Having studied most of these oppressed peoples on the spot for more than twenty years, being familiar with their interests and their sentiments, I assert that here is a psychological situation of supreme interest to the Allies. Furthermore, I maintain that these 86,000,000 Slavs, Latins, and Semites, by reason of the strategic importance of the regions they occupy, represent — on the single condition that they are supplied with means of effective action closely adapted to their peculiar situation — a force capable of affording infinitely more valuable assistance in bringing about victory than any that the 182,000,000 inhabitants of the former Empire of the Tsars could ever have contributed.

The immense advantage that the Allies can derive from this state of affairs will appear fully in the light of the deductions which can be drawn from the following analysis of the various peoples of Pan-Germany. The essential object of this analysis is to determine the numbers, in each of the main groups which make up the population of Pan-Germany, — that is to say, the Germans and pro-Germans on the one hand, and their slaves on the other, — (1) of men and of women, respectively; (2) of men mobilized in the armies of Pan-Germany; (3) of men not mobilized, who, therefore, have remained at home or are employed in munition factories.

How the ethnological analysis is worked out. — From these various

points of view, it would manifestly be impossible to derive figures which are rigorously accurate; but it is proper to observe that even approximate accuracy is sufficient to make our deductions of very practical value. And it is possible to reach that point by starting from these three bases of reckoning: —

(a) In respect to those whom we term the slaves, we shall distinguish between subjects of the Entente countries and subjects of the Central Powers. The latter alone can be regularly mobilized in the armies of Pan-Germany.

(b) We shall assume that females make up half of the total population of a country. In many countries the number of females is slightly above fifty per cent; but the difference is generally so small that it could not cause a serious error in the deductions which serve as a basis of our argument.

(c) We shall assume that the Germans have mobilized twenty per cent of their subjects and of the subjects of their vassal-allies, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. This proportion is large enough to do away with any danger of an estimate below the facts. Indeed this figure of twenty in one hundred of the whole population — consequently including women — is the highest among known results of the various mobilizations. Moreover it corresponds with the results of the German mobilization so far as the information gleaned in three years enables us to determine it. Lastly, this figure embraces practically all the physically sound men between 15 and 60 years. In selecting it as a basis, therefore, we may be assured that we do not underestimate the mobilized forces of Pan-Germany.

I

An analysis of the first group, the 94,000,000 Germans and pro-Germans would result as follows: —

Mobilized males	18,800,000
Non-mobilized males	28,200,000
Females	47,000,000
Total	94,000,000

Now, if we study the situation, we shall notice that the Germans and pro-Germans are disadvantageously grouped. The Germans in Germany alone form a solid block. They touch the Magyars only on the West. The loyalty of the Magyar proletariat to the German alliance might be seriously shaken for the reasons set forth hereafter. The Bulgarians are entirely surrounded by foes except on their Ottoman frontiers. As for the Turks, aside from the small still-existing fraction of Turkey in Europe, adjoining Bulgaria, — Anatolia and the Kurd country, — the people throughout all the rest of the Ottoman Empire are hostile to them.

Possibilities of insurrection among the Germans and their vassals. (a) German Workmen in Germany. — An effective uprising of German workmen in Germany, like that which the Allied Socialists have hoped for and expected, has never been possible, for the following fundamental reason. Even if they do not accept the term 'Pangermanists,' a large majority of them are Pangermanists in fact. They have, indeed, long been convinced supporters of an economic Pan-Germany, that is to say, of Central Pan-Germany at least, the immense advantage of which from the standpoint of their material interest, the years-old propaganda directed from Berlin had proved to them long before the war. The German Social Democrats are so bent upon supporting Central Pan-Germany that they are not willing even to consider the liberation of the down-trodden Slavs of Austria-Hungary, because their servitude is indispensable to the maintenance of Central Pan-Germany. Indeed, this was most explicitly expressed

by the *Vorwärts* of February 28, 1918; which went so far as to declare flatly that the demands of the Interallied Socialist Conference at London would never be accepted by the Central Powers. Furthermore, the majority of the German Socialists, by reason of their Teutonic mental habit and their unchangeable atavism, are profoundly gratified by the military successes of Germany and the resultant enormous booty.

(b) German Workmen in Austria. — They are anti-Slav. They have, to be sure, organized some strikes, but these movements cannot be regarded as opposed to the policy of Vienna, for they took place, by a strange coincidence, early in 1918, at the very moment when Count Czernin was multiplying his pacifist manœuvres, intended especially to deceive Great Britain and the United States. Moreover, these German Socialists in Austria have never taken sides against the Hapsburgs. So that their attitude, therefore, is not distinctively democratic. We can place no more reliance on them than on the Social Democrats of the German Empire.

(c) Bulgarians. — It is impossible to think for an instant of their separation from the Central Empires, which had never been practicable. The Bulgarians concluded their pact with Berlin long before the war, with the very distinct and premeditated determination to acquire the hegemony of the Balkans; and it is theirs, for the moment. On many points, indeed, the Bulgarian dreams are surpassed. Now, they understand very clearly that they will be able to retain their present conquests only with the assistance of Austria-Germany. Moreover, they are very proud to serve as a bridge between Germany and the Ottoman Empire. We must regard the Bulgarians as absolutely devoted to the maintenance of Pan-Germany.

(d) Among the Magyars, on the contrary, there is a condition of affairs, not generally realized by the Allies, which might, however, be made to forward materially the cause of the Entente. The fact is that, if the necessary steps were taken by the Allies, the majority of the Magyars might well be led to revolt against the Pangermanist yoke of Berlin and the feudal yoke of Budapest.

Among the ten million Magyars, there are six millions of agricultural laborers and two millions of industrial workmen — say, in all, eight millions (male and female) of proletarians by birth, who possess absolutely nothing, who sell their physical strength for pitifully low wages which they are compelled to accept, and who are cynically exploited by the two millions of nobles, priests, and office-holders, who are the only real partisans of Germany in Hungary.

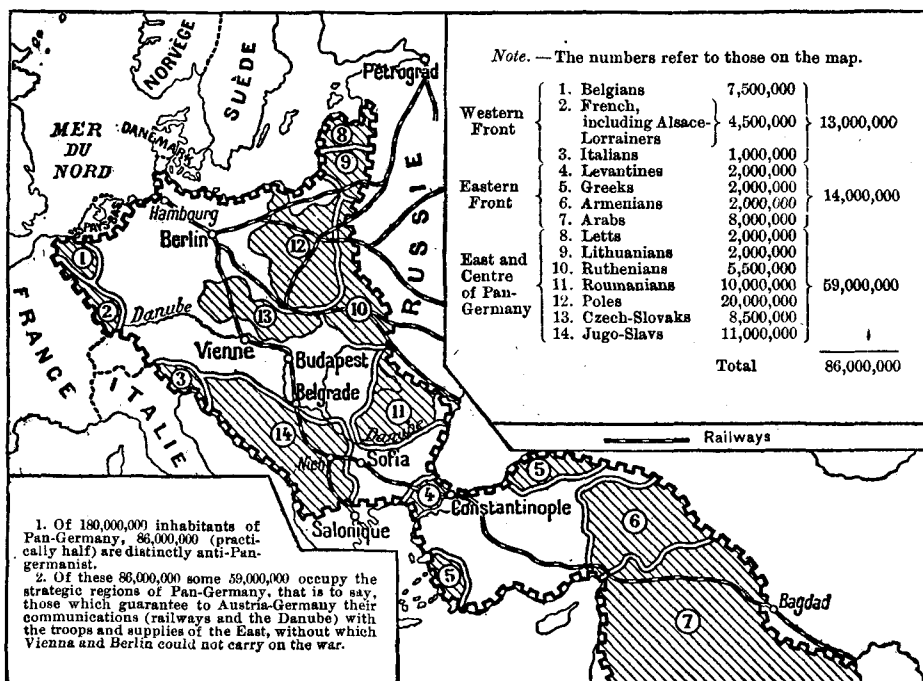
This deep social division may be made to serve as the basis of a powerful revolutionary manœuvre on the part of the Allies. These eight millions of Magyar proletarians, who are beyond question ruthlessly oppressed by the Magyar nobles, fall into three categories: (a) mobilized men (20 per cent of the whole), say, 1,600,000; (b) males not mobilized, who have remained in Hungary, 2,400,000; and (c) females in Hungary, 4,000,000.

The net figures of these three categories, as estimated a little further on, might play a very important part in the anti-Pangermanist revolution whose organization we are discussing. The concurrence of the Magyar proletariat would contribute notably to the dissolution of Pan-Germany, for it would assure the geographical connecting link between the insurrection of the Polish-Czech regions in the north and that of the Jugo-Slav regions in the South. Thus by favor of the revolu-

tion of the Magyar proletariat, the insurrection would extend in a straight line from the Baltic to the Saloniki front, which would be a great advantage in every aspect.

These eight millions of Magyar proletarians are genuinely desirous of peace, and are not accessible to the imperialistic seductions which induce the German Socialists to play the game of the Berlin General Staff. As they certainly did not want war, they bitterly detest those who forced it upon them: the great Magyar landed proprietors who exploit them without pity, and whose feudal spirit is identical with that of the Prussian Junkers — with whom, indeed, these Magyar nobles act in close association for the preservation of their privileges, the continuance of which would make certain the perpetuation of the servitude of the Magyar proletariat.

As a result of this social condition of affairs, the pacifist manifestations at Budapest on several occasions have assumed a really serious aspect. For all these reasons, it is rational to conclude that these eight millions of proletarians are capable of rising in revolt against their masters, the feudal Magyars, at the same time with, or shortly after, the Slavs and Latins of Central Europe. But such an uprising on their part assumes one explicit condition, namely, that the Allies fully understand the really horrible social conditions under which they live, and assure them beforehand, formally and with an absolute purpose to keep their promise, that the first certain result of the triumph of the Entente will be to put an end to the agrarian and feudal régime in Hungary, which keeps the proletariat in a state of slavery. Thus the movement to be undertaken in the Magyar portion of Hungary is, in essence, a social movement based upon an agrarian revolt.



FRENCH MAP SHOWING THE PEOPLES CONFINED IN PAN-GERMANY AGAINST THEIR WILL

II

Analysis of the second group, consisting of 86,000,000 anti-Pangermanist slaves

In order to obtain from our analysis results corresponding so far as possible to the probabilities, let us divide these slaves into two categories, based on the degree of effectiveness of their future action, by virtue of their geographical distribution. In each of these categories let us then set apart the subjects of the Central Powers and the subjects of the Entente countries, the mobilized men, the non-mobilized males, and the females.

First Category.—Slaves of the Germans or of their vassals, well placed geographically to act to good purpose if they had the material means of so doing.

This group is itself made up of two geographical elements—the first be-

ing found in Turkey, the second in Central Europe.

(a) In Turkey:—

Arabs	8,000,000
Armenians	2,000,000
Total	10,000,000

The Turks are detested by the great majority of Arabs, a part of whom have already revolted under the leadership of the King of Hedjaz, or in coöperation with the Allies in Palestine. As the rest of the Arabs live at a distance from the genuinely Turkish regions, the mobilization cannot have reached them very extensively.

For these various reasons the Arab anti-Turk movement might be largely developed.

As for the Armenians, our estimate of two millions is certainly much too large if we reflect that about a million Armenians have been massacred by the Turks since the beginning of the war.

However, we may retain this figure, for the vanished million is balanced by the 1,800,000 Russian subjects of the Caucasus, many of whom have already fought with the Russian troops against the German-Turk combination. The treachery of the Bolsheviks having placed these Armenians in peril of being massacred in their turn, — especially at this time, when the Turks are aiming at taking possession of the Caucasus with the aid of the Musulman element there, — we might well find a quite appreciable numerical support among the Armenians of the Caucasus.

(b) In Central Europe:—

Poles	20,000,000
Lithuanians	2,000,000
Letts	2,000,000
Ruthenians	5,500,000
Czech-Slovaks	8,500,000
Jugo-Slavs	11,000,000
Roumanians	10,000,000
Total	59,000,000

We must make an important reservation with respect to the Ententophil sentiments of the Ruthenians, because of the anti-Polish Ukrainian policy of the Central Powers. It is possible that the Germans will eventually set the Ruthenians against the Poles; but the Ruthenians occupy only the eastern portion of Galicia, while all the rest of the 59,000,000 people of the group under consideration inhabit the vast regions extending from the Baltic to the southern line of the Balkans (about 1500 kilometres; see the map on page 848).

Now, these regions form the most indispensable and at the same time the most vulnerable strategic base of all military Pan-Germany. In fact all the rail and water lines of communication which connect Austria and Germany with Russia, the Balkans, and Turkey, traverse these regions. Three and a half years of war have demonstrated

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that without the troops and diverse contributions of the Balkans and Turkey, to which are now added those of Southern Russia, Austria-Germany would long since have been powerless to continue the struggle. In reality, therefore, any serious interference with the Austro-German communications with the East (Russia and the Balkans) will be enough to make the situation very difficult, both morally and materially, for the armies concentrated on the Western front by the Berlin General Staff — and this with remarkable rapidity. We are justified, then, in saying that the vital interior districts of Pan-Germany are practically occupied by peoples favorably inclined to the Entente. This is a fact susceptible of being turned to enormous advantage.

Let us now proceed to an analysis of the first category. — The two divisions — 10,000,000 in Turkey and 59,000,000 in Central Europe — form a total of 69,000,000 of people who are anti-Pangermanist by conviction. Divided into its constituent elements, this total gives the following result:—

(a) Male subjects of the Central Powers, mobilized against their will — therefore armed	8,300,000
(b) Male subjects of the Central Powers, not mobilized (including children)	12,450,000
(c) Male subjects of invaded districts of the Entente in Central Europe, not mobilized (including children)	13,750,000
Total males	34,500,000
(a) Female subjects of the Entente	13,750,000
(b) Female subjects of the Central Powers	20,750,000
Total females	34,500,000

Alongside of this, let us place an analysis of the second category — slaves of the Germans, or of their vassals, who

are to-day incapable of action because they are too near the military lines; but who might act most effectively if serious disturbances should arise in Central Europe.

This second category is made up of two geographical elements.

(a) In Turkey, —

Ottoman Greeks	2,000,000
Levantine	2,000,000

(b) On the Western Front, —

Belgians	7,500,000
French	3,000,000
Alsace-Lorrainers	1,500,000
Italians in Austria (about)	1,000,000
Total	17,000,000

In considering this table we must remember that the number of the Italians is really much larger, for it should include the people of the recently overrun territory; but at this time of writing the data for estimating their number are insufficient.

Divided into their different elements, these figures show the following result: —

(a) Male subjects of the Central Powers, mobilized against their will, — therefore, armed	900,000
(b) Male subjects of the Central Powers not mobilized (including children)	1,350,000
(c) Male subjects of invaded districts of the Entente in the West, not mobilized (including children)	6,250,000
Total males	8,500,000
(a) Female subjects of the Central Powers,	2,250,000
(b) Female subjects of the Entente,	6,250,000
Total females,	8,500,000

III

If the reader has been sufficiently patient to follow me thus far, we may pass on to certain practical deductions

from the 'Political-Science' analysis of Pan-Germany.

The foregoing analysis makes possible certain ethnographical, national-psychological, and geographical deductions which, taken as a whole, enable us (1) to estimate reasonably the moral make-up of the Pan-German armies; (2) to draw up a table of the different elements constituting the insurrectionary forces now latent in Pan-Germany; and (3) to compare the forces of the Entente and Pan-Germany for 1918.

1. *The moral make-up of the armies of Pan-Germany.* — The foregoing ethnographical and psychological analysis has enabled us to conclude that the armies directed from Berlin, considered with respect to the sentiments that inspire them, are composed of two sharply opposed elements, namely: —

Germans and pro-Germans, mobilized	18,800,000
Anti-Pangermanists, mobilized against their will	9,200,000
Total	28,000,000

or, let us say, one in five of the entire population of the Central Powers.

From these 28,000,000, it may be said that we should deduct the losses since the war began; but the yearly losses of the Central Powers probably do not exceed their yearly military contingent, which is in the neighborhood of 1,350,000 men. We may, therefore, assume that this yearly contingent balances the losses, and that the total mobilized force of Pan-Germany remains, in round numbers, at 28,000,000.

Hence we arrive at three deductions of the highest importance.

(a) It is exceedingly important to remember that this figure — 28,000,000 — represents the grand maximum that the Central Powers can mobilize to-day; that is to say, so long as they have not succeeded in organizing for military

purposes the men of certain portions of the Ukraine, and the Mussulmans of Russia, Persia, Afghanistan, and Central Asia. The possibility of this addition to their strength constitutes a tremendous new peril for the future; but it seems reasonable to assume that, by reason of the difficulty of communication, these fresh military organizations cannot be effectuated for at least eight months.

Having made these reservations, we may regard this figure of 28,000,000 as representing the maximum, that is to say, the grand total of the mobilizable forces of Pan-Germany during 1918.

(b) This number includes two groups whose sentiments are sharply opposed. The only group upon which, as a whole, Berlin can depend — the Germans, Magyars (and this element is not altogether reliable), Bulgars, and Turks — numbers at most 18,800,000 men — say, 19,000,000 in round numbers. Because of the difficulty of communication, mentioned above, with respect to the organization of troops among the new Asiatic elements, this figure would seem to represent the unelastic maximum of the genuinely Pangermanist forces for about eight months to come.

This deduction is of essential importance; for by taking it as a starting-point, we shall comprehend clearly how it is possible for the Entente, after about six months of preparation, to subject this maximum to the overwhelming simultaneous action of an aggregation of forces so diverse and so powerful that the result must inevitably be the destruction of Pan-Germany within a very few weeks after such action shall have been started.

(c) In the armies of Pan-Germany there are 9,200,000 troops who, albeit subjects of the Central Powers, are Slavs, Latins, or Semites, and whose real interests are undeniably anti-Pangermanist. Now, on the one hand, a

considerable part of these involuntary soldiers are armed; and on the other, their state of mind, induced by their most manifest interest, inclines them to declare open rebellion against their oppressors, as soon as they shall feel that conditions will allow them to do so effectively.

It is therefore quite within bounds to say that in the armies of Pan-Germany, of every three soldiers there is one who certainly does not desire to make use of his weapons against the Entente; and one who, on the contrary, will joyfully make use of them, as soon as he shall be clearly convinced of the necessity, to assist in the destruction of Pan-Germany, whose continuance would perpetuate his own slavery and that of his people.

This is a fact of tremendous importance to the Allies.

The Berlin Staff feels so far from sure of the Slav and Latin troops that it dares not use them in dense masses on the Western Front. They are, for the most part, either sent into Turkey, or utilized in the garrisons of the interior, or mobilized in the munition factories of Pan-Germany. Thus the majority of them are so situated as to make an insurrectionary movement on their part particularly effective. It is for the Allies to have the intelligence to do whatever may be necessary to make the most of it.

2. *Table of the possible insurrectionary forces in Pan-Germany.*

Gross Estimate

(a) Slaves in the first category (Central Europe)	69,000,000
(b) Slaves in the second category (Western and Ottoman fronts)	17,000,000
(c) Magyar proletariat	8,000,000
Total	94,000,000

There are, then, in gross, in Pan-Germany, anti-Pangermanist elements

numbering 94,000,000 persons. These possible insurrectionary forces are made up of

(a) Anti-Pangermanist men, mobilized against their will	10,800,000
(b) Anti-Pangermanist males, not mobilized (including children)	36,200,000
(c) Anti-Pangermanist females	47,000,000
Total	94,000,000

Net Estimate

The gross estimate of each of these possible insurrectionary elements is subject to reductions for divers reasons.

(a) To allow for the anti-Entente influence which the Germans may exert over the Ruthenians or Ukrainians in Eastern Galicia and over certain Polish elements, and to guard against a too optimistic estimate, the figure 10,800,000 should be reduced to 8,000,000.

(b) and (c) These gross figures include the children and old men — elements that are clearly incapable of effective action. We must therefore deduct from these two groups the infants and youths below twenty and the old men over sixty. Our ethnical data enable us to do this scientifically.

The French census of 1911 discloses that the persons of both sexes under twenty and those above sixty make up a little less than half of the whole population. Thus, if we reduce the gross number of non-mobilized men and women by one half, we shall obtain the result sought. But the gross number of non-mobilized men (b) includes many between twenty and sixty who have been discharged, a large proportion being infirm, or sick, or sickly, and hence unfit for service. The gross figures, 13,800,000, already reduced by half, must be again reduced by a fourth to allow for this situation.

The net result of these deductions is to reduce to 14,000,000 the number of non-mobilized anti-Pangermanist men in Pan-Germany, who are capable of

effective action. This number, still quite considerable, is composed of two elements: (1) the 4,000,000 subjects of the Central Powers, whom we reckon as utilizable, are, to be sure, discharged men; but after eliminating the weak and sickly, a considerable proportion of them, whom the Austro-Boche civil service is certainly making some use of — principally in munition factories or in agriculture — are capable of taking an effective part in an insurrection. (2) As for the 10,000,000 subjects of the Entente, there are unquestionably many of them who have been deported, to work in the munition factories of Pan-Germany, or in the fields.

Thus these 14,000,000 men may be regarded as a reservoir upon which the Entente should be able to draw.

(c) Females. — Reducing by one half the 47,000,000 females, we have, in round numbers, 23,000,000 women between twenty and sixty years of age.

Thus we arrive at the following table of the minimum insurrectionary forces now existing in Pan-Germany.

Mobilized men	8,000,000
Non-mobilized men	14,000,000
Women	23,000,000
Total	45,000,000

These 45,000,000 men and women in Pan-Germany, whether they represent possible insurgents or centres of passive resistance, do in very truth constitute important sources of both moral and material strength. They are out of sight, and unknown in the Allied countries. Yet they exist, as the image exists, although invisible, on the undeveloped photographic plate.

The problem, then, for the Allies is, first, to grasp the actuality of these latent insurrectionary forces; then to make them known, to impress upon the forces themselves the idea of their power; and, lastly, so to organize them as to transform them into active ele-

ments from the passive condition in which they now are.

3. The present status of the opposing forces may be summarized thus:—

Forces of Pan-Germany.—The mobilizable forces directed from Berlin, reckoned on the maximum basis of twenty per cent of the population, are to-day about 28,000,000 men, made up of two elements:—

(a) About 19,000,000 troops whom the German Staff can regard as reliable: Germans, Magyars (with the reservation indicated above), Bulgars, and Turks.

(b) Some 9,000,000 Slav and Latin troops incorporated in the armies of Pan-Germany in opposition to their real sentiments; of whom 8,000,000 may be led to withdraw if a certain propaganda and a certain condition of affairs shall be created by the Entente.

In reality, therefore, 19,000,000 Germans and pro-Germans must be ready to respond to all military necessities; to keep in their ranks, by sheer terrorism, 9,000,000 soldiers who are there solely by dint of force and compulsion; and to stand guard over a vast expanse of territory, the population of which, in at least half of the superficial area of Pan-Germany, is hostile to them.

Forces of the Entente.—To avoid an exaggerated estimate, these forces are estimated without regard to the smaller Allies, or to Japan, — whose intervention is at least probable, — or to the colonial contingents. Furthermore, the basis of calculation will be fifteen per cent of the population of the European Allies. We have then, —

France (15 per cent of 40,000,000)	6,000,000
Great Britain (15 per cent of 46,000,000)	6,900,000
Italy (15 per cent of 36,000,000)	5,400,000
Total	18,300,000

To this number we must add the American contingents. It is evident, in view of the tonnage problem, that they will never be able to arrive in Europe in numbers proportioned to the population of the United States. It will be a very great achievement if 1,500,000 American combatants can be sent to Europe, with all the essential materials and supplies. Let us assume that that number is both possible and probable. In that case the mobilizable Allied forces which can be expected to play an active part in Europe will amount to 18,300,000 European Allies and 1,500,000 Americans — say, 20,000,000 in round numbers.

IV

Conclusion

The figures given above make possible the following conclusions:—

(a) The mobilizable forces in Europe at the disposal of the Allies (20,000,000) are numerically greatly inferior to the comprehensive forces of Pan-Germany (28,000,000), and practically equal to the forces of which the German Staff can be reasonably sure (19,000,000).

It is difficult to see how the Allies can add to their mobilizable effectives in Europe to any considerable extent. On the other hand, in a few months the Germans will be, perhaps, in a position to make use of fresh troops supplied by Mussulman communities in Russia and Central Asia. Therefore, by carrying on the conflict by means of a purely military strategy, it is probable that the Allies will find themselves numerically inferior to the Germans and their Allies, as is already the case on the Western Front.

(b) But the situation of the Allies would be completely transformed if they should, in their turn, like the Germans, resort to the strategy of the political sciences; for it would enable them

to exploit to their advantage the tremendous sources of weakness that exist in the very heart of Pan-Germany.¹

Indeed, in that case, the Allies could systematically arm, by the aerial route, a part of the 14,000,000 anti-Pangermans, non-mobilized, in Central Pan-Germany, and thus bring about an insurrection in the regions traversed by the vital strategic communications of Pan-Germany. Secondly, they could, by means of such insurrections, bring about a state of affairs, both moral and material, which would enable the 8,000,000 troops embodied against their will in the German armies, to revolt in their turn.

Assuming this form of strategy to be adopted, the 19,000,000 Germans and pro-Germans would have to face the hostile action, active or passive, of 20,000,000 Allied troops, 8,000,000 of their own troops, in revolt or on strike, and 14,000,000 possible insurgent civilians, or 42,000,000 in all.

(c) The 23,000,000 anti-Pangermanist women in Pan-Germany are for the most part compelled to work on the land or in the munition factories. As they represent a by-no-means negligible force, if the propaganda were effective, they could be induced to strike. In fact, in certain districts which I know well, the women are capable of playing a very useful part in a revolt.

Thus, the 19,000,000 Germans and

pro-Germans would have to face widely varying but combined hostile forces of 65,000,000 human beings (42,000,000 men and 23,000,000 women).

To sum up: the purely military strategy leaves 20,000,000 Allies face to face with 28,000,000 Germans, pro-Germans, and troops enslaved by them.

The strategy of the political sciences would transform the situation, for it would subject 19,000,000 Germans and pro-Germans to the submergent action of the endlessly diverse enveloping powers of 65,000,000 persons, of whom 47,000,000 are already in Pan-Germany.

If the Germans had been in our place, would they not long ago have made use of the anti-German elements in Pan-Germany, considering that in Russia they have derived the enormous profit that we all know from elements favorable to their cause, although they were much less numerous than those utilizable by the Allies? Under these conditions can the latter refuse to adopt, at last, the strategy of the political sciences?

Far from working to the prejudice of the Western Front, it would work altogether to its advantage; for nothing could afford greater relief to the Allied troops from the terrible pressure that they are having to withstand on that front, than an uprising, scientifically organized, for the liberation of Central Europe.

¹ See M. Chéradame's article in the *Atlantic* for March, 1918.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A FATHER TO HIS ENLISTED SON

I WAS not surprised to learn from your letter that you had finally decided to enlist in your country's service; and I found myself at once in a turmoil of conflicting emotions. I wonder if I can tell you just how I felt. I was proud of you, my son. I realized that you had for months and months been revolving and re-revolving this question in your mind, and that this decisive step had not been precipitously taken. You had talked it over repeatedly with me, and even more frequently with your mother. You had listened with eager attention to the advice of those of your friends who were older, as well as of those who are of your own age. We were all pretty unanimous, you know, in opposing your plan. We honestly thought that, as you are only eighteen years old, and as your education is incomplete, further training in school and college would make you more efficient in the aid that you could later render your country. We thought that in later years — when we have emerged from the welter of this relentless war, and when the world has once more swung back into sanity and repose — you would keenly regret the loss of your diploma and this grim interruption of all your school associations.

Perhaps we were wrong. We older folk, we are discovering, have been wrong in many, many things. The shadows of war that have hung over this darkened earth ever since August, 1914, have shown us that we had for years and years been groping through ignorance and gloom, all unconscious of the errors and the misconceptions in

which we were so deeply and so unwittingly enshrouded. Perhaps these present war-shadows through which we are now threading our unknown way are in reality no deeper and no less perplexing and menacing than those through which we had previously walked in the bold assurance of ignorance and error. The facts were before us, but we refused to face them. Prussia had for years been preaching its soulless doctrine of Pangermanism. Treitschke and Nietzsche and Bernhardt had boldly proclaimed a philosophy which was in harmony with the nefarious plans of the Junkers and the war-lords. Men with the boldness and the intelligence of M. Chéradame saw these dangers and proclaimed a general warning. But what did such an abstract view as Pangermanism mean in face of the concrete interests in which our trivial lives were centred — the fatuous game of piling up dollars, the relative merits of the popular 'movie' actors, the batting averages of the prominent baseball players, the securing of a high place in society's column?

Then I realized, too, how inaccurate and false had been my own analysis of international questions. I had for years felt that civilization had brought us to a plane where war was no longer possible. I think I must have told you of a conversation I had with the president of our company in June, 1914. He had just returned from Europe, where he had, as he thought, been able to gauge accurately the temper of the European peoples. He knew that there were bitter national hatreds, and that the war in the Balkans had produced a maze of perplexities which might, in an ancient

and less humane order of affairs, have led to a clash of swords among the major powers. But through the years he had been soothed with the lotus and the poppies of the Hague Conferences, and he, like the rest of us, had felt that all such difficulties would be smoothed out by diplomatic assurances or friendly arbitration. Moreover, he had been thoroughly convinced that the great bankers of the nations, realizing the vast network of credits and loans, would never again consent to a declaration of war. All this he came back to repeat to our confiding and credulous ears. He had no trouble in convincing us that he was right. We, ourselves, had long been lulled by the same false siren tunes that had beguiled him from the bare and palpable truth.

For my own part, I had gone even further. I felt that we had reached a plane of humanity that would in a few years make disarmament quite practical. I had actually believed the optimistic utterances of the Massachusetts Peace Society and the International Conciliation pamphlets.

I mention these errors, my son, to let you see that, while I opposed your enlistment at this time, I opposed it less vigorously than I should have done if confidence in my previous judgments had not been so rudely shattered by the crashing thunders of 1914. If I had been wrong in this analysis of international conditions, might I not also be wrong in this question, which was more difficult because it could not now be impartially analyzed?

Some day, I hope, you will have a son of your own. As you watch him on the day of his birth, as his tiny form lies by his mother's side, a gush of tenderness such as you have never known will come to your aching heart and fill you with a sense of sobering responsibility and obligation. There will come with this a wave of parental love that

will expand your soul and reveal wells of unsuspected emotional depth. Coincident with this will come a great surging ambition. What sacrifices will you not be willing to make, provided only your vicarious hardships ease the path for your offspring and lead him to places of distinction and honor! No school or college will be too good for him, and already, while he lies breathing out those earliest dormant days, you will be busy planning his life and removing in fancy the obstacles that so tragically blocked your own early ambitions and desires.

Then gradually, as he grows up and develops tastes alien to your own, you will begin to question the source of these strange perversities, and wonder where in the wide, uncharted universe he ever picked up the strange whims that so capriciously beguile him from the path which you in your wisdom had laid out with such meticulous care and foresight. Suddenly, too, you will learn that he has outstripped you in certain branches of useful knowledge, and will find yourself turning in his direction for help and guidance in matters where your own experience was too meagre to meet the exacting demands of such trivial matters as — gasoline or electricity.

You will perhaps discover, too, that all the major plans which you had laid for him conflict most horribly with traits and temperaments which he is developing. You think, of course, that he will want to enter your office and carry on your business. Instead, he will some day bluntly inform you that he has no such intention — he is going to Paris to study art. What does he care for billets and pig iron and the Bessemer process — they can all go to limbo, and he will go to France to follow Whistler's ways. And thus he will leave you to readjust yourself to the new conditions which his independence has imposed.

Oh, of course, it won't turn out just like this! If it did, it could now be no surprise. What actually happens will be nothing which you ever thought about, but it will be something stupefying and absurd — something that will send you back to your private office, force your hand through your fast-thinning hair, and make you wonder at the strange perversity of youth. And you will be overwhelmed with a sense of terrible disappointment. Then you will, for the first time, perhaps, begin to understand your own father's feelings, even though in so many respects the situations are so different. For my plans for you have, as you well know, woefully miscarried. I have not, as many fathers do, expected you to follow in my footsteps. Chance has apparently guided my career, and somehow I felt that it would largely guide yours; but I never felt that it would guide you into the work allotted to me. I wanted you to go to college — preferably, to Harvard. I wanted you to sit in the same class-rooms and gaze at the same jack-knife carvings that used to beguile me through some of the sleepy hours in Old Sever. I wanted college to give you a thousand such trivially important things as it gave me, and I should have liked it to fail to give another thousand with which I could so profitably have dispensed.

But now all this, and the fancy-laden sequence of all this, is not to be! Instead, I pick up *The Lampoon*, and I listen to R. E. Sherwood as he interprets the modern message of John Harvard: —

Go forward, my son, for the bugle-calls beckon;
The grim god of battles has called you away;
Go forward, my son, never halting to reckon
The price your Creator may bid you to pay.

Yes, the god of battles has come to interrupt the plans I had made for you. He came somewhat hesitatingly into America, but not hesitatingly enough

to avert the shock that has set all our homes a-tremble. He came with a slow and leisured stride, but he has pinioned our hearts with the might of his pitiless pressure. Everywhere I go, fathers and mothers are telling me about their sons. This one is with Pershing's army, this other one is in the aviation corps in Pensacola, scores are in the cantonments, impatient and restless, longing for the active service into which our transports are so soon to take them. As these parents tell me of these details, a glow of pride is in their eyes; but I know — oh, how much more personally I know it now — that, behind the pride and the calm, hearts are throbbing with anxiety, and the vacant chairs in the dining-room and around the fireplace mutely speak their grim story of loss and poignant yearning. Yes, they tell me the last letters were full of hope and cheer and the boys were all well. But that was three weeks ago, and what is happening right now?

How shall I speak of the temptations that you are sure to meet, my son? Don't think that I am going to preach to you. My little homilies have been spread pretty thickly over the brief years of your past life, and if they have not been woven into the fabric of your unphrased philosophy, they cannot now be abruptly gathered into the pattern. But we who are older and a bit scar-worn would so gladly enlist in a sort of moral signal-service that would warn you of the presence of lurking enemies. I need not specify them — you know we have talked them all over. You in your own way are the only one who can conquer them. I have faith in your strength. Are you not strong enough to give your soul its orders and see to it that each separate command is implicitly obeyed? It is only thus that strong and enduring character is developed. It is only through this experience and triumph that you can return

to your home, your mother, and your friends, and carry in your soul the sweet satisfaction of knowing yourself to have been valiant, pure, and reliant.

I learn from your mother's letter that your single blue service star now hangs in the window of our lonely home. Another, amid many more, hangs in the vestry of the church. In fancy I shall select the one I call yours; and I shall have faith that, in the midst of the red, which symbolizes carnage, and the white, which symbolizes purity, your period of enlistment will but deepen the blue, which symbolizes loyalty.

THE LETTER R

A WAS an apple — do you remember? And B was the fat-legged little glutton who bit it, and C, all in pert frills, cut it; and can you turn the remembered pages and go on? Perhaps modern efficiency caught you and handed you a primer of Modern Philology, and you never fingered that blessed Alphabet. Perhaps you gabbled A B C in a Chinese chorus and never really knew your letters. Really to know them takes a lifetime, of course, but you can glimpse their personalities in your early years. And there is such necessity for studying their stubborn little *egos*, if you ever hope to stay on the right side of them! Punctuation is treacherous enough, but I know nothing inanimate that can equal letters, for that sheer impish power of revenge. I suppose they have to be prickly to keep their personalities intact in all the stupid situations they are thrust into. But like all prickly characters, from the great Stickly Prickly down, they repay watching. I love to see them on their best behavior — marshaled in orderly and docile little rows, each piping his own little note, tractable as an earnest little choir. And quite as well I like to see them under the hand of an insensi-

tive stylist — messing his music into bedlam, just because he neglected to learn his letters.

R is my particular delight, I think. I am fond of his appearance, he is so manifestly an energetic letter, — on his own feet, — with none of B's fat comfort or of S's sinuous repose about him. There are many standing letters — A, sturdily astraddle, hands in pocket, and F, meditative on one leg, and K flinging hilarious legs on the wind. But R is of another mind than these: just look at him, erect and hatted, and tapping the floor impatiently with one foot. R is the restless letter, the Irishman of letters, the essential younger son. R is of the temperament of Reuben; and 'I will arise and get 'ence,' says R. G is a moving letter, too, but G is a pilgrim. R is a vagabond with the trekking soul.

I found R in the dictionary once — that can be a pleasant bypath if you don't go looking for information. Verbs are especially revealing about the temperament of a letter. All R's verbs are the verbs of purposeful movement — verbs of restless youth and change. R ranges far afield. He is the roamer and the rover. His gait is variable — he can rush and run and race, or lapse into a ramble. For the spice of travel he can ride or even roll. R's is the windy breath of the foot-loose. He blows it in the face of the restless and whispers, 'Rise.' Reveille is the bugle-call of R.

R is at heart a primitive traveler. His is the road. He has adopted the railroad and the roadster, in this mechanical age. But he has never really taken to the sea, or to any water-way. And the only scion of the house of R that is concerned with ships is Kenneth Grahame's Spanish Sea-Rat. He has his beasts; his totem protects all those fleet things that run for their living: the rabbit and the rat and the roe. He has his birds. Do you know that sudden

quail-call — the *hwe-heeeew-hew* that makes the knee-muscles tighten and the head lift? What is it but human wireless — the dot-dash-dot that is R?

R is untidy and unprosperous, and guiltless of the moss that is the reward of the stay-at-home. He is a frank Ragged Robin. But rags have their uses. They clothe R in romance. One is a little tenderer with R than with other letters. There is something intangible about him — perhaps the fragrance of the country of Romany, that sweeter land than Arcady the placid. When I call up most clearly the in-souciant figure of R, he is in gay red; just that red that the gypsies leaves get before they throw themselves off the tree, and the most western string of cloud is on the eve of a windy night. And the first real coals of a wanderer's cooking-fire. You know. And others know. There is that New England gypsy-heart who draws the little vagabond winds that say 'Rise' most wooingly, and she colors them red. There is that gypsy-foot in Old England who chants before the gods of the trail — as the Red Gods. Dunsany the Irishman, though, has made the real deity of R, and set him idol-wise for all the lovers of R forever. And do you think that the troubling God Roon, out of *Time and the Gods*, by any other name would smell as strange? I don't. But then, I am a lover of R.

THE VOID OF FEAR

TAKE two ordinary Tommies coming down the lane. Some people would see them only as a brutal and besotted soldiery, — or at best, as no-account creatures, who drop their aitches, — not interesting or notable in any way. And when I see them, it is the Immortality of the Soul, and the Vision of the Future, and the Glory of England, and the Marvelousness of Man, and

the Great Renunciation, and the Great Attainment — a whole nebula of capital letters. And they are just two ordinary Tommies all the time. But what is there that's ordinary in the world?

As we sat overlooking Lens and Vimy the other day, the captain and I, there came up to us an ugly little Canadian Tommy, astray from the camp below. Without the least regard to decencies, disciplines, 'circles, spheres, lines, ranks, everything,' he came up to us as bold as brass and entered quite cheerfully into conversation.

The captain was staggered, and tried to strike a mien between acquiescence and a due repressiveness. For it was such preposterous impudence — or it would have been, if the lad had had the slightest idea that it was impudence at all, or what august proprieties he was violating. But it was immediately clear that he was perfectly innocent and naïf: it was like a little new boy cheerily engaging the captain of the eleven in chat, without the slightest notion of the enormity he was committing. Of course, had this not been so, and, of course, had he been English, he would not have been allowed to go on another minute. As it was, we tried cold, short answers, unresponsive without being positively crushing. It was not the least use: he babbled on at us, quite unchilled. We then tried flight, but he pursued us; we scattered across the face of the moorland, but he would not be detached. Finally, we gave up and collapsed under a grassy trench-ridge, in front of the view. And he came with us, and sat down gayly at our side, and prattled along undaunted.

And then, at last, I began to understand the hectic fever of his speech, and his hungry, undefeatable cordiality. That poor little soul was face to face with the extremity of mortal terror. This was his very first day up at the front, it appeared; he did not know

a single soul, had not a single friend or even an acquaintance to talk to — everything was utterly strange to him, filled with the void of fear. For there before him was Vimy Ridge, on which his only brother had been killed a few months earlier, and now lay namelessly buried; and down in front of him was Lens, a smashed-up skeleton of anguish and death: and all that fearful landscape empty of everything but waste and murder and martyrdom. It was out into that that he himself was to go, at any moment. He was frantic to hold on to the light and warmth of life a little longer while it lasted.

He knew, and we knew ourselves, that in a few days he would almost certainly be dead. We were human beings like himself, and he did not care who or what: he merely craved the warm-bloodedness of our presence, and the sound of human speech going on continually to drown his own thoughts.

It is a dreadful thing, that high extremity of suffering which feverishly hides behind a curtain of prattle. One hears the silence inside, and the deadly cold. Yet what can one do? Uttermost loneliness is the place where we all live, when the big things come along.

We bore with him, in a dull, useless ache, realizing impotently the clutching agony of his need to stay linked on; in face of which, one could only be inarticulate at the best. And at last he got up with a wrench, and said that 'a man down there' (the only person, it seemed, he had spoken to out here yet, and he had no notion more of him, or who he was) had said that he ought to be back in camp at such a time.

It was a relief at last to have something we *could* say. We all wished him good luck, as he went. 'Good luck, you fellows,' he answered breezily; and vanished over the brow of the hill, dark against the glare of the west.

We, ourselves, went down soon after.

THE ASTRONOMY OF FICTION

I stood in the gathering dusk with my back to a lamp-post and gazed at Venus, a little above the western hills. A policeman passed and observed me casually. Before long he was back that way and I was still there. This time he eyed me with more interest, and, I thought, a shade professionally. To reassure him I said: —

'Good evening. Are you familiar with the points of interest around here?'

'Well, pretty much,' he answered amiably, plainly relieved to find that I seemed to be neither in need of the post's support nor bent on burglary.

'Can you tell me what that light is over there?' I asked him.

He looked at the glorious planet, just ready to dip from sight, and then at me. 'That ain't no light; that's a star,' he said in a voice a trifle nettled, as if he suspected that I was trying to joke. Which I was — feeling just at that time a sort of doggish waggishness.

'Is it?' I returned. 'What is the name of it?'

Now he was clearly disgusted. 'Aw, I got too much to do to keep track of the names of the stars,' he answered; and he started on, swinging his club and doing nothing else all through the gorgeous night.

And I wondered, if I should have asked the question of the first hundred citizens who passed me, how many would have given me a truer answer.

Astronomy, I believe, is called the most exact of the sciences. And it is one at least of the most fascinating, even to a smatterer — and I am no more than that. Its fundamentals are simplicity itself; they are more open to us than those of any other science; they are before us continually. But the average intelligent person appears to be far more indifferent to them than to the dirt under his feet.

What better proof of this than in our novels? Take the moon, for example. Surely, the reading public would rise up against the way novelists treat the moon if it were not equally careless of her goings and comings. She is the most familiar thing to us in all nature — much more so than the sun, for we can rarely ever look at him at all. Her habits throughout the ages are so exact that astronomers can calculate eclipses closely years in advance of them. Yet the simplest and most manifest of these habits seem to be about as comprehensively grasped by the general run of novelists as the idiotic fourth dimension.

Here are a few examples, from among those I have found in my more recent reading, of this violence to the moon — to her reputation in the matter of sane and steady habits: —

Stevenson, that master of romance, has a scene in *Prince Otto* in which — the time being somewhere between midnight and two o'clock — 'a thin shaving of new moon had lately risen.'

It was only on my second reading of *Prince Otto* that I noticed anything wrong with the arrangement, for the first time I was both ignorant and careless of the moon's ways. Stevenson's attention, I have heard, was called to this impossible performance of a new moon and he was a good deal plagued about it. For a new moon always rises after the sun, and is invisible in the glare. And even an old moon, rising so early, would be far too big to be described as a thin shaving.

A popular French author, in a comparatively recent book, has a 'new moon' rise at exactly three o'clock, when his hero is awakened to resume his perilous (and foolish) chase through the Alps after his runaway wife. As this latter author belongs to that large school of French writers who do not seem to be able to think of anything

to write about except the infidelities of the married, I was not greatly distressed. But my feelings were lacerated when I read in a late book by a talented English author — a woman who stands in the very front rank of living novelists, and this her masterpiece and one of the most absorbing stories I ever read — the following (the time was the dusk of evening): 'Low in the east, entangled in a clump of hawthorn, a thin moon hung blurred as if seen through tears.'

In the east! Of all places for a thin moon to hang at dusk! If she had put it right in the north she would have been nearer to nature, for it would not have been so far away from where it ought to have been. In the east, and in the evening, any moon that is behaving itself is always pretty full.

In *A Bewitched Ship*, an old sea story that I recently chanced to take up, written by the late W. Clark Russell, who himself had been a sailor (and sailors are supposed to be obliged to know some astronomy), I ran across this: 'There was a nice wind, smooth sea, and a red moon crowding up over our starboard beam.' The ship was bound for South Africa; so the moon was rising straight up in the west.

In a recent story by a very popular American author — one who enjoys a deserved fame for her attainments in nature studies — occurs the following: 'The sun went down and a half moon appeared above the woods across the lake.' And a little later: 'The moon was high above the trees now.'

It is a painful thing, in view of the well-earned reputation of this author as an authority, to upset so graceful a word-picture of nature. It would all have been unassailable if she had omitted the size of the moon. But, as can be proved by any almanac, or by the poor, maligned moon herself, when she is half full she always is on the merid-

ian at sunset. So she could not get up any higher.

Another gifted American novelist, in a much older book, as cheerfully mishandles the moon in a similar way. This truly fascinating story created a sensation some years ago, and also, I understand, a New England libel suit, so faithful and trenchant was her portrayal of people — not moons. This is what she says: 'The red sunset had not gone out of the west when we started, and a pale young moon was already getting up in the heavens; but we could see neither fading sky nor rising moon.'

Oh, dear! With all her delightful wit, and her insight into the human heart, she never cared enough to notice that a moon which can be called young — no matter how pale — is never rising nor 'getting up in the heavens' after sunset, but always going down.

Branching out a little from the moon, I will cut short the evidence with what seems to me a most remarkable exhibit of the astronomy of fiction. It is from *The Sowers*, by Henry Seton Merriam. The scene was Russia, the time late October (this is important), and 'Evening was drawing on . . . The moon was just rising . . . Jupiter — very near the earth at the time — shone intense and brilliant, like a lamp. It was an evening such as only Russia and the great North lands ever see, where the sunset is almost in the north and the sunrise holds it by the hand. Over the whole scene there hung a clear transparent night, green and shimmering, which would never be darker than an English twilight.' Later: 'It was now dark — as dark as it ever would be.'

It would indeed be a task to find description couched in more beautiful terms, but it also would be difficult to find more error crowded into so few words. For one thing, Jupiter is never very near, or comparatively near, the

earth. Both Mars and Venus can at times be said to be near the earth — not at all because they always are very much nearer the earth than Jupiter ever comes, but because, when at their greatest distance, they are some five or six times farther away than when nearest. (I speak only in off-hand terms, for, as I have already confessed, I am no more than a smatterer in astronomy.) Jupiter, when most remote from the earth, is not much farther off, comparatively, than when nearest — the difference, I should say, being rather less than one third his maximum distance. And Jupiter always shines steady and serene, never with an 'intense' light, such as that of the great stars.

But those are the least important of the errors. The phenomenon of the sunrise holding the sunset by the hand is true enough in Russia — but only in summer, when the sun is north of the equator. The time the author selected for it is not more than two months off from the arctic midnight, and when the opposite condition prevails. In late October the night would be very long and very dark — except for his moon, about which he apparently forgot before he reached the end of his paragraph. As the moon was just rising when evening was drawing on, it would have to be nearly, if not quite full, and would be shining all night — though it is plain that he was attributing a night that 'would never be darker than an English twilight' to a closeness of evening to dawn.

Now, in venting verbal criticisms on such slipshod handling of nature by novelists, I have encountered no little cold water. The sole province of a story, I am told, is entertainment. Moons and such things are merely the trivial scenery and minor strokes that fill out the human interest and are of no real consequence at all. Not so, I contend — at least, not altogether so.

Art that is not true to nature is not art, but the artificial. Imagination, it is true, has a large place in art; but when imagination transcends the bounds of the possible it must take on the guise either of fantasy or absurdity. And it is faithful minuteness in detail that makes for perfection. A single small calf with its tail on the wrong end would work riotous bathos in an otherwise faultless and charming picture. If I should read in a novel that the heroine, pale and trembling with anger, rode rapidly south in a taxicab on Twenty-third Street in New York City, or that a couple of boa constrictors lay sunning themselves on the shores of Baffin Bay, I should feel no more pained than in meeting with any one of the statements I have quoted—and not at all because of any faddishness on my part for the things of space.

While I read for entertainment, I get a good deal of it in learning a little something as I go along through life. And, as I am a simple and credulous soul, I am apt to accept anything I read as a fact until something obtrudes to stir my doubts. When I see in a book a reckless juggling with some subject upon which I chance to know a little, my confidence in that author is weakened, at least. If he takes such liberties with one subject, may he not ignore facts on matters in which I am totally unversed and fill me full of information that is not so at all?

THE ILLUSTRIOUS ILLITERATE

THERE is an enviable independence about the illiterate—those people of mettle who say, 'If grammar gets in my way, so much the worse for grammar'; those simple philological rationalists for whom syntax is a sort of supernaturalism, and the pursuit of rhetorical propriety the observance of a hollow ritual.

Professor Bradley, in his *Making of English*, tells of illiterate Englishmen who, having settled in Germany, lived there for years speaking German as if it were English—that is, without observing any of the rules of German grammar. Declensions and conjugations they simply ignored. *Der Mann* remained for them *der Mann*, whether he was nominative, genitive, or dative, and in the plural he became *die Männ*, the *die* being a slight but not a weak concession to national differences.

What superb rationality, what unostentatious courage this is, to sweep away as with a wave of the hand, the barbarous paraphernalia from which not even Kultur, with all its efficiency, could snip a shred. Surely, these were the same Britons who in moments of exaltation were accustomed to sing that they never, never, never, never, never would be slaves. For it should be remembered that these English clerks and counter-jumpers were readily understood, and that, while their German customers might be as pusillanimous in the presence of *Grammatik* as they chose, they themselves would concede not a single *-er* or *-en* of their liberty.

The English were formerly greatly our superiors in this regard, but like us, because of the spread of compulsory schooling, have latterly lost their fine independence. There are no Sairy Gamps nowadays, or Mrs. Jupps, or Tony Wellers, or Christopher Vances, who knew how to keep grammar in its place; nor are there any Dogberrys, or Mrs. Malaprops, or Miss Bateses, or Mrs. Nicklebys, who displayed a noble originality, a truly benevolent despotism, in their use of words. They, and not we, were truly the masters of English. Refusing to be bullied by it, they thoroughly subdued it to their wills, and made it fetch and carry and do tricks and come to heel. As for us,

if by any chance we say, 'Every one take their places,' or 'They gave it to he and I,' we are overcome with chagrin; and yet these syntactical liberties are mere bagatelles in comparison with the bland disregard of syntax and usage of these English immortals. It is their utter obliviousness of the existence of syntax and usage which makes them great. Our best efforts have a touch of consciousness, due to the fact that illiteracy is no longer a matter of self-gratulation in this country. A remark that I overheard in the street the other day is a case in point. 'He laid,' one woman was telling another, 'in a comose condition.' I wished to congratulate her on having achieved a double liberty in one short sentence, — 'bad grammar' and a kind of malapropism; but she was too obviously proud of her refinement.

Our colored Uncles and Mammies, however, have not yet been contaminated by culture, and we could learn freedom from them if we would. When our Annie says, 'I ain't never goin' to trade with no niggers no mo', I can only admire, but cannot imitate except jocularly, for I am a teacher of English. When she asks me whether I 'ever done et one of these yere Smithsonian hams,' I listen with delight, for the idea of the Smithsonian Institution smoking hams is a true flight of unconscious fancy. When she says, 'Dat chile's Gran'pap suttenly do analyze her,' — meaning, as some bright spirit guesses a week later, 'idolize,' — I recognize a dusky sister-in-spirit to Dogberry.

Little Dot, aged five, offers daily to teach Annie to speak 'creckly,' but Annie values her freedom and replies, 'Law, honey, 't ain't no use tryin' to break in a ole mule'; and yet little Dot herself does very well, even if she is the daughter of a teacher of English. I

heard her singing to-day that the birds were flewin' over the trees; a moment ago she reminded me that I had n't gave her her cake, and told me that the kitten was climbing up on Anne and I's table. It is, however, a sad reflection that in a year or two the language will have asserted its tyranny over her, and she will have become as servile as her father.

The 'bad grammar' that one hears on the street and in the cars is usually a poor thing; it is only when a humorous genius seizes upon it and raises it to a higher power that its full beauty is disclosed. Sairy Gamp and Mrs. Jupp (in the *Way of All Flesh*) want only style to be great stylists. There are still places, nevertheless, even in this country, in which perfect mastery of English is to be found. A friend has discovered one such in Iowa, and quotes the miniature masterpiece of an old lady, declaring it to be representative of the usual diction of the locality. 'If I'd knowed I could have rode,' said she, 'I would have went.' In its compendiousness, conciseness, and quiet air of complete autonomy this sentence seems to me a classic.

I have observed that most very literate people, and English teachers more than all, have a sneaking liking for bad English, and indulge in it in private whenever they feel that they can safely do so. Bad English is evidently natural English, and to use it is as much of a test as to put on one's old clothes. To say, 'I done it,' 'I seen it,' 'Ain't it,' and 'I have saw,' to one's wife, is a great relief. The trouble is that one is always liable to say such things in the presence of a guest who, one supposes, is a sympathetic spirit; only to spend the following week wondering whether the guest really did understand that one knew better. Thus culture doth make cowards of us all.